THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

MAY 7, 1949

15¢

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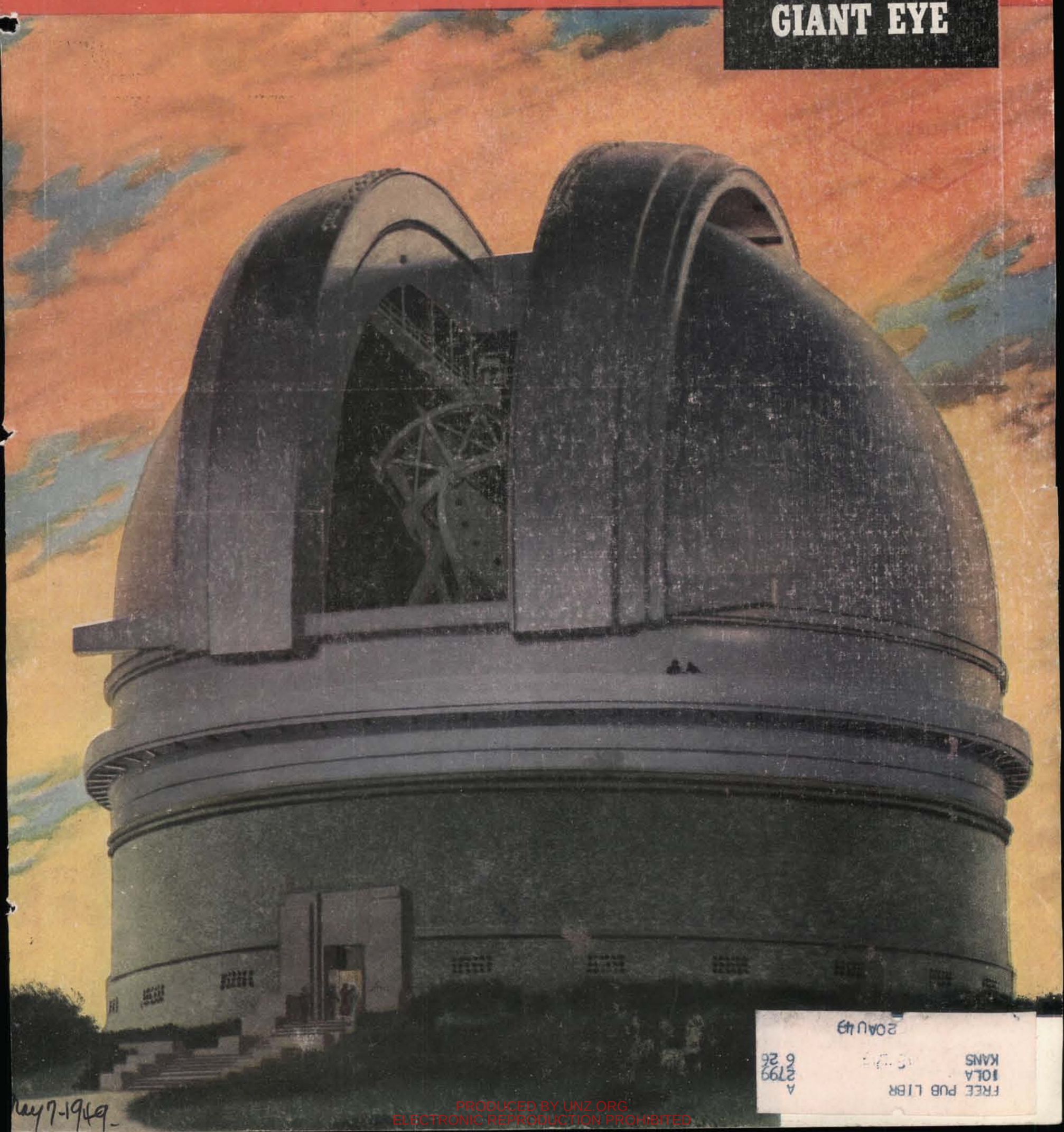

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May 7-1949-

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Studebaker Land Cruiser

It's a dream car in thrift as well as in looks!

THE whole world knows you're getting a stand-out style star as your new car—if you're buying a flight-streamed '49 Studebaker.

But you're going to be delighted still further by a new kind of dollar savings.

Studebaker's clean-lined designing is sure to keep more of your income untouched by car operating outgo. And how you welcome that!

There's no burdensome excess bulk in the Studebaker body and chassis—no superfluous dead weight to squander needlessly any of the gasoline you buy.

You'll be relieved of many a worry about costly repair bills, too, thanks to Studebaker's wear-resisting master craftsmanship.

In fact, even the new Studebaker brakes do their share of economizing for you. They seldom need maintenance attention because they automatically adjust themselves.

You're smart to make Studebaker thrift as well as style your new-car value cue. Studebaker is discriminating America's buy word for '49.

See these Studebaker distinctions

New Champion and Commander sedans, coupes, convertibles—a special extra-long-wheelbase new Land Cruiser—New decorator-fabric upholsteries—New body colors—Self-adjusting brakes—Variable ratio "extra-leverage" steering—Panoramic vision—Seats centered between the axles—Low center of gravity—"Black light" dash dials—Automatic hill holder (standard except on Champions)—Automatic overdrive, Climatizer heating and ventilating, white sidewall tires and wheel trim rings at extra cost.

Studebaker

Champion Starlight Coupe

Refreshingly different interiors—Colorful decorator-fabric upholsteries grace all the new Studebaker models. Photographed is one of the Studebaker Land Cruiser interiors with its restful foam-rubber seat cushions upholstered in a rich nylon cord.

You seldom stop for gas unexpectedly in a '49 Studebaker. Out on the road or driving in town, Studebaker's modern designing wrings a full measure of mileage out of every gallon. Automatic overdrive, available at extra cost, saves gas still more.

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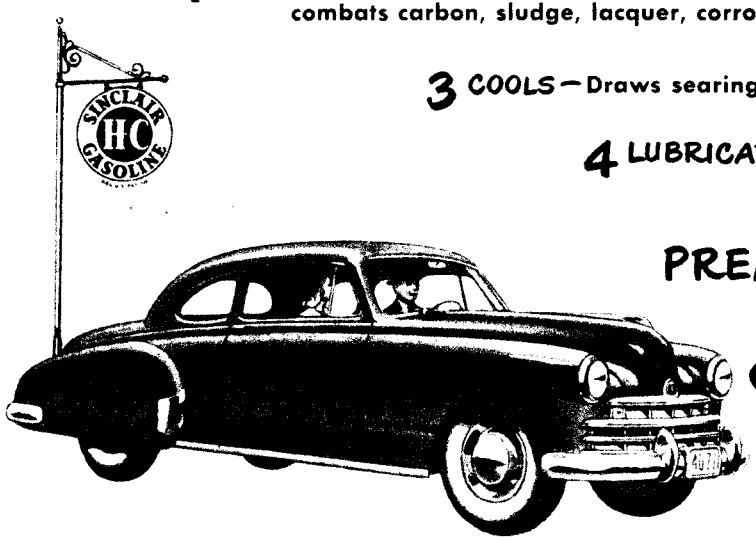
OPALINE protects your motor 4 ways

1 CLEANS — Keeps your motor clean as a whistle — combats carbon, sludge, lacquer, corrosive acids.

2 SEALS — Improves piston seal to save gasoline, save oil and improve power.

3 COOLS — Draws searing heat away from engine parts.

4 LUBRICATES — Tough protective film reduces wear and saves repair expense.



PREMIUM

SINCLAIR MOTOR OIL

OPALINE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

FRED ASTAIRE GINGER ROGERS

in

"THE BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY"

with **OSCAR LEVANT**

BILLIE BURKE GALE ROBBINS JACQUES FRANCOIS

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Original Screen Play by Betty Comden and Adolph Green

Music by HARRY WARREN
Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Musical Numbers Directed by ROBERT ALTON
Directed by ..... CHARLES WALTERS
Produced by ..... ARTHUR FREED

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are together again, and it's wonderful. We are happy to report that "The Barkleys of Broadway" is, without question, a major musical-comedy event that will augment the gaiety of M-G-M's 25th Anniversary celebration.

The story of "The Barkleys of Broadway" is so refreshing, original and smartly tailored to their talents that you know that Fred and Ginger are enjoying every minute of it. They are the Barkleys – the "perfect" married couple – the rage of Broadway. Off Broadway, of course, they rage at each other. But they're really in love. They just love playing kiss-and-make-up.

Contributing to the breezy hilarity is poker-faced pianist Oscar Levant. He's the Barkleys' combination chaperon, confidant and referee. His taste in women runs to big blondes with small I.Q.'s.

Billie Burke is, as ever, our favorite scatterbrain. Handsome newcomer Jacques Francois is properly *francais* as the suave, romantic producer who is interested in exploring Ginger's "dramatic" possibilities.

The musical score by Harry Warren and Ira Gershwin is filled with such tuneful, toe-tapping song hits as "My One And Only Highland Fling." "You'd Be Hard To Replace." You'll love hearing Fred and Ginger reprise "They Can't Take That Away From Me." Fred's spectacular "Shoes With Wings On" number is a sure-fire showstopper. It's a dance that will have you beating the drums as loudly as you did for the "Toy Drum" number in "Easter Parade."

Betty Comden and Adolph Green have penned a screenplay that's Broadway-wise with crisp, rapid-fire comedy. Robert Alton's dance direction is brilliant.

Director Charles Walters and producer Arthur Freed, who teamed up for "Easter Parade," have hit a new high in musical entertainment with "The Barkleys of Broadway."

A joyous welcome to Ginger and Fred, so happily and perfectly reunited.

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

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The Week's Mail

UNITED STATE SOCIALISM?

DEAR EDITOR: Can any readers devise a name for the coming form of society in our country? We abhor the name Socialistic and yet: Our taxes are rapidly driving our economy toward such as is favored in England. There appear to be various detours: 1. Print more money? It leads to disaster. 2. Readjust taxes, so that the bulk may be more heavily borne by the lower-income brackets? 3. Periodically, repudiate the national debt? Very few of our citizens would choose to trade dimes for nickels not while cold sober. 4. Expand our foreign trade? Not with my money. 5. So; what will you?

C. R. CARY, Oakland, Cal.

DULLES vs. BUDENZ

DEAR SIR: In What I've Learned About the Russians (Mar. 12th) John Foster Dulles calmly "rides" into the Russians, bluntly points out their flaws, and the slight possibility of an immediate third war, since we have not won the peace of the second.

He concludes by telling us to continue our steadiness, and to continue to be strong and calm.

The author is to be congratulated for his splendid work. I, for one, am behind him in all his ideas.

RUDOLPH LANDRY, Norwich, Conn.

. . . The substance of Mr. Dulles' article is remarkably reminiscent of Mr. Chamberlain's report of Munich. . . .

W. R. CHESTNUT, University, Ala.

. . . I am much more inclined to string along with Mr. Budenz than with Mr. Dulles. Anything that smacks of complacency with regard to our conflict with Communism is to be deplored, no matter

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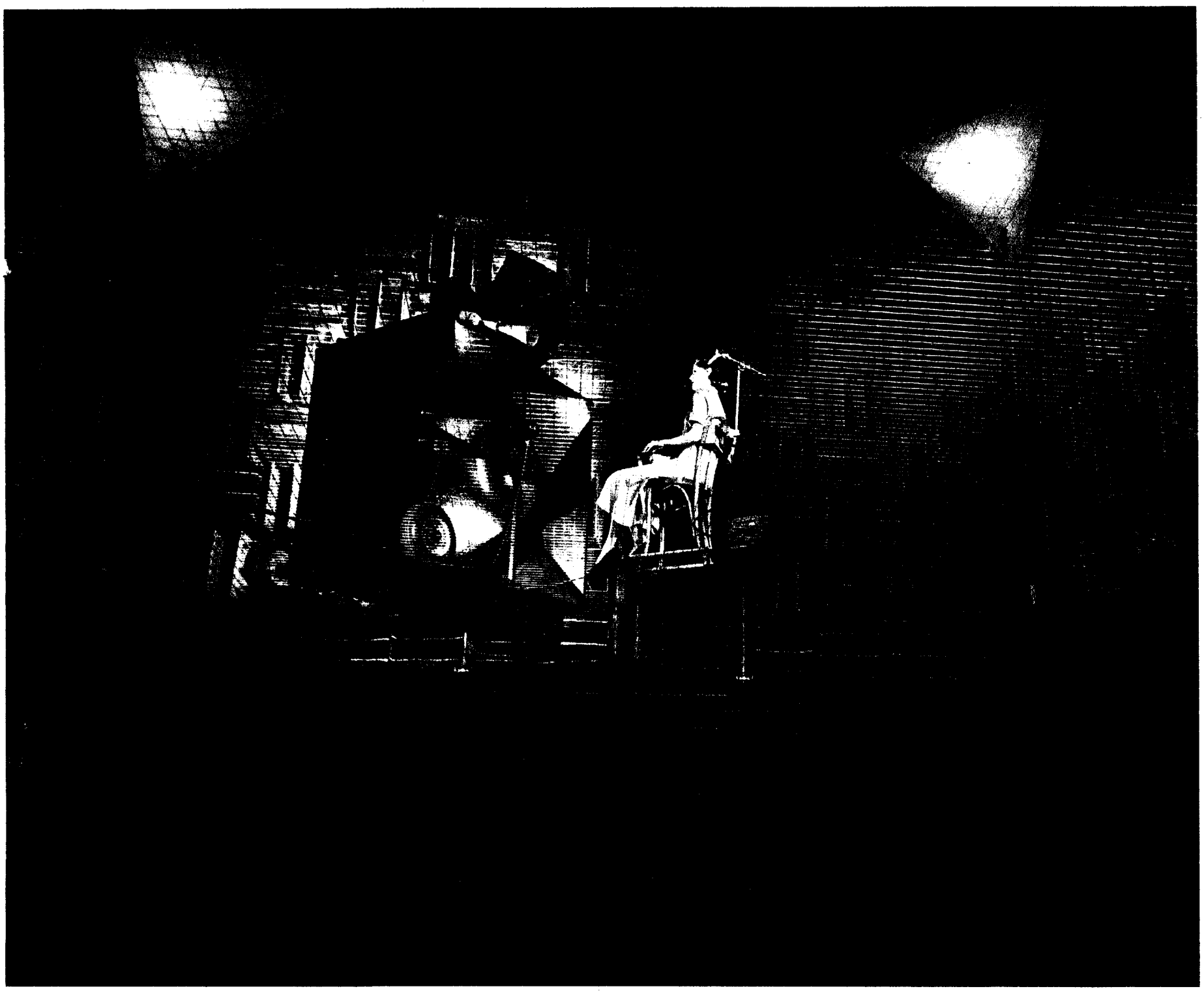

Your ear is our customer

WHAT DOES SHE HEAR UP THERE IN THE AIR? . . . *The young lady is suspended on a steel netting in a soundproofed room at Bell Telephone Laboratories. From the loudspeakers in front of her come sounds differing in frequency and intensity. She seeks to tell one from another, recording her judgment by pressing a switch. Meanwhile, as a check on what happens within her ear, electrical measurements of the same sounds are made by picking them up through a small tube just inside the ear canal. Tests like this on many people help build easier listening into your telephone system.*

ONE of the big jobs of Bell Laboratories is to make it possible for you to hear clearly and without strain when you use the telephone.

So Bell Laboratories scientists study what happens *inside* as well as *outside* your ear when you hear. For sound changes the minute it enters the ear, and measurements made even an inch away won't do.

By learning *what happens when you hear*, Bell Laboratories make familiar voices easy to identify by telephone. This is just one part of their continuing effort to make service better and to keep it low in cost.

BELL TELEPHONE LABORATORIES—*A great research organization, working to bring you the best possible telephone service at the lowest possible cost.*

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MOTHER'S DAY! FATHER'S DAY! BRIDES! GRADUATION!

Two NEW ways

TO GIVE THE FINEST!

Model 65

New G-E "Wake-up-to-music" Clock-Radio with amazing Slumber Switch lulls them to sleep with *music*, turns itself off! *Wakes* them to music, too, automatically! If they doze off—it buzzes till they get up! Luminous-tipped hands, dial markings. G-E electric clock, "superhet" radio. Ivory plastic cabinet. Model 65, $36.95*
In rosewood plastic, Model 64, $34.95*

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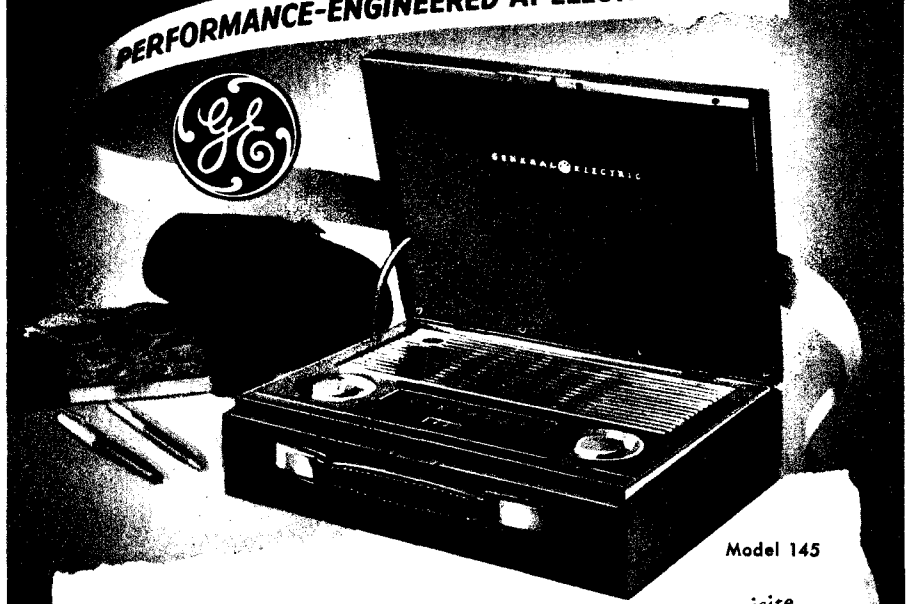

Model 145

New! The Princess of portables! G-E's exquisite 3-way personal portable charms a woman's eye and hand! Slender—only 2¾" deep! Stunningly styled—chic, lovely maroon plastic case! Bewitching tone—its "voice" is smooth, rich, silken—pure spun gold! Model 145. $44.95*

*Prices slightly higher West and South—subject to change without notice.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

how small the degree of complacency. Are we to infer that victory consists only of keeping out of war? What about the Four Freedoms for the Czechs, the Yugoslavs, the Estonians, and the Chinese—to say nothing of the Russians? None of these peoples has chosen Communism voluntarily.

I, for one, will not be satisfied with any victory which does not free all people everywhere. I see no choice between Stalin and Hitler.

ROY F. BERGENGREN, JR.,
Gainesville, Fla.

MISS MODESTY OF 1949

SIRS: I agree with Mr. Howard Whitman's What Hollywood Doesn't Know About Women (Mar. 5th). I, too, feel like a frump when the boy friend raves on about Virginia Mayo after seeing her latest film.

Talent scouts will please take note

In fact, I seem to fill most of Mr. Whitman's requirements: e.g., am a good friend or companion, crochet well, am capable of making some of my own clothes, can repaint furniture, make pottery and I have had almost two years in the practical care of infants. Yet, Hollywood is still not pounding on my door!

Am enclosing a snapshot (that's me on the left). Note that neither Miss Russell nor Miss Grable have reason to quiver in their nylons.

Anyway, Mr. Whitman has temporarily boosted my morale.

MISS Y. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOT & COLT

SIRS: I can't stand it. One more reference to "the smoking revolver" and I'll get out a beautiful Colt, .38 Special in a .45 frame, which cost me $18 in 1906 when a buck was worth a buck, and go looking for (1) the writer (this time Corey Ford, in Farewell, My Own, Mar. 12th), and (2) the editor, equally guilty in hanging a line on a modern weapon that wasn't any good fifty years ago when they still were burning black powder. Smokeless powder doesn't smoke. And in approximately .001 second after the shot is fired there's nothing exuding from the gun but a trace of odor. Yet, "He tossed the smoking revolver onto the wreckage, and . . ."

O. B. KEELER,
Atlanta Journal, Atlanta, Ga.

DEFENSE OF MSGR. SHEEN

GENTLEMEN: In The Week's Mail (Mar. 19th) five readers took Msgr. Sheen over the coals for his article Sex and Love of God. I'm torn between anger and pity.

One reader, in essence, said, "Because Msgr. Sheen has never been married he knows nothing about that state." Does a psychiatrist have to be mad in order to help the insane?

All these people passed judgment on a man with much more character, sympathy and understanding of man's soul than most human beings, including myself, will ever attain. MRS. R. BREINER, Lakewood, Ohio

. . . Aside from his extensive education, the monsignor's hundreds of hours in the confessional make him a well-qualified authority on sex and every other problem of human nature. True, he has never experienced married life and, for this very reason, his *objective* viewpoint is much more valuable than the *subjective* outlook of a married minister, who has for his main guide only the narrow scope of his own personal experience.

LEONARD J. DOHERTY, Denver, Colo.

. . . Does a person have to eat poison to know its effects? If more people would treat the subject of sex as a natural instinct given to us by the Creator to indulge in—*only* in the married state—we wouldn't have the problem of broken homes, delinquent children and unhappy people who are never satisfied.

MRS. JERRY JANSEN, Albuquerque, N. M.

A DASH OF SALT LAKE

DEAR SIRS: As one of Brigham Young's Saints by birth, I wish to protest the statement in John Kord Lagemann's second Lincoln Highway article (The Glory Road, Apr. 2d) that (a) drinking, (b) gambling and (c) night-club entertainment are prohibited by law in Utah.

(a) There's no prohibition against drinking, only against drinking in some places. There are state-controlled package liquor stores, and you buy the stuff and take it with you.

(b) Gambling is prohibited by law—but you can find slot machines, poker games, etc., in some of the best places.

(c) Any Jack Mormon could show John night clubs in or near Salt Lake and Ogden. Night clubs but without the pretentious floor shows common to New York.

GEORGE HIGGINBOTHAM, New York, N. Y.

MOUNTAIN MOVING, INC.

DEAR SIRS: Re your grand color photo of Hoover-Boulder Dam (Mar. 12th). Congratulations. Only you could do it—turn the world's highest dam completely around and make the world's largest 115-mile-long man-made lake containing 31,142,000 acre-feet of water do a flip-flap.

We feel slighted when you change the face of America by giving the entire project to our friendly neighbors across the river—Arizona. Half the dam and lake are in Nevada, half in Arizona. . . .

DON ASHBAUGH,
Boulder City Chamber of Commerce,
Boulder City, Nev.

. . . Someone must have erred reversing the negative. Nevada is on the right bank of the Colorado; Arizona on the left. Suggest readers hold page 65 up to a light to see dam, lake and adjacent country in correct relation.

ROBT. D. STARRETT, Indianapolis, Ind.

. . . Don't be concerned with use of reverse view of Hoover Dam. This is no more confusing than change of name from Boulder. Feel sure that ex-President Hoover, bent on elimination of waste and confusion in government, sooner or later will request Congress to restore name of Boulder Dam to this great work since 99 per cent of American people still call it Boulder.

EARL J. BROTHERS, Boulder City, Nev.

Hoover Dam—about face!

NOTE OF GRATITUDE

DEAR EDITOR: Thank you for including Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, a Protestant clergyman, on the page devoted to editorials (A Challege to Bigotry, Feb. 19th). It was most fair of you and as you know he had a good message also.

REV. DR. L. W. HANSON,
First Presbyterian Church, Spalding, Nebr.

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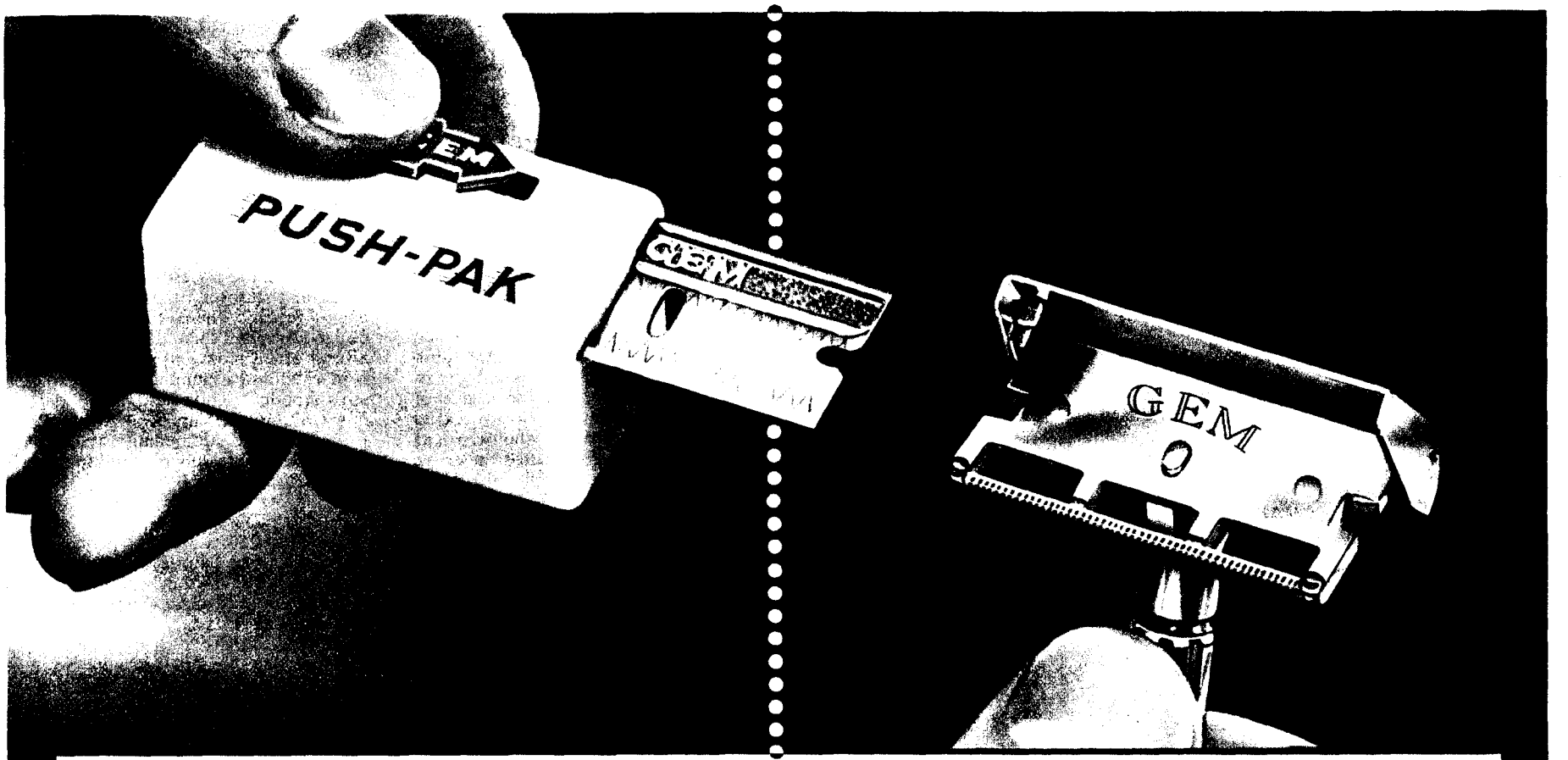
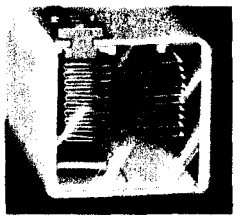
A FRESH BLADE IN A FLASH!

A CLEAN SHAVE IN A FLASH!



NEW! GEM PUSH-PAK
Floats Edges in Air!



Exclusive 'window' shows unused blades!

- Perfect dispenser ends blade unwrapping—no cut fingers!
- Just push the arrow—blades can't jam!
- Blades won't rust. Edges can't touch—no dulling contacts!
- With 10 of those heavier Gem Blades that outlast all others—regardless of number of edges... **49¢**

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NEWLY ADJUSTED GEM RAZOR
Gives Clean-Sweep Shave!

- Wonderful how a once-over can leave your face so *clean!*
- Astonishing that a shave can be so gentle and so *fast!*
- The secret is Gem's newly adjusted blade-setting that 'finds' your best shaving angle and compels the keen Gem Blade to get whiskers at the *base*.

Shave with GEM and avoid '5 o'clock Shadow'!

GEM GUARANTEES

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Try this amazing, newly adjusted Gem Razor. If it does not live up to every claim—return razor and remaining blades in original package to Gem Razors, B'klyn 1, N. Y. and your money will be refunded in full!

ONCE OVER...AND YOU'RE CLEAN!

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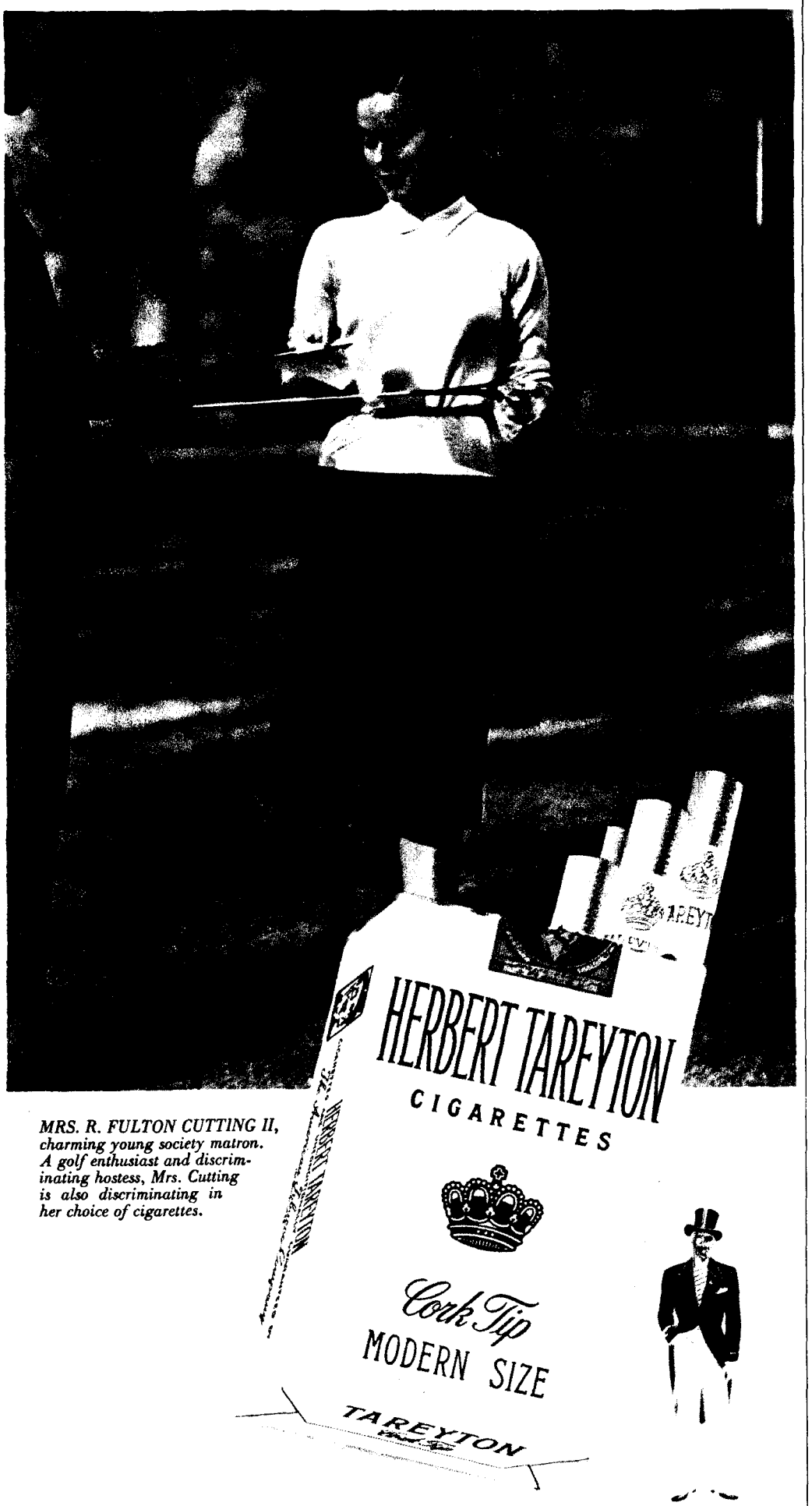
DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON

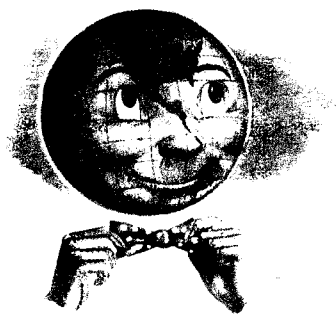


MRS. R. FULTON CUTTING II, charming young society matron. A golf enthusiast and discriminating hostess, Mrs. Cutting is also discriminating in her choice of cigarettes.

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because they appreciate the kind of smoking that only a cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company



Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

Of the millions of persons who commute on scores of American railroads more than 21 per cent rode on one line—the Long Island Rail Road—in 1948. This company, incidentally, is one of the five in the United States that still spell railroad, in their name, as two words.

* * * * * * * * *

In the early 1700s in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, convicted men and women were flogged or made to serve time in jail or in the stocks—and then were subjected to a still greater punishment. For one or several years, they had to wear, on the sleeve or bosom, a large letter cut from scarlet cloth. Besides branding the person as a sinner, the letter indicated the crime committed. For example, the letter "A" meant adultery, "B," blasphemy, "D," drunkenness, "F," forgery, "I," incest, "P," poisoning, "R," rape, "T," thievery, and "V," viciousness. The law was so inhuman that, within a short time, it was repealed.

* * * * * * * * *

The Nairs, a caste of Hindus on the Malabar Coast of India, are the only people who practice *nonfraternal* polyandry. The custom originated among them, centuries ago, when their men were warriors and were forbidden to marry. Each girl is first "married" to a stranger who, after the ceremony, is paid and dismissed. From then on, she is permitted and usually has from four to a dozen husbands at a time, and they are rarely related to another. Following a schedule of visits arranged among themselves, the men successively spend three days with their common wife; and each keeps her supplied with a certain necessity such as rice and clothes. Children become the property of the mother and the heirs of her brother or nearest male relative.

* * * * * * * * *

Texas was shocked by the holdup of the Dallas Post Office, on the afternoon of January 14, 1921, in which five bandits killed two clerks and escaped with $2,000,000 in cash and negotiable bonds. The following day a car overturned on a country road. Suspicious police found the pouch of bonds hidden in a near-by bush and arrested the driver, who confessed. The bandit said he did not know the name or address of the ringleader, but believed he could identify the man's house in Dallas as the gang had met in the garage for the holdup. So he did—and the occupant was arrested, indicted and tried. Although the man and his six famous lawyers swore he was innocent and his trial was ridiculed by millions, he was convicted and given a 25-year sentence. He was Albert Rowan, a wealthy clubman, a society leader and one of the best-known and most highly respected residents of Dallas.

* * * * * * * * *

For about 12 centuries every Mohammedan who has made a pilgrimage to Mecca has been required to attend or participate in a number of ceremonies, the oddest of which takes place in the town of Mina, Arabia, near Mecca. There the pilgrim is obliged to spend three days and throw a total of 63 stones at a cairn which is marked and is supposed to be "Satan's Abode." Thus he does his part in wreaking vengeance on the Devil whom all Mohammedans hold responsible for the sins of mankind.

* * * * * * * * *

The belief that a widow, if she remarries, will be haunted by the spirit of her dead husband still exists to some extent in civilized countries. As late as 1912 in Macon, Georgia, a gentleman sought a divorce on the grounds that he and his wife were pestered so much by her first husband's ghost that they could no longer live together. The man was sincere and the understanding judge granted him the divorce.

* * * * * * * * *

Playing cards bearing the pictures of kings, queens and knaves are not called court cards because they depict figures connected with a court of royalty. Court is a corruption of the word coat, their original name having been "coat cards" because the individuals wear coats. *By Nathan H. Oris, New York City.*

* * * * * * * * *

Many persons believe there is dark lightning, having seen black as well as white flashes in night photographs of electrical storms. These black streaks result from the Clayden effect, which is the reversal of a photographic image of exceedingly short exposure by the action of a subsequent illumination.—*By James F. Fay, New Rochelle, N. Y.*

* * * * * * * * *

Fingerprints have been altered, to a considerable degree, by surgery, leprosy, scleroderma, radiodermatitis and occupational eczema. In fact, there have been cases in which leprosy has so completely changed the patterns of the fingers that their impressions could not be used for purposes of identification.

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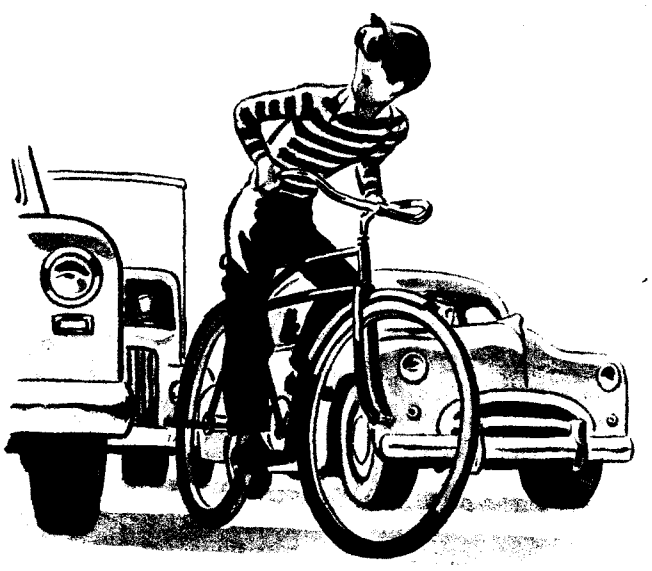
Weaving in traffic . . .

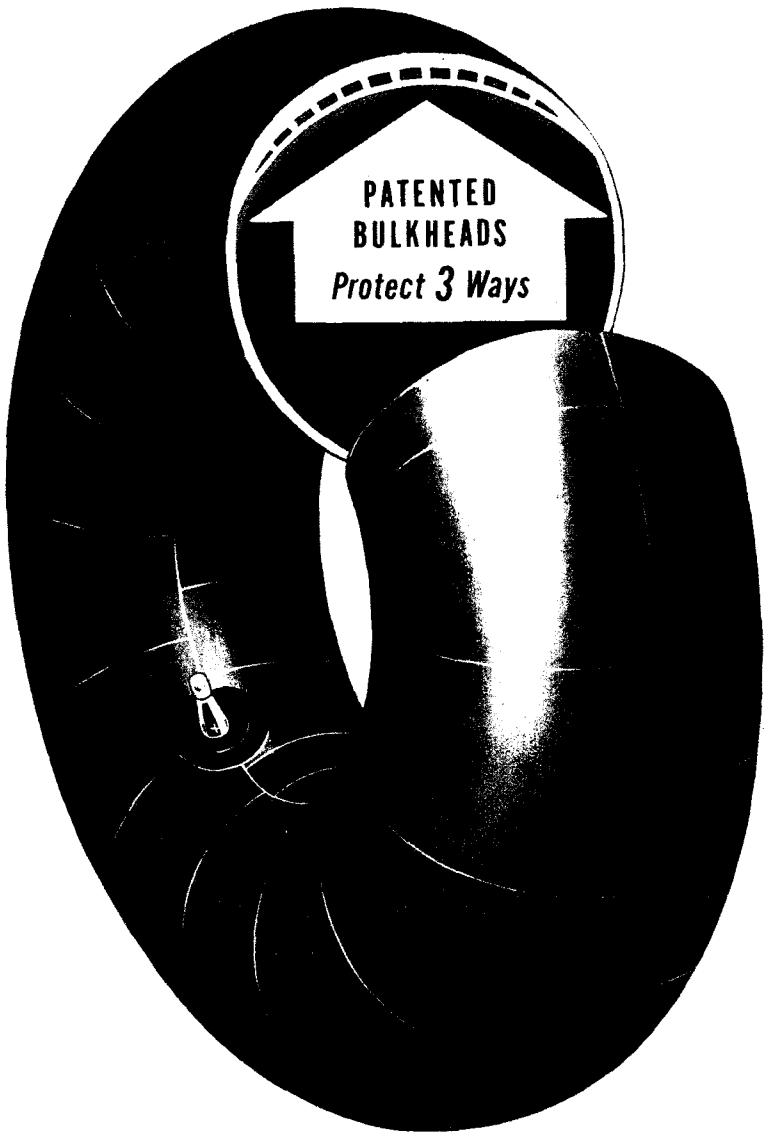
HEADING FOR TROUBLE!

Experienced cyclists always ride close to the curb.
They know that weaving in and out of traffic is foolish . . . often fatal!
More accidental deaths among children result from traffic
than from anything else, according to the National Safety Council.
Help children learn that reckless riding is ridiculous:
set a good example for them by driving carefully.

REMEMBER: *Safety is your best investment*

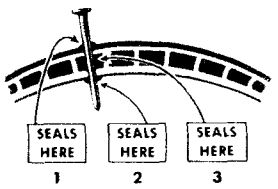


Only the World's Safest Tube has Bulkheads!



SEIBERLING

Sealed·Air Tube



Bulkheading—a revolutionary step in tube design developed, perfected and *patented* by Seiberling—was used to make bullet-seal tubes for the U. S. Armed Forces during the war. Bulkheading is now available *only* in SEALED-AIR, the World's Safest Tube.

BULKHEADING GIVES YOU MORE PROTECTION

Each bulkhead is filled with soft, puncture-sealing gum . . . far *more* gum than could be held in place otherwise. Bulkheads hold the gum where it is needed, to give you constant, *extra* protection against punctures.

BULKHEADING SEALS PUNCTURES THREE WAYS

When a SEALED-AIR Tube is punctured, three seals are formed: (1) Inside the bulkhead; (2) On the inner tube wall; (3) On the outer tube wall. SEALED-AIR Tubes can take thousands of punctures without once going flat . . . repair themselves permanently while you ride!

BULKHEADING PROTECTS AGAINST BLOW-OUTS

Bulkhead construction gives SEALED-AIR Tubes added strength . . . protection against fabric breaks and blowouts. No tire casings ruined from sudden flats. Ask your Seiberling Dealer to demonstrate why SEALED-AIR Tubes outwear set after set of tires!

***Only the World's Safest Tires Have* HEAT-VENTS**

Safe-Aire, with HEAT-VENTS (patented by Seiberling), protects you against Heat, Tire Enemy No. 1. Only with HEAT-VENTS can tires "breathe", *run cooler*.

SEIBERLING

CREATORS OF SAFE·AIRE AND SEALED·AIR . . . WORLD'S SAFEST TIRE AND TUBE

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY • AKRON, OHIO; TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

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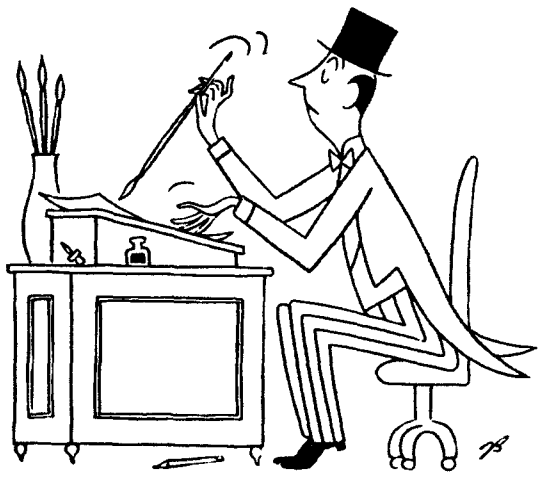
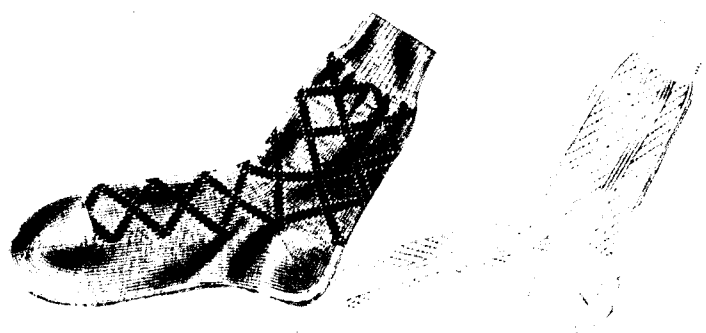
Pre-tested 5 ways for added wear



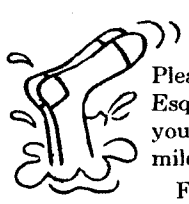
Designed by 5th Ave. experts

Cost only 55¢ and up



they're ESQUIRE SOCKS

"The smartest thing on two feet!"



Please know that every Esquire Sock you put on your foot will give you mile after mile of wear.

For the construction in Esquire Socks is pre-tested 5 ways—an abrasion test, size test, fade test, laundry test and a strength test.

Before any Esquire Sock is sold, its construction *must* show superior results in each of these five tests. That's why it's no surprise that Esquire Socks, with their famous Multi-Ply heel and toes, give you so much comfortable wear.

Designed by Fifth Avenue stylists, Esquire Socks truly are "the smartest thing on two feet." They're made by the world's biggest makers of men's socks. 55¢, 75¢, $1 and up to $3. Esquire Socks, 389 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

The Week's Work

This week's cover: *Mount Palomar is from the easel of Chesley Bonestell. He paints for movies; typical chef-d'oeuvre was the trick glass shots for The Hunchback of Notre Dame. His interests include astronomy, painting rocket ships, Mars, and other planets both from the earth and vicariously from the outer atmosphere.*

IN THE spring of 1938, Dr. Max Mason, then Chairman of the Observatory Council at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena, was somewhat astonished to receive a visit from a Collier's representative. "We want the right to publish the first photographs taken by the 200-inch telescope," said the Collier's man.

"But," demurred Dr. Mason, "right now the 200-inch mirror is nothing but a large piece of glass casting being ground and polished. It may take years to finish. Of what interest could this telescope be to anyone?"

"Any piece of glass John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is willing to invest $6,000,000 in ought to be fairly interesting to anyone," countered our man.

"See what I can do," replied Dr. Mason.

He put it up to the Caltech brass who gave the venture their blessing, and on June 10, 1938, contracts were signed giving Collier's the exclusive rights to scoop the world on man's farthest peep into space.

Possibly our eleven years of forethought spent in attaining this remarkable series of photographs may be but a fraction of a tick in the years of Father Time compared to the billions of light-years the Palomar astronomers talk about—but we are proud of the achievement.

John Kord Lagemann and our old friend David O. Woodbury were logical choices to explain Palomar's initial findings (p. 20 and p. 24). Mr. Woodbury, as you will recall, is a Harvard-MIT engineer, who formerly operated the Collier's column, Your Life Tomorrow. He is also author of many books and articles of popular scientific interest, including The Glass Giant of Palomar, a profile of the great scope.

Lagemann (left) and Woodbury wrote stories which scooped the universe

In the concoction of that book, Mr. Woodbury admits he learned astronomy from the ground up. He even built himself a miniature replica of the great peeper itself, grinding glass in the basement while his wife sat and sewed upstairs, a so-called glass widow, as star-lovers' wives are known.

David knows the Palomar Observatory like his nose. He is proud of being one of the very few people to walk across the face of the mirror during polishing. "My gray hairs began to come in shortly after," he said. "I picked up a few more when Mrs. Woodbury and I, on a routine visit, drove up Mount Palomar in a 50-mile winter gale—the hairpin road over the 1,000-foot drop not visible for 10 feet ahead. I'd seen Palomar in all kinds of weather—but that time I couldn't see it at all."

Neither Woodbury nor Lagemann wished to be classed as "experts" on the jumbo scope. Modestly they think no outsider can really understand it. "We're interpreters of the personalities of the men who made it, and of the grand old lady herself. Her dazzling achievements have made an awful impression on us. There'll be stars in our eyes for billions of light-years to come."

HASTILY summoned by Paul Revere from their beds, the minutemen stood on Lexington Common, in 1775, waiting to repulse a red-coated enemy who threatened their freedom. Before a single shot was fired, their leader cried: "Do not fire unless fired upon. But if they mean to have a war, let it begin here."

Today again there are red threats to our freedom. Weapons and tactics have changed but strategy in one important way has returned full circle to the time of the Revolutionary War.

Because of the wide dispersal of industries we need minutemen who must be everywhere and again we have them: the Air National Guard and the organized reserve.

How they will work if danger threatens is terrifyingly revealed on page 28, where Bombers Over Bunker Hill, graphically written by Frank D. Morris, is to be found.

This monstrous attack took place over the very spot where those ancient minutemen started to fight for what these modern minutemen prepared to defend. In this case the Air National Guard had simulated an entire attack—"The Boston TNT party," as Mr. Morris so patly puts it.

The guard not only provided the attackers, but sent up defenders in a surprise battle, in which the defenders received no prearranged warning. The attackers literally came from "nowhere." The defenders received as little time to make their stand as their gallant forebears did 175 years before.

Radar has replaced Paul Revere; and the jet fighter, the ancient handheld firearm. But still, in this mock battle, it was the milkman, the mechanic, the clerk and the farmer who, like volunteer firemen of the air, rose to answer the call to man the defenses. They are the minutemen of the air, and Collier's is proud of its participation in the job of bringing their warning to every Middlesex village and farm. . . . TED SHANE

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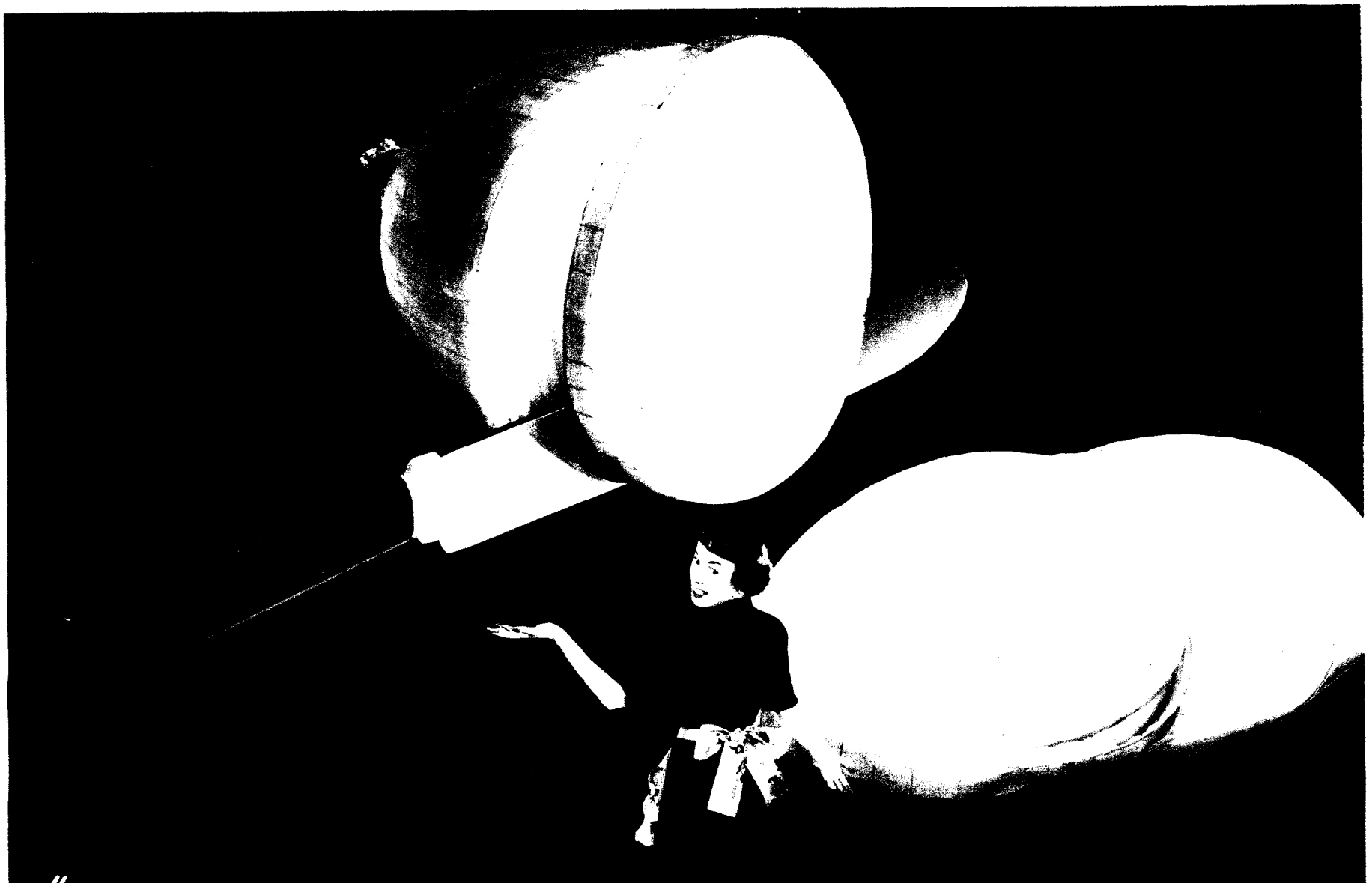

"Take my advice" said the onion slice "and you'll choose the right refrigerator"

Onion-flavored cream? Never! Even "strong" flavors keep to themselves in an Admiral DUAL-TEMP.

Imagine! It's safe to put foods away *uncovered*—thanks to a whole new method of refrigeration that's so advanced there are *no coils to be defrosted!*

Look! It's a double-decker! Yes, it's a 2-in-1 refrigerator. There's a huge *moist-cold* compartment that gives fresh foods the cool, humid air they thrive on—plus a *separate freezing* locker that can quick-freeze foods at 20° below zero and store up to 70 pounds!

Things you never dreamed a refrigerator could do! It even has an ultra-violet Sterilamp that retards mold, controls odors and purifies air. Separate controls assure ideal temperatures in both compartments.

But the only way to understand how many ways an Admiral DUAL-TEMP can help with your housekeeping is to look it over—inside and out—at your nearest Admiral Dealer's store.

NBC *TELEVISION: See and hear the "Admiral Broadway Revue," Fridays 8 to 9 P.M. E.S.T. All NBC stations.*

Admiral DUAL-TEMP

—with built-in Freezing Locker

Replacement or Refund of Money if not as advertised therein — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

ADMIRAL CORP., CHICAGO 47, ILL., MAKERS OF REFRIGERATORS, RANGES, RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, AND ADMIRAL "MAGIC MIRROR" TELEVISION

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Gambler's wife

THIS WOMAN'S HUSBAND practices one of the more common forms of American gambling.

And, unlike penny ante, it's apt—someday—to cost him anywhere from $25 to $25,000. Or more. But the oddest thing is—he doesn't even realize what he's doing.

For out in his garage is a car, and every time he drives it, he takes on about the biggest financial risk the average person can take today. He has no automobile liability insurance. Not a nickel's worth!

If he gets into a smash-up here's what he may be liable for:

All costs of repairing the car he hits. All hospital and medical bills, which very often run into hundreds of dollars.

And all damages granted by a court to people injured in the accident, damages which often run into thousands and sometimes tens of thousands of dollars.

Since, year after year, automobile accidents are so common, and since they often turn out to be so expensive, isn't it very foolish to gamble that *you* won't have one?

Shouldn't you get in touch with your Travelers agent or broker? He can advise you on a policy that will meet your personal requirements.

This policy will be with the company that has had more experience in automobile insurance than any other. (The Travelers issued the first automobile liability policy back in 1898.)

It will also be with the company which is equipped to give you the finest of service if you do get in an accident. For The Travelers has more than 25,000 representatives, throughout the U.S.A. and Canada. There's a Travelers man *near by*—ready to help you—in case of a smash-up.

This means a lot, as anyone can tell you who's ever been in an accident—particularly one far away from home.

Do call your Travelers agent or broker. Don't gamble.

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford 15, Connecticut. Serving the insurance public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.

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VOL. 123, NO. 19

MAY 7, 1949

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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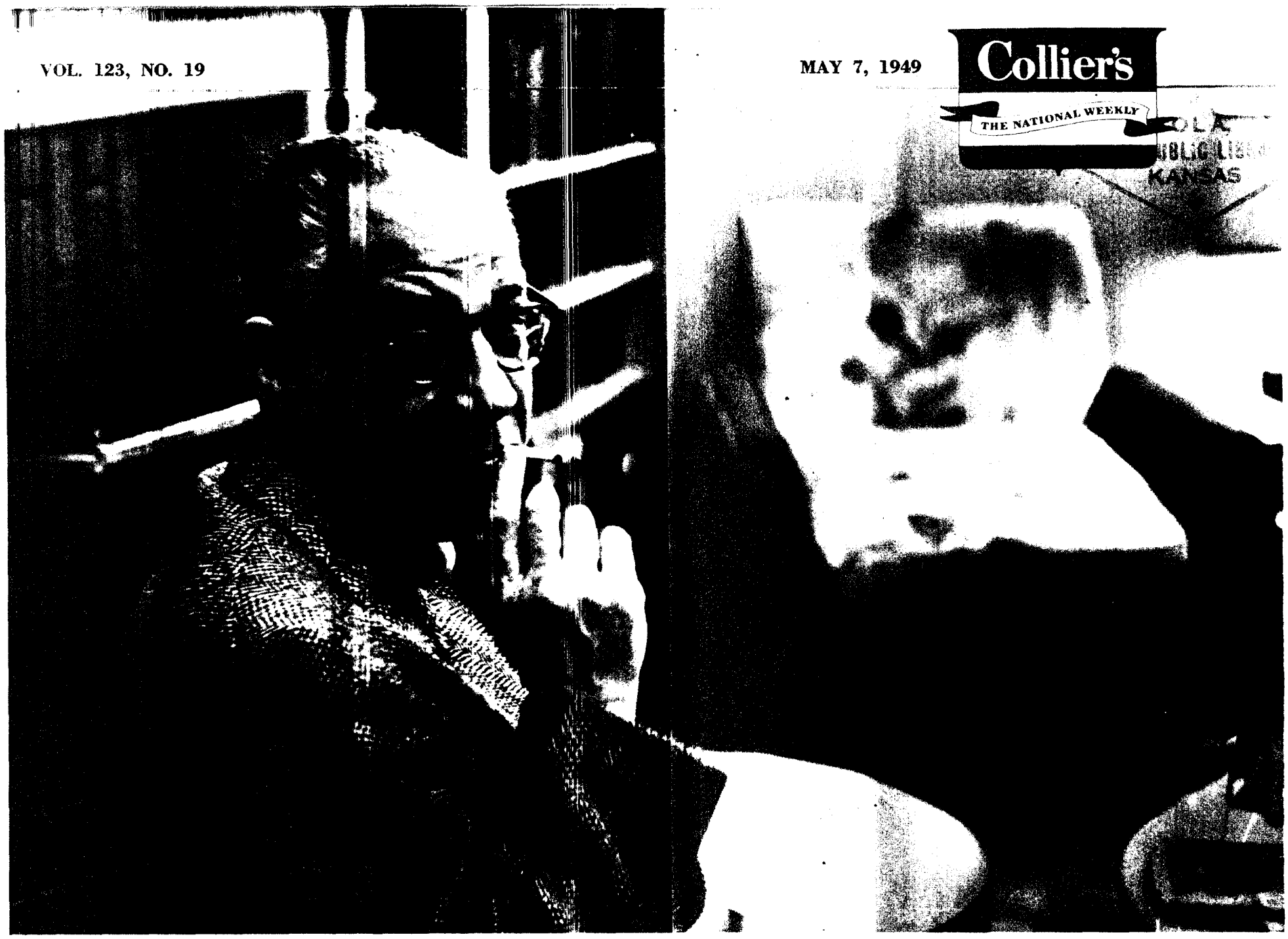

The author, whose heart suddenly rebelled against the pace he was going, relaxes in his apartment living room as he has never relaxed before

Thank God For My Heart Attack!

By CHARLES YALE HARRISON

It came without warning—a terrible attack of coronary thrombosis, the most deadly of all the heart ailments! The author tells a dramatic story of his successful battle for life and for happiness, in the hope that it may inspire and give courage to others similarly afflicted

Charles Yale Harrison is a distinguished writer who is perhaps best known for his novel, Generals Die in Bed. This impressive account of a heart attack, taken from his forthcoming book, is not a product of Mr. Harrison's lively imagination. It is simply a straightaway report of what happened to him when, like millions of others, his heart almost ceased functioning. The authenticity of the medical facts is vouched for by Dr. Charles A. R. Connor, Medical Director of the American Heart Association. The book, Thank God for My Heart Attack, is to be released by Henry Holt and Company, Inc., on May 16th.

I AM one of many who have lived through a serious attack of coronary thrombosis, the most deadly of all the heart ailments. My first and only attack, it was a most painful and trying ordeal. But today, looking back at it in retrospect, I can say quite truthfully that I am glad it happened—glad for myself, to whom it proved to be a revelation of many hitherto unsuspected facts about myself, and glad for others who, similarly afflicted, may find in my experience a message of hope and inspiration.

You may be one of those fortunate people whose hearts have never given them cause for concern. I was—at least I thought I was. My attack came suddenly and with very little warning. I had finished a hard day's work at home—I am a professional writer—and I was in a mood for—shall I say?—finer things.

So I got out a bottle of pale amontillado, put a record of Mozart's Quartet in G Major on the turntable, and sat back to enjoy the subtle wine and the still more subtle music.

I finished the first glass of sherry with the first movement of the quartet, taking it slow and easy. I filled my glass again and settled back to hear the opening measures of the second movement. It was at this point that I began to feel somewhat uneasy.

At first there was a feeling of nausea. I thought that perhaps this was due to my taking the sherry on an empty stomach. The nausea passed. Then it returned—it not only returned, it persisted, increased in intensity and was followed by a sharp attack of reeling dizziness.

"Let this be a lesson to you," I said to myself, "never drink sherry."

Then, as if this bravado, this irreverence, were being answered, the room gradually went into a slow and steady spin and I knew that I was seriously ill. But all the symptoms were not in yet. Soon a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 77)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL WELLER

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THE PARAGON

A man should think twice before he says "I love you" to a girl who is always right. But sometimes it's the girl who does the thinking

By OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY

MILTON WOLSKY

WHEN Frank Belman came from Buffalo to work for the Sunday Feature Section of the New York Chronicle, he brought along a healthy interest in sports. The Chronicle, he found, planned to present a roundup of contenders for the heavyweight boxing title, and that was fine.

As his first New York assignment he journeyed across the Hudson to interview Mike Lorenz, the Colossus of Perth Amboy, who informed him with appropriate shadowboxing gestures, "I kin lick any bum you kin name."

"What about those who aren't bums?" Frank asked.

"I'll make 'em *look* like bums!"

Back at the office a few hours later, Frank sat down at his typewriter, twisted his long legs corkscrew fashion—his normal writing position—and remarked in the course of a well-considered piece: "In 1926, when Mike Lorenz was born, Gene Tunney was heavyweight champion, and culture stepped into the ring. Since then, however, it has often hung gasping on the ropes. . . ."

At ten the next morning, as he lighted a cigarette, his desk telephone buzzed. A girl's voice, crisp and pleasant, said, "Frank Belman? This is Letitia Blair in Research. About this Mike Lorenz story."

"Oh, yes." Feeling he had done a good job, Frank smiled. He was ready for a pat on the back. "Hope you liked it."

"I did. Very much. But," Letitia Blair added, "I've spotted an error. According to my records, Mike Lorenz was born August 23, 1926."

That puzzled Frank. "Isn't that what I put down?"

"Well, yes. But you also put down that Gene Tunney was champ at that time."

"Wasn't he?"

"In 1926, Tunney didn't win the title from Dempsey till September 23d. So at the time Mike Lorenz was born, on August 23d, *Dempsey* was still champ."

Frank Belman let his lanky figure slither deep down in the chair. It took him a moment or two to recover from that one. "Well, well," he said. "Imagine. One month off, was I?"

"One month off," Letty Blair said, quite cheerful about it. "Sorry to sound so pesty, Mr. Belman, but you know how it is in Research. We're congenital pains in the neck. Want us to correct it here or would you prefer to do it yourself?"

"You do it," Frank said. "And thanks."

Naturally, he felt annoyed with himself. There was no excuse for a silly mistake like that. Bad reporting, that was all. And he wasn't a bad reporter. He had proved that during his two years on the Buffalo Eagle, before Red Whalen had helped him land this special-feature job on the Chronicle. He wanted to kick himself for stumbling on his first

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 71)

Letty put a sympathetic hand on his shoulder. "Don't let it get you down, Frank," she said. "It was really a honey of a story. You did a fine job"

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Six times a week, Maestro Waring leads his Pennsylvanians through a half-hour broadcast of rich, melodic music. It pays rather well—$2,000,000 annually

The Maestro From Penn State

By ALLEN CHURCHILL

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MORRIS ENGEL

SIX times each week a man with the clean-cut features of a collegian, the muscular torso of a tall man and the legs of a short one, lifts his arms before a combined orchestra and glee club and leads them through a half-hour broadcast of rich, melodic music. For this he wins $1,500,000 annually.

When swelled by earnings from records, concerts and other activities, this becomes a round two million, to make him one of the top money-makers in the orchestra business.

The man who earns this very good sum is slighted by long-hairs, and taken for granted, as he has been for around 30 years, by the average music lover.

Such contradictions are quite characteristic of Fred Waring, the orchestra leader who, you may be surprised to learn, is financially more successful than Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey or anyone else in the game today. Even as a person Fred is contradictory—and a man of many sides.

Ten million Americans prefer the Waring music to any other kind. So does Fred, who has ridden his pet theories to fame and fortune

For instance, in the gaudy orchestra world he behaves with the reserve and dignity of a professional man. Or like a trustee of Penn State, which he has actually been since 1947.

Musically, Fred is one in a million: a natural. In the years he has been in the business, Dixieland, swing, jive and bebop have swept the bands of the land. "Everything loud, wrong and terrible," he calls such music.

When Fred studies a sheet of music he hears in his mind a lush orchestration of instruments and voices. Then he tirelessly rehearses his Pennsylvanians until they produce that kind of music. While other orchestras have followed popular taste, he has steadfastly gone ahead playing his own way.

Fortunately, at least 10,000,000 Americans with music in their hearts enjoy the music Fred has in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)

Fred's facial expressions reflect the music. Here the music is sad, so he's sad. For gay music, he's gay. The artists he directs enjoy it. Fred's a show in himself

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Somebody's going to get a ticket, but all it means to Officer McNally is extra work without extra pay

Clanging streetcars, honking autos, the deafening roar of el trains overhead; questions to answer, jaywalkers to watch, aged pedestrians to help—and you wonder why the traffic cop gets exasperated!

Nine Years in a Traffic Jam

By Officer RAY McNALLY

as told to COLLIE SMALL

If you think you have trouble when a traffic officer reads you off, listen to this tale of woe. That "soft job" Officer McNally has at Chicago's Wabash and Madison gives him nightmares. Don't miss them; you're in every single one—as the heavy-footed villain

FOR nine years I have been standing at the corner of Wabash and Madison in the Chicago Loop, and for nine years I have been watching you, the average driver, through your windshield, and in nine years, you haven't changed a bit. Every time I look at you, I know what you are saying about me. You are saying, "Why aren't you out catching murderers and stick-up men, you big baboon, instead of trying to trap me, a poor innocent driver, into making a mistake so you can be a hero and give me a ticket?"

It's pretty discouraging. Naturally, I don't expect you to drive up and hand me a rose every time you cross my intersection, but I do think you ought to know that I have my problems with you, too. Understand, this is not a complaint. I like my job or I wouldn't keep it, but you could make me like it a lot more if you wouldn't glower at me when I have to give you a ticket, snatch it out of my hand, and say huffily, "I suppose this will make you a sergeant!"

It hasn't made me a sergeant yet, and, after all, it's hardly *my* fault if *you* break the law.

I don't know why you assume that my only joy in life is giving out traffic tickets. If that were my only pleasure, I would be one of the unhappiest men you know. Let's look at the facts.

The corner of Wabash and Madison is one of the busiest in Chicago, and Chicago is a busy city. There are roaring elevated trains overhead and trolleys in the street. Thousands of automobiles, trucks and pedestrians cross the intersection in a never-ending stream, each one under the impression that he is the only one in a hurry.

There are well over 100 offenses for which I can give you a ticket. There are the ordinary ones such as double parking, overtime parking and running through red lights. I can arrest you for failing to yield the right of way, for driving across fire hoses,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WAYNE F. MILLER

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So, the old man thought, they have seen me as I am.
They have found me out and think I have deceived them

MAN OF MEANS

By JOHN SEYMOUR SHARNIK

OVER the roofs of the pier sheds, the big ship loomed into sight, a gray bulk moving through the angular patterns formed by the dockside cranes and girders and by the masts of other ships already moored in the harbor. A kind of sigh of recognition arose from the people waiting on the pier. The liner's whistle down the river had cast a tense silence over them; now they were released and reassured by the sight of the ship itself. They became eager and talkative; they laughed and shouted to one another, and pointed toward the decks of the ship.

A short, grizzled man in a heavy plaid Mackinaw stood by himself on the edge of the crowd. As the big ship swung in toward the dock, tugboats nuzzling at its flanks like suckling pigs, he strained forward and lifted his arm to wave. The gesture was hesitant, almost involuntary. He let his hand fall self-consciously, shifted the paper-wrapped and beribboned geranium plant he was carrying, and opened the newspaper that was folded under his arm. The headline at the bottom of the page read: "DP SHIP DUE IN PORT TODAY. New Hope, Opportunity Await 1,000 of Europe's Dispossessed."

He read it again—he had read it four or five times in the hour he had been waiting—forming the words a little stiffly with his lips and then frowning, as if with some vague uneasiness. *Let them not be too sure,* he thought. *Let them not think everything is rich and easy over here.*

The man's name was Anton Robek, and somewhere among those faces along the rail of the ship were his nephew Jozef and Jozef's young wife. Anton had signed the papers permitting them to come to America, but he had done so with some misgivings. There was a certain matter of his own pride.

He knew that to them he was "the rich uncle in America"; he was the model of their hopes and expectations. But when they saw him as he really was, a man of low position and narrow means, they would feel cheated. They would feel he had deceived them. Perhaps they would even laugh at him. The laughter would be a little bitter, and also a little contemptuous, for they would see others who had the things he did not have.

He glanced over the crowd, taking notice of men and women in fine clothes. Some were carrying

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE KANELOUS

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elaborately wrapped gifts. He became conscious of the rough fabric of his own clothes and the commonness and meagerness of the geranium which was to be his gift to his niece and nephew. On a sudden impulse of shame, he set the plant down behind him, and then, after looking about to make sure no one had seen him, moved away from it, into the crowd.

The ship was lodged against the pier now and the first few passengers had come jubilantly down the gangplank, searching the crowd on the pier for a familiar face or a welcoming gesture. There were shouts of recognition and then shouts of caution from the immigration officials, who guided the new arrivals toward a large, warehouselike receiving building.

AS THE passengers came ashore, Robek inspected them, wondering if he and Jozef would recognize each other from the innumerable photographs they had exchanged. He had studied Jozef's pictures because it did not seem right somehow that a man should not know his own sister's son, even though they had never seen each other before. He was about to give up and go around to the waiting room to have his nephew paged, when he noticed a young woman descending the gangplank, who seemed to be pointing at him. Beside her was a tall young man with brown hair and an expression about the eyes that seemed familiar to Anton.

Anton raised his arm and waved, a little uncertainly. The young man waved back, broke into a smile and shouted, "Uncle Anton!" and hurried the girl down the gangplank ahead of him.

Robek pushed his way forward. "Jozef!" he shouted back. "Jozef! How are you?"

The young man said something to the girl and she smiled shyly. "This is Maria! Your niece!" called Jozef, pointing proudly to the girl. The old man nodded. Jozef and the girl were moving with the other passengers toward the immigration building, and Jozef called back over his shoulder something which the old man couldn't make out through the noise of the crowd. "I'll see you inside," the old man answered. Then he started back through the crowd toward the waiting rooms. . . .

He found himself thinking back to a day like this, twenty-six years before, when he himself had stood straining against the rail of a ship to wave at the Statue of Liberty and catch his first glimpse of the land of great promise that was America. On that ship there had been four hundred of them, eager, hopeful, each with his own vision of plenty.

Robek thought back over the years, and the faces of the young men who had been his companions in the cramped below-decks compartment returned to his memory, slightly faded with time, like photographs in an old newspaper. Some of them had had luck—the sharp-faced young mechanic from Gdynia who had gone to work as a truck driver in New York and who, Anton had heard, now owned a prosperous trucking firm of his own; the intense, ambitious German boy who was determined to become a doctor and who now headed a famous clinic in the Middle West.

For Anton, from the time he had gone, direct from the boat, to stay with his cousins in a New England mill town, it had been different; long hours of work with tough and clumsy hands; then marriage, and children who had to be fed and clothed and sent to the public school, like the kids of his Yankee neighbors. That was all right. He had been pleased; then it had seemed like an achievement just to have your children at school—the same school as the boss's children and the children of His Honor the Mayor.

Anton smiled to himself. In those days, perhaps, he was easily impressed. It had seemed like a lot. It had seemed like a lot, too, when he and his wife had found they could buy the truck farm they had saved for: thirty acres of stone-ribbed New England soil that gave its small crop grudgingly. It was his own and it had been enough. But now as he thought back, it seemed to the old man that enough had been pitifully little. It would seem so to Jozef, who would be expecting much. . . .

"We saw the Statue of Liberty!" said the girl breathlessly, staggering with the weight of a shabby suitcase. "I got up early this morning to see it."

"Ah, Marysia!" The young man laughed affectionately. He turned to his uncle. "All the way across, she was afraid to miss the Statue of Liberty. 'What if we arrive at night?' she kept saying."

"You would come back and see it another time," the old man said. "It shows from this side also."

They had left the receiving buildings and now Robek was taking them to his car. He was apprehensive of the long drive through the New England countryside, past the big houses framed by tall trees and luxuriant shrubbery. After them, his own bare frame farmhouse would seem so shabby.

He opened the door of the dusty old sedan. It too seemed shabby, against the other cars parked near by. The girl hesitated and looked at her husband for a moment before getting into the car. He smiled at her reassuringly and climbed in after her. Anton pretended not to have noticed.

He drove in silence, with the caution of a man

On a sudden impulse of shame, he set the plant down behind him and moved away, into the crowd

who is unsure of himself. In the back seat the young couple chattered animatedly, exclaiming at the sight of shop windows and billboards, like children on their first visit to the city.

"You don't know," said Jozef, in a voice heavy with emotion, "how often, while we waited over there in the camps, we talked about this day."

"Jozef, tell me this is true," Maria said. "Tomorrow this won't be the camp again, will it?"

In the mirror, the old man saw his nephew bring the girl close to him and stroke her hair. "You tell her, Uncle Anton," said Jozef. "Tell her there is no longer any need to feel unsure or to be afraid of disappointment."

"One is never sure," said the old man quietly. "And there are always disappointments."

WHEN they passed through the town and turned up the dirt road that led to his farm, Anton's heart was pounding. He pulled into the yard beside the tiny house. A pair of hens that had been pecking desultorily at the gravel about the back doorstep fluttered up in alarm, and the old man muttered angrily at them.

The old man got out of the car. "Stephanie!" he called. A woman with fat arms and red cheeks came out of the house, wiping her hands on her apron. "Stephanie, I have brought the *kuzyni.*" He opened the door of the car for his niece and nephew, averting his eyes from theirs.

The young couple stepped out of the car and looked about them. At the sight of the house, its open doorway leading to a dark interior, they seemed overcome with a sudden confusion. They stood there looking at each other uncertainly. The girl whispered something to her husband. He frowned and prodded her toward the house.

Anton felt his face flush with shame. "Well," he said fiercely, "come on, now. Why are you standing there?"

They came forward shyly and embraced the old woman, who motioned them toward the house. Maria went upstairs with Anton's wife while the two men removed the suitcase and cartons from the automobile. Then, in the living room—its furniture old and suddenly distasteful to Anton, its walls covered with a frayed and yellowed wallpaper—the old man and his nephew stood facing each other in an awkward silence. Jozef seemed overcome with embarrassment. *So,* the old man thought, *they have seen me as I am. They have found me out and they think I have deceived them.* He smiled bitterly to himself. *Well, what did they expect of me—a palace?*

The young man turned his eyes. "Uncle," he said hesitantly, "may I ask you a question?"

Anton nodded. The questions were bound to come; he might as well face them now.

"Is this your own house, Uncle?"

"Yes," said the old man, his mouth tightening.

"And your own land? There is no one—no one to whom you must answer for the use of your house?"

"No." Anton was puzzled. What was the boy driving at?

"And your neighbors? It does not matter to you if they think—?"

"What should they think?" said the old man furiously.

"That you have taken us into your home when we are outsiders, who are not used to the way things are done in this country. It is a long time since there has been any home for us. Perhaps we no longer remember how it is in a home. Perhaps we will do the wrong things and bring shame to you."

THE words poured out as if they had been stored up behind a wall of pain. There were tears of anxiety in Jozef's eyes. Anton stared. Was it possible that this was the thing that had troubled them when they reached the house—the doubt of their own worth, and not the shabbiness of the yard or the way the paint was scaled along the sidings?

There was a shout of laughter from upstairs and Maria came rushing down. "Jozef!" she said, throwing her arms about her husband. "The aunt says we can go into the town tomorrow if we wish! And there is no registration! We do not have to sign at the police!"

Anton felt a swell of compassion and understanding. He went over and put his arms about them. Jozef smiled uncertainly. "You see," he said, "the things one learns to be afraid of."

"Here you will learn not to be afraid," said the old man.

His wife appeared in the kitchen doorway. "Come," she said, "today's dinner won't wait for tomorrow's plans."

Anton motioned to the young couple to go inside. He watched them as he took his place at the head of the table. *Here is my home,* he thought proudly. The thought gave him a comfort such as they could not have known, over there. "We are outsiders," the boy had said—the ones to whom all doors were closed; the low ones, fit only to serve. For them, there had been no home.

Jozef looked about the kitchen, the white paint of its walls long since scrubbed bare. "Uncle," he said, as if he had been following the old man's thoughts, "does it take very long for a man to have a home like this?"

Anton set down his glass. "Not so long as you might think," he said. He smiled, with the air of a man impressed with his own fortune.

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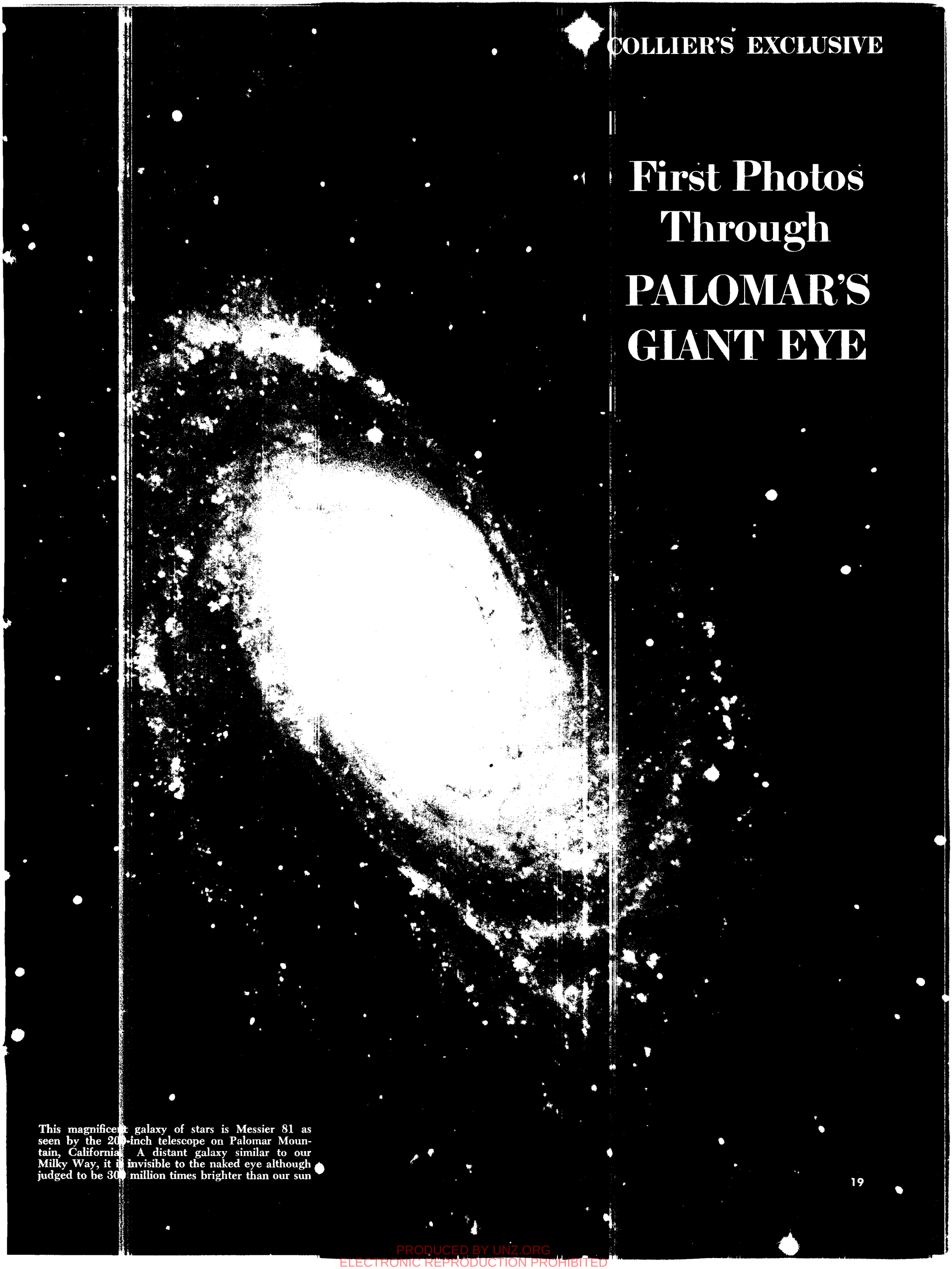
COLLIER'S EXCLUSIVE

First Photos Through PALOMAR'S GIANT EYE



This magnificent galaxy of stars is Messier 81 as seen by the 200-inch telescope on Palomar Mountain, California. A distant galaxy similar to our Milky Way, it is invisible to the naked eye although judged to be 30 million times brighter than our sun

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Behold, the Universe!

By DAVID O. WOODBURY

Author of
The Glass Giant of Palomar

This is the first picture ever taken by the 200-inch telescope. The light from the gas cloud in the center started earthward about 1500 B.C.

ON THESE pages you see what no one has ever seen before—the oldest and most remote star worlds ever photographed by man. These are the first official pictures to be taken by the world's largest stargazer, the long-awaited 200-inch Hale telescope on Palomar Mountain in California. The light that made the pictures started on its journey back in the dawn of our world, when primitive life was just beginning to stir on earth.

The giant telescope's steel and glass anatomy, refined in every detail to the limit of human ingenuity, is finished. Its 500 tons of precision mechanisms are ready at last to open up the secrets of outer space, to catch the incredibly weak signals of light that may give us a real understanding of creation.

This is an exciting time to be alive: yesterday, the coming of atomic energy; today, the first message from continents of stars so frighteningly far away that they may actually be at the ends of space. In preliminary tests this new telescope has recorded galaxies of light six thousand billion billion miles from our tiny planet home.

This first tremendous achievement puts us on the threshold of a magnificent new era of astronomy. With this instrument we may discover answers to mysteries that have tantalized humanity for centuries. We may learn how big the universe is and what it is made of. We may find out, from just such photographs as these, how this universe of ours began, and when, and what it did through the awesome span of aeons that have since passed by. We

In front of the 200-inch giant telescope, on which they have worked since its beginning in 1928, are, left to right: Bruce Rule, project engineer, Dr. Edwin P. Hubble, world authority on the outer universe, and Byron Hill, resident engineer

TED CROMER

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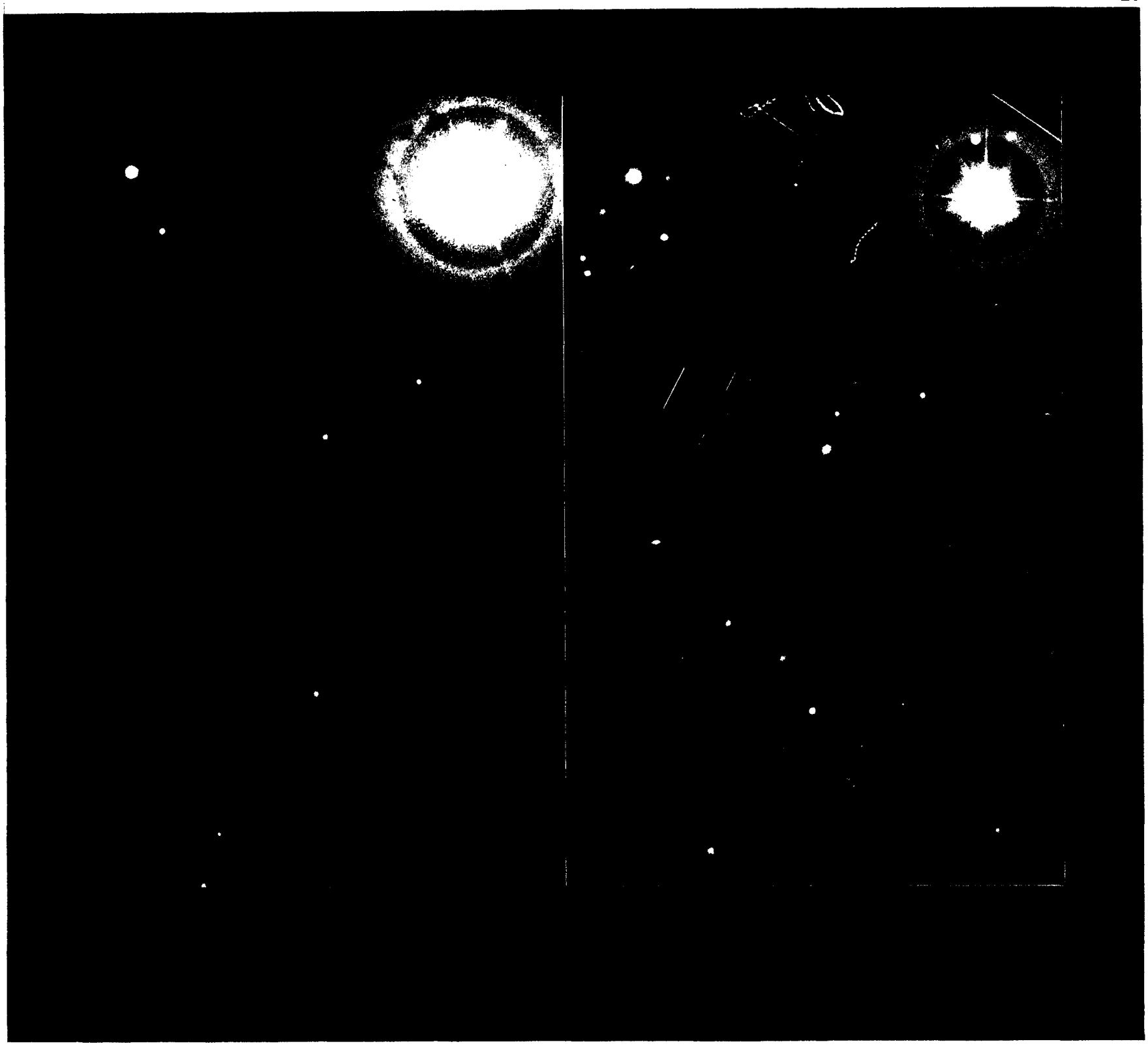


may even dare to predict what it will do next, and how it may finally end.

The promise of such vast new information should humble the most arrogant. For, although only astronomers can make these tremendous voyages into space, all of us may gain new spiritual dimensions from what they find.

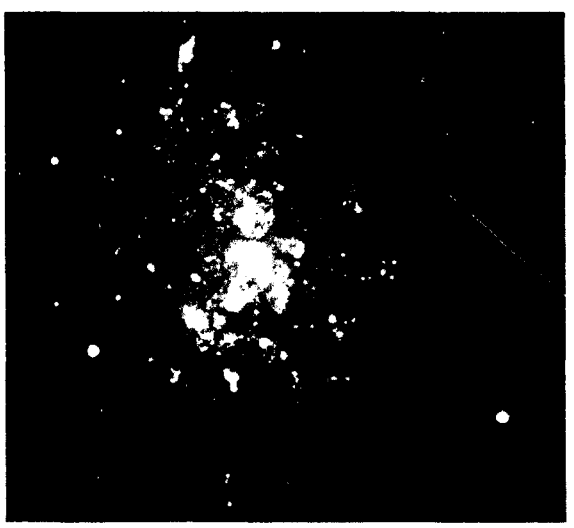
Every human being in all the ages has looked at the stars to marvel, and has taken comfort in their permanence. Their patterns in the sky have reassured us and inspired us. We did not understand them and we do not know them yet. But the growing certainty that there is order and plan out there, no matter how far we go, is a tremendous aid to human faith.

The 200-inch telescope itself, for all its tremendous possibilities, is no awesome new mechanical Gargantua. It is simply a fine precision star-camera with a million times the power of the human eye, representing an achievement that has demanded the best years of the lives of many men. Unheard-of obstacles, difficulties and disappointments have been surmounted, undreamed-of problems of construction have been solved, to make this mighty instrument possible.

Like the smallest box camera, the 200-inch makes its records upon film, not upon the eye. If you looked through the telescope you would see far less than a photographic plate would record. The pictures published here were taken upon film not much bigger than a post card, exposed for as long as an hour in the dark and quiet of a mountaintop. A first look at the developed negative would have told you little. It is only when these small, ordinary-seeming plates are greatly enlarged that the magnificent pictures of flaming outer worlds spring from pin-point images too small to notice.

The Palomar giant is the culmination of the devoted labor of scientists working for centuries all over the world. It would never have been built without the faith and inspiration of the late Dr. George Ellery Hale, who was one of America's greatest seekers after knowledge in the sky. Back in 1890, Hale began to dream of a series of gigantic reflecting telescopes with which to plumb the depths of space. If he could find men to pay for them, he thought, and experts to build them, he might solve some of the riddles of the universe.

First, Hale built the 40-inch refractor at the Yerkes Observatory in Wisconsin—a wonder of the world in 1896. But it was not big enough. Fighting for new support, and moving to California, Hale inspired the 60-inch reflector on Mount Wilson, and eventually the 100-inch. So great a giant



This shadowy star world is two and one-half million light-years or fourteen and one-half million trillion miles away. One light-year is nearly six trillion miles, the distance light travels in one year at a speed of about 186,000 miles per second. White streaks (right) were not made by stars but by scratches on the Hale telescope negative

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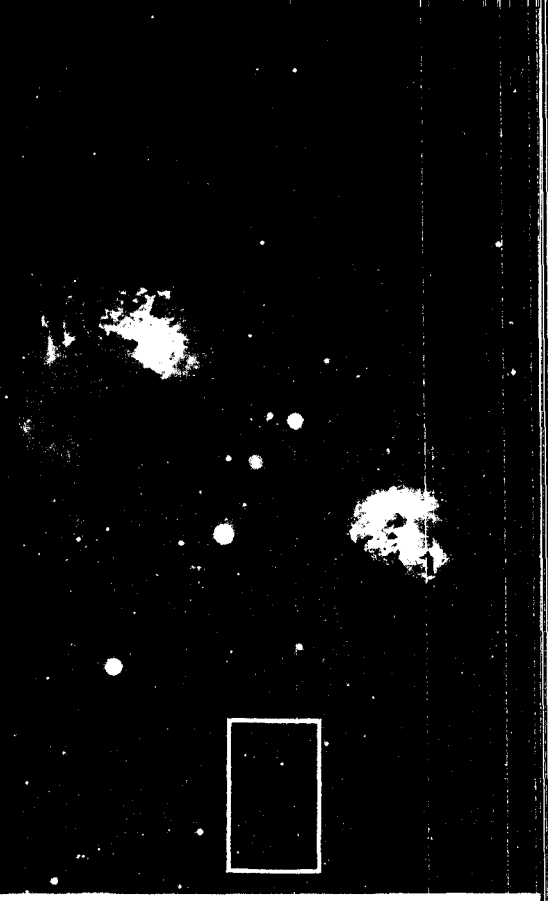
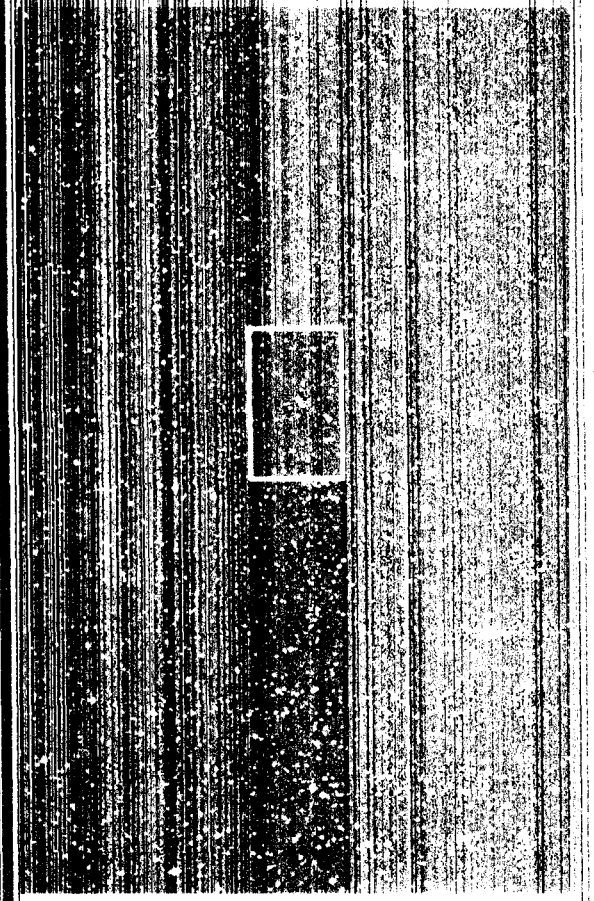
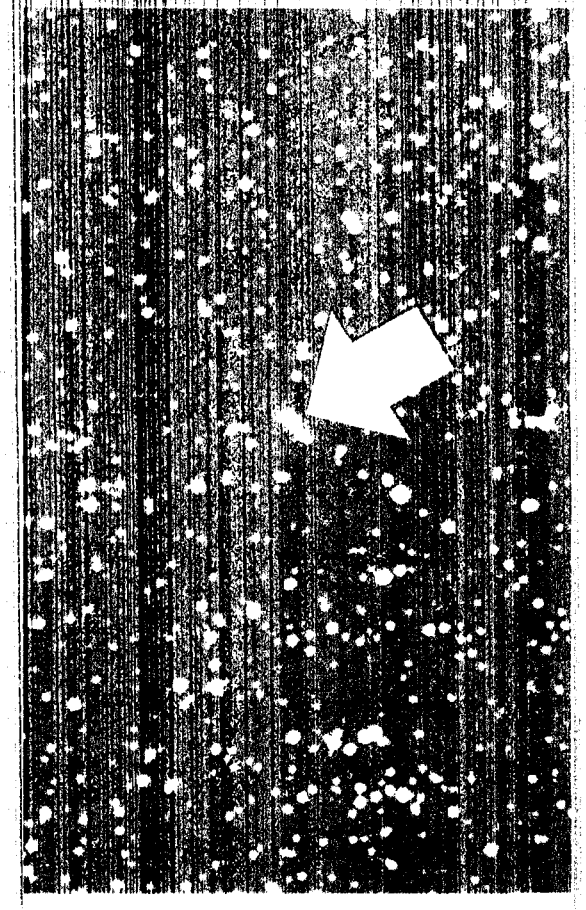
THE SCHMIDT CAMERA DISCOVERS A GALAXY



Until now, dust clouds in the Milky Way have obscured what lies beyond. The Schmidt camera, scout for the 200-inch, however, has found a rift in the clouds



A section in picture No. 1 (outlined in white) was picked for closer study. It was enlarged (above) and another area (in oblong) picked for more enlargement



A window in the black heavens has been found! Through it can be seen a galaxy (red arrow) as vast as our Milky Way, which is 150,000 light-years across

was the latter that it promised to solve every riddle of creation. No sooner was it in operation, however, than it began to ask more questions than it could answer. Like a ship with too little fuel, it carried its passengers part way out, and left them there.

Then Hale proposed his daring plan for a telescope twice as big, ten times as costly, perhaps too complicated to build at all. In 1928 the gigantic project was begun. Ten years later Hale died, too soon to reap the full satisfaction of seeing the results of his dream. But the pictures published here prove beyond a doubt that his vision will be fully realized.

George Hale was an explorer of space, with all the courage and imagination of a Marco Polo or a Columbus. With his great telescopes he bequeathed to the astronomers of the future a new method of exploration—new ships in which to rocket to the outfields of space, with the speed of light, in search of the unknown. Like Hale, these men are pioneers, eager to set sail on uncharted seas.

It is to be a strange unearthly kind of exploration, like nothing you will find in history. There is no struggle, no suffering, no physical danger. There is no celebration, no waving of hands on the pier, no departure into remote wildernesses, no return. It is like this:

An astronomer and his assistant—quite natural, everyday men—make a simple trip to the top of a not-very-high mountain in a car. They enter the vast darkened observatory in the evening, pondering the clearness of the sky, chatting about the special problems for the night. Once inside, they separate to their posts: one man to the observation station high up in the throat of the gigantic machine, the other to the control buttons of an organ-like console on the main floor. Each knows his job in the team play they are to make.

The skylight fades. Within the dome a few heavily shaded lamps spill pools of yellow on the floor. Up into the crisp, dim air the mighty silhouette of the giant reaches, utterly quiet, waiting.

Bundled in his wool-lined parachute suit, the observer adjusts himself on his stool in the small steel capsule suspended within the telescope. A light blinks, a word is spoken over the intercom, and the voyage has begun.

Smoothly the telescope glides into position, locking into step with the swing of the earth. The gentle thunder of the moving dome rumbles briefly and is still. Into the field of view of a small eyepiece beneath the observer's gaze slips a guide star, cast up by the huge mirror below. Deftly the observer manipulates controls that center the cross hairs of the eyepiece. Then he pushes his photographic plateholder into position and pulls out the slide. Light too faint to be seen begins to soak imperceptibly into the emulsion.

Then, a beautifully timed vibrating wire takes over the task of controlling the great machine as it follows its target across the sky.

For an hour or more there is no perceptible motion, no sound but the thin faint hum of the driving motors that keep the telescope dead on its objective. Then, the exposure carried to the limit skylight will allow, the plate is removed and a telephoned word to the night assistant sends the giant to another objective in the heavens, and a new shot begins.

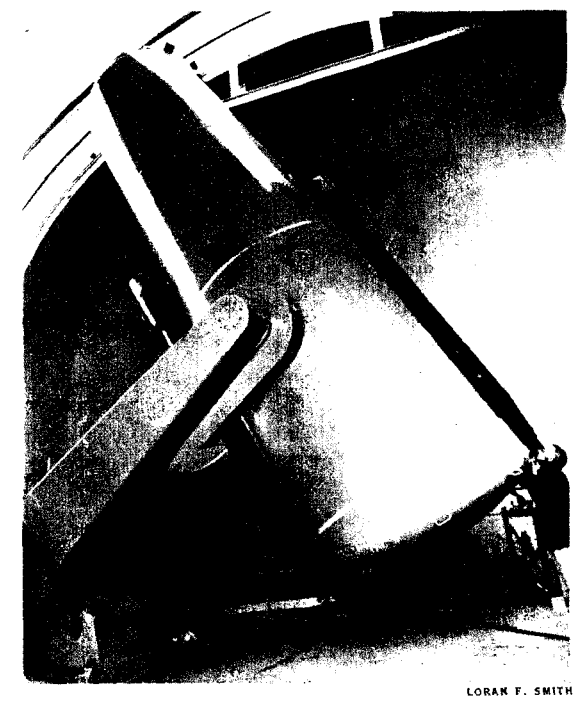
Stargazing Is Only the Start

So it goes all night, until dawn or until the scheduled work is done. The observer, stiff now from hours in his cramped little cage, is brought down by the long arm of the curving elevator platform. Quickly he retires to his darkroom and develops his plates, puts them in the drying rack and goes "home." Across the mountaintop he finds a warm and comfortable bed at the beautifully appointed "monastery," and gets his day's sleep.

For a week, perhaps, these carefully planned schedules move on. Through the dark of the moon, the astronomer spends night after night in the telescope's arms. Mornings he sleeps. At noon he breakfasts with his friends and chats about the deer that wander over the reservation, then strolls back to his workroom in the base of the observatory for a few hours' computation. Then, back for a nap and dinner at five thirty, and a discussion of the fine points of the new night's run. Finally, the job is done, and he goes home to his wife and children in Pasadena. A small box of glass plates, whose cryptic dots may contain a new secret of the universe, rides beside him.

Then comes the real excitement—the thrill of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)



LORAN F. SMITH

Built like a cannon, the 48-inch Schmidt camera has tremendous scope and great speed. The ten-inch telescopes on its sides are used as guides

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This is how the Andromeda galaxy looks to the Schmidt. This galaxy, which has been known to man for centuries, is barely visible to the naked eye in the constellation of Andromeda

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The Men of Palomar

By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

THERE'S nothing like a visit to the top of Palomar Mountain to make you fall in love all over again with life on this wobbly planet. It will take you farther out of the world than your imagination ever traveled before. And it will bring you closer than you've ever felt toward your fellow man.

"Like we were all shipwrecked here together in an ocean of space," an Iowa manual training instructor described the sensation to me as we looked at the 200-inch telescope from the visitors' gallery. It turned out he was an ex-Seabee whose transport had been torpedoed off Guadalcanal early in the war. The vision he got here at Palomar of the earth's place in the universe reminded him of the life raft he hung on to in the Pacific. "It doesn't feel much bigger, either."

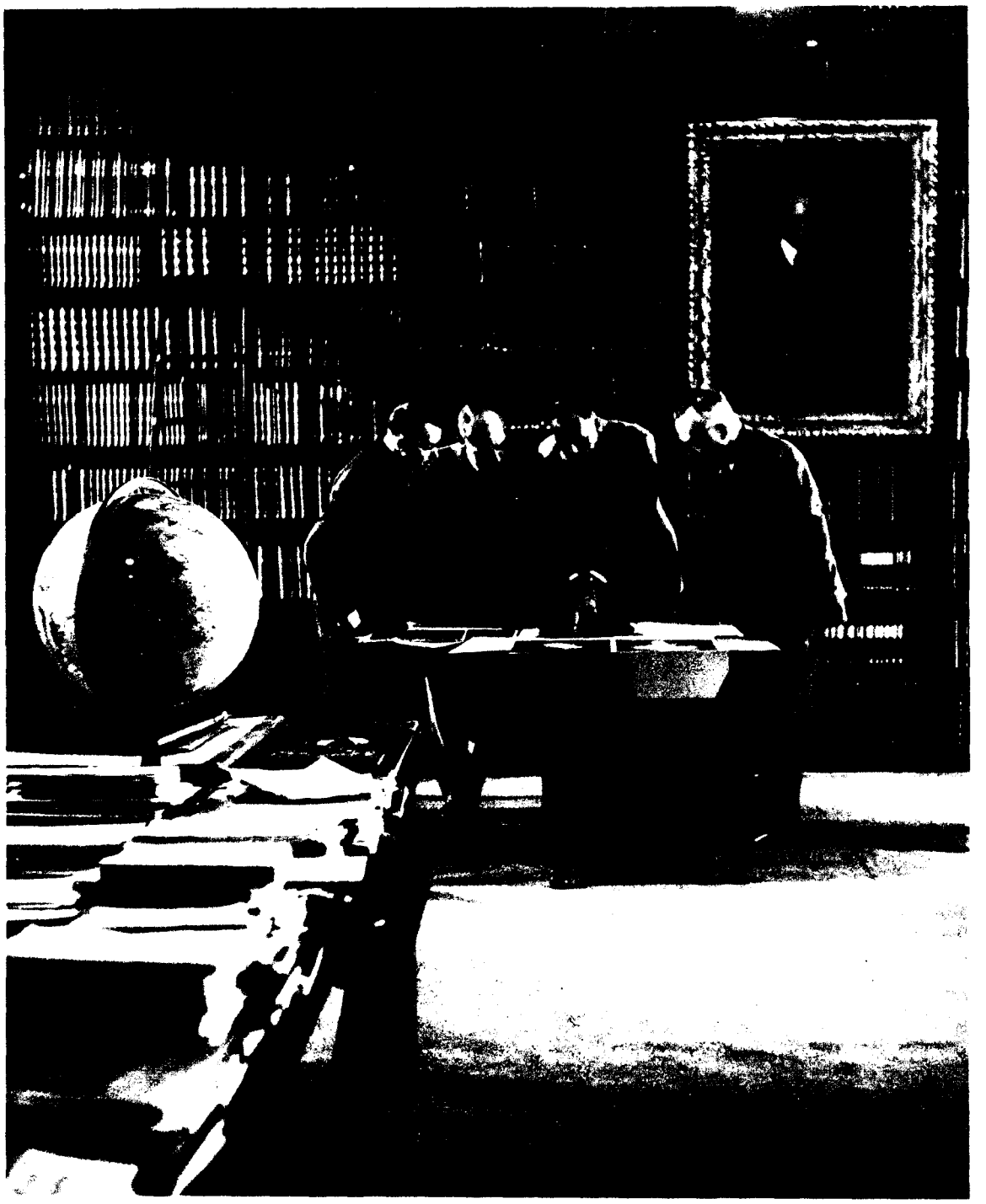
Shortly after, I quoted the Iowa tourist to Dr. Edwin P. Hubble, dean of American astronomers and the one man most responsible for giving us our new vision of an expanding universe which the great 200-inch Hale telescope was built to explore.

"I've felt pretty much the same way myself," said Hubble, pressing down a fresh pipeload of tobacco with his thumb, "as if the only hope for mankind lay in the kind of human solidarity we'd have if we faced an actual invasion from Mars."

Dr. Ira S. Bowen, director of the Mount Wilson and Palomar observatories, put it another way: "Nobody can grasp the tremendous space now open to us for study without feeling a great deal less responsible for the behavior of the universe and a great deal more responsible for his own behavior."

You feel very close to the blue sky as you roam about this broad, green California mountaintop. It is moated on all sides with broad valleys, across which the rest of the range melts into a lilac

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)



In the library of the Mount Wilson and Palomar offices in Pasadena, four world-renowned astronomers examine the first pictures taken by the 200-inch telescope. They are, left to right, Dr. Paul Merrill, spectroscopist; Sir Harold Spencer Jones, Astronomer Royal of England; Dr. Hubble, and Dr. Rudolph Minkowski, astronomer. The portrait is of Dr. George Ellery Hale, for whom the new telescope is named

Dr. Edwin P. Hubble (left), one of the world's leading astronomers, opened up new realms of space that the 200-inch telescope is exploring. Portrait is of Sir Arthur Eddington, the physicist

Dr. Fritz Zwicky, astrophysicist, rocket expert and mountain climber, who foresaw our release of atomic energy on earth through his systematic observations of exploding stars, or supernovae

Dr. Ira S. Bowen is director of the Mount Wilson and Palomar observatories. His brilliance in astrophysics and optics was a vital factor in the positive success of the new 200-inch telescope

Dr. Walter Baade, a specialist in measuring the distance of stars by their relative brilliance, is now discovering new facts about our Milky Way from a study of Andromeda, its nearest neighbor

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY TED CRONER

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The Saga of Split Fin

By KENNETH GILBERT

The entire life of the giant trout had been spent in the shadow of sudden death. Man was the cleverest of his many enemies and, in the end, the most compassionate

THE little death-dragon struck so swiftly that there seemed to be no escape for the swarm of baby fish that were his intended prey. One moment the inch-long fry, some of which might become great steelheads, sea-going rainbow trout weighing twenty pounds and up, had settled in a dark-blue cloud on the sandy bottom of the Rogue River in Oregon where they had been born; the next instant they had scattered wildly as death slashed among them.

The killer itself was not much bigger than they, yet it was as fierce in its own way as any jungle tiger. One day it would crawl out of the water, shed its bony shell, and become a dragonfly; and would take flight in search of gnats and other small insects; but in this early stage of its incubation it was a fiendish haunter of the shallows, preying upon any lesser creature which swam near. The newly hatched trout fry were fair game. Nature had given the tiny dragon a prognathous underjaw equipped with a murderous hook at its tip, and this weapon could be folded against the creature's abdomen when not in use. Now its jaw was extended as it charged abruptly among its tiny victims.

But despite the fact that the baby steelheads had just been hatched—each still carried an egg sac fastened to his belly so that he would be assured of nourishment during his first few days of life—they were alert and wary. As the dragon darted at them, they fled wildly in all directions. And when one of their number was late in getting away, his doom seemed certain. The hooked jaw of the water demon snapped at him with killing force.

Yet in that last thousandth part of a second the fry instinctively did the thing which saved his life. He reversed course and shot toward the surface, and the bony hook merely scratched his back and sheared through his dorsal fin, splitting it cleanly. Before the dragon could recover and strike again, the fry had vanished. Frustrated, the brown, beetle-like killer went back to his ambush in a dark pocket beneath the shelving bank. . . .

It was some three weeks later that Jeff Croy, who had wintered by the headwaters of the Rogue, came past the spawning beds and happened to notice that among the thousands of young steelheads milling there in the clear water there was one whose back was scarred and who had a divided dorsal fin.

That the old woodsman noted the fact at all was due not only to his sharp eyesight, but also to the fact that the little fish had the curious habit of turning half over and swimming spiritedly on his side, almost as if to draw attention to himself. Maybe his wound still itched. The man watched him a while, without realizing that the moment had significance. When Croy came past the spot a few weeks later, the split-finned fry, a fingerling now, was gone.

But, although mortality among fish is always fearfully high during the first few weeks of life, the young steelhead had not met the fate which had already overtaken many of his kind. With the other fingerlings he had dropped downstream to a deep pool where he was less exposed to predators such as kingfishers and herons, although he had to be constantly on guard against bigger fish with cannibalistic yearnings.

As he grew, there were other enemies of which he learned—water snakes, minks which prowled the stream, an occasional raccoon—but somehow he escaped all of them, although some of his fellows were less fortunate. By degrees he kept moving downstream, a steel-blue fish, several inches long now, being drawn toward the distant salt water by some mysterious urge.

One night a flash flood struck the river and before the suddenly swollen current had subsided, many living things had been swept into the unknown deeps of the sea. Split Fin and other fingerlings were carried along by the flood, for they could not withstand its power. But of the thousands of fry which had huddled together over the sandy nest far up the stream that day the dragonfly larva had struck among them, only a comparative handful of them now remained.

WHERE they went after reaching salt water, only the little fish themselves knew. But certainly they journeyed westward to the vast Pacific beyond the headlands, for they were seagoing rainbow trout of a more adventurous breed than their kinsmen who remained in the lakes and streams of the region where they had been born. But the seafarers would never forget the waters of their origin, and would return as unerringly as do the salmon when they attained maturity. Thus it was that Split Fin came back to his native headwaters when his hour arrived.

By now he was a sizable fish weighing some seven pounds, but it was merely a start on the growth he would attain if he escaped death from all the sources that would prey on him. And he would return to the headwaters many times, for, unlike his distant cousin, the Pacific salmon, which ends its honeymoon in death, nature had equipped him to survive these journeys from sea to river in search of a mate, thence back again to the sea.

His first return to the mouth of the Rogue, to the taste of fresh water as it strained through his delicate gill structure was in midwinter. Sharks had veered from their course and struck at him. Several times as he swam past rocky caverns on the ocean floor, he had felt the exploring fingers of a devilfish touch him clammily, only to have the deadly suction cups of the tentacles fail to hold. More than once he had just escaped the gaping maw of a giant ling cod. Once he had found himself surrounded by a school of porpoises, but he had streaked away. A killer whale's snapping jaws had missed him by inches. But these dangers he had passed safely, until he paused where the pouring current of the Rogue joined with the salt tide.

Now he was surrounded by others of his clan likewise bound upstream. They waited there, as though accustoming themselves to the change, and after a while they began their migration. But Split Fin had not gone far before he discovered that a number of the fish just ahead of him were floundering as though in an effort to get free.

He saw something which looked like brown strands of seaweed dangling in front of him, and his impulse was to charge through it, but instead he turned aside as he became aware that the strands seemed to be surrounding him. In panic he dived, swimming at top speed just as the purse seine closed behind him. He did not know of the wiles of commercial fishermen, to say nothing of the illegality of netting fish on the Rogue, but his

The big fish seemed to go mad. He leaped into the air, smashing the surface of the water with his tail

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instinct told him that he had barely escaped death.

Giving the area a wide berth, Split Fin continued up the broad mouth of the river. But he had gone but a short distance when he became aware of a shadowy form speeding toward him. Again he swung aside, and a surge of his powerful tail drove him ahead. But the harbor seal, its streamlined body as sleek as that of any fish, could swim as fast as any steelhead, drove in grim pursuit.

Frantically, Split Fin veered downward just as he glimpsed more of the queer, meshlike growth of what appeared to be seaweed, remembering that it had alarmed him but a short time before.

THE seal, eager to make the kill, made a wide downward turn, and suddenly Split Fin was aware that again he himself was free—while the seal threshed wildly about in the net as the fishermen began hauling it to the surface where they would administer quick death to the sea mammal which was damaging the seine.

But Split Fin did not hesitate now. He seemed to understand that danger lurked at this spot, and that unless he made his way swiftly upstream death would overtake him. Once more he headed into the river's flow, nor did he stop until his fins were waving gently in the slow current of the first deep pool. There he lay until sunlight faded out of the water.

In the gloom of night he twisted his way up riffle after riffle, scarcely pausing until he reached another pool perhaps two miles above the river mouth. He halted there when a lightening of the dark water told him that day had broken. It was there that death struck at him in a fashion he had never encountered before. It happened while he lay at the bottom of the deep pool, awaiting the coming of night before resuming his pilgrimage.

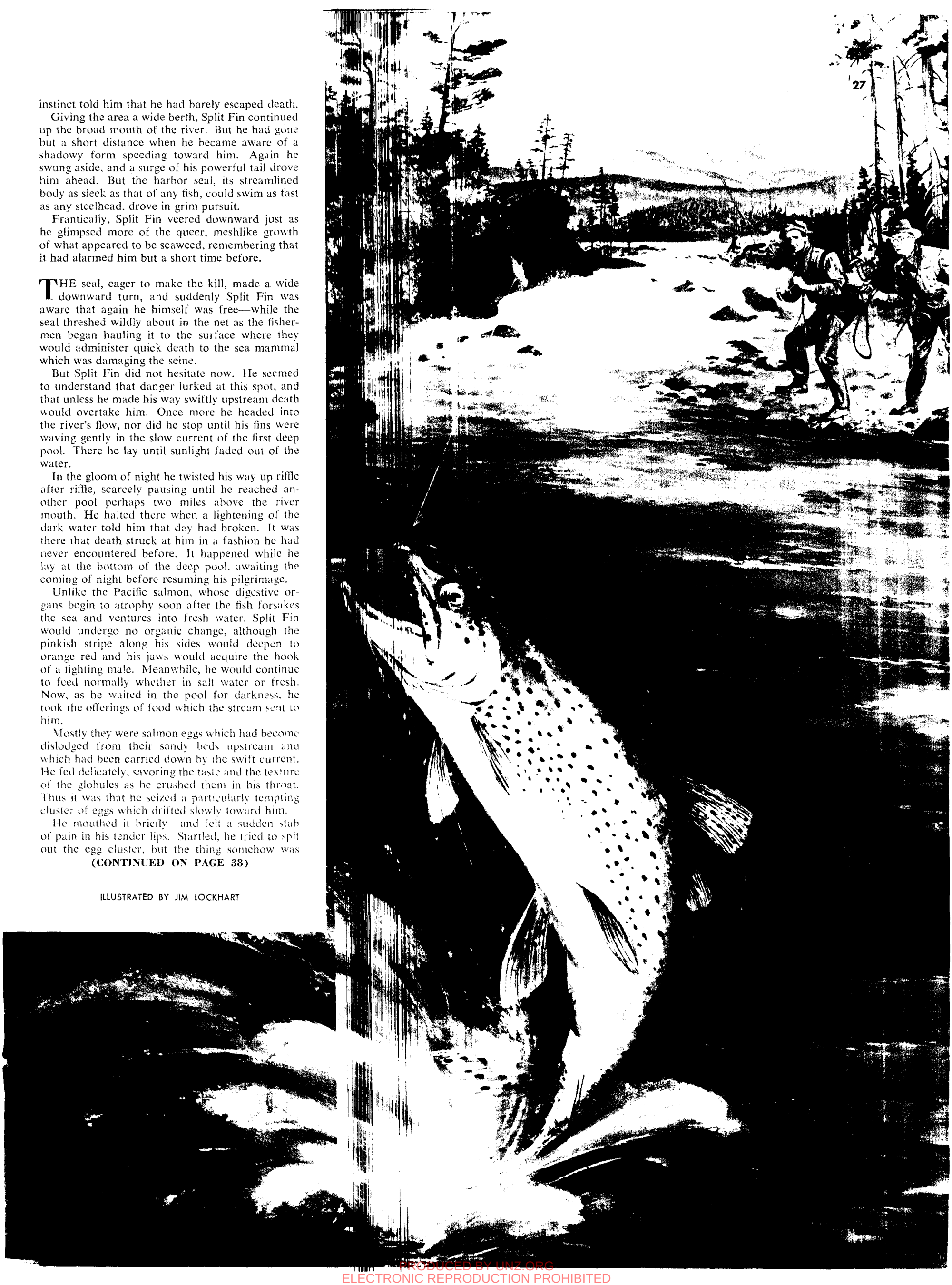
Unlike the Pacific salmon, whose digestive organs begin to atrophy soon after the fish forsakes the sea and ventures into fresh water, Split Fin would undergo no organic change, although the pinkish stripe along his sides would deepen to orange red and his jaws would acquire the hook of a fighting male. Meanwhile, he would continue to feed normally whether in salt water or fresh. Now, as he waited in the pool for darkness, he took the offerings of food which the stream sent to him.

Mostly they were salmon eggs which had become dislodged from their sandy beds upstream and which had been carried down by the swift current. He fed delicately, savoring the taste and the texture of the globules as he crushed them in his throat. Thus it was that he seized a particularly tempting cluster of eggs which drifted slowly toward him.

He mouthed it briefly—and felt a sudden stab of pain in his tender lips. Startled, he tried to spit out the egg cluster, but the thing somehow was

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38)

ILLUSTRATED BY JIM LOCKHART



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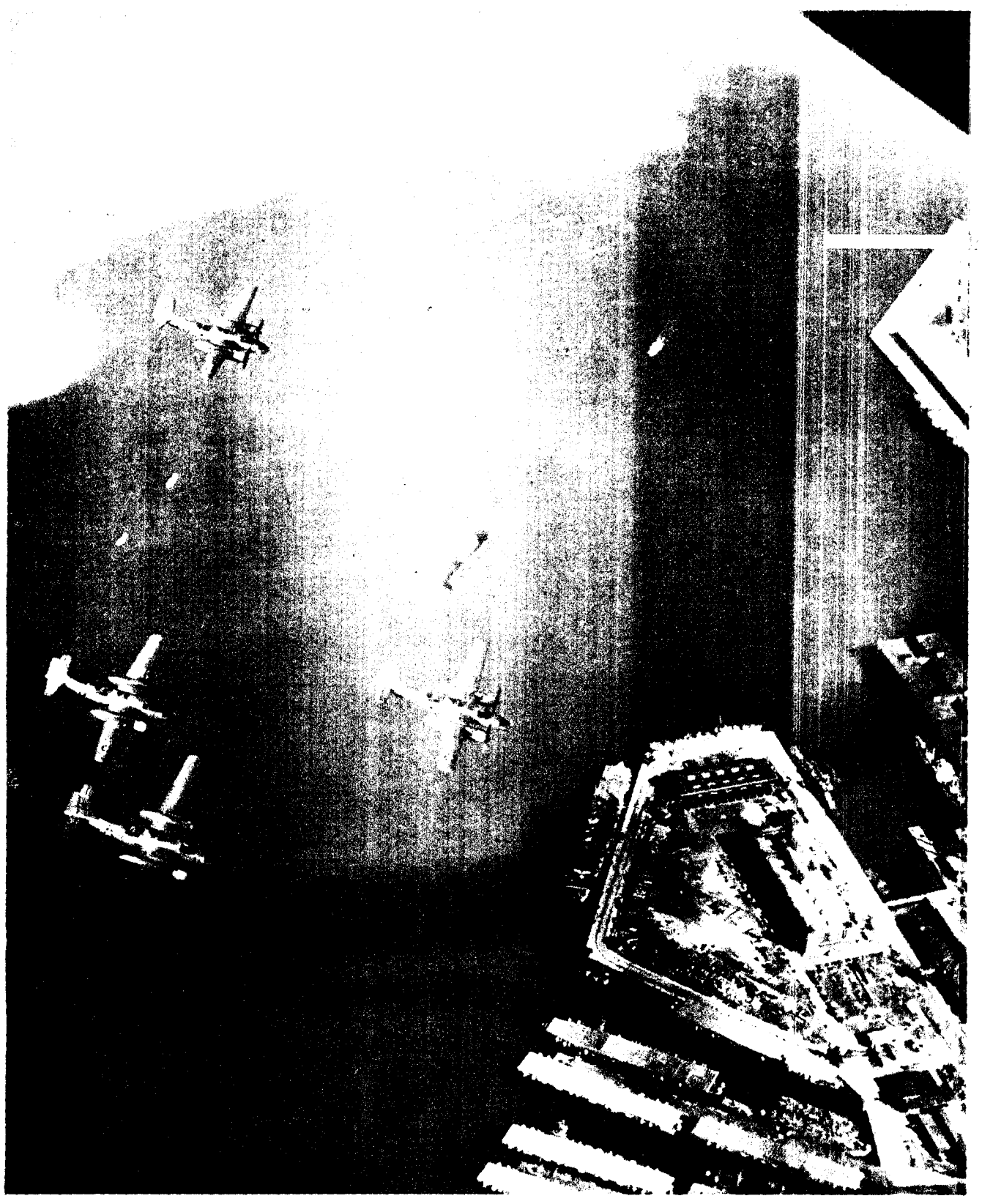
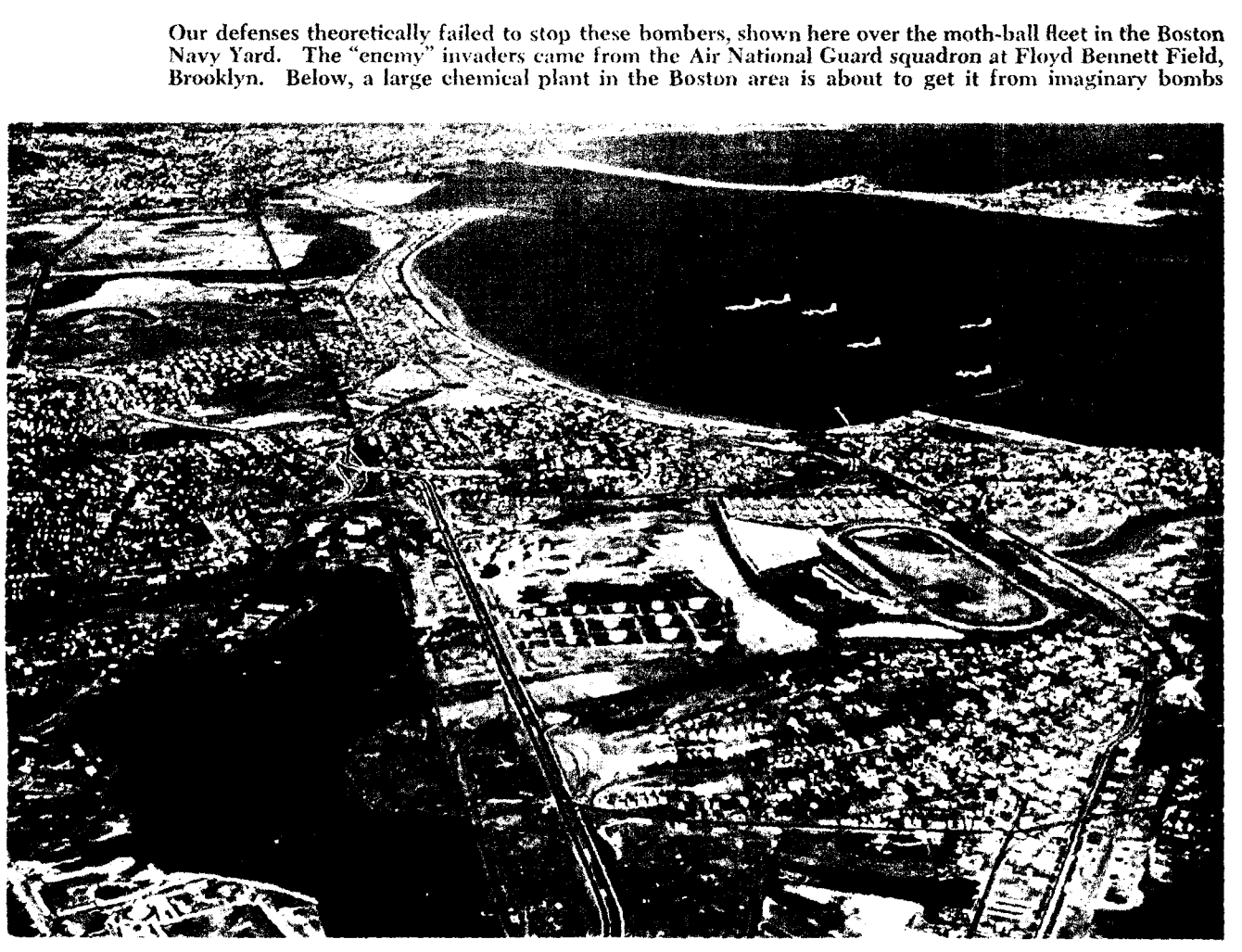
Bombers

Jittery folk are wondering what would happen if a hostile air force should attack us, with no warning. Here's what our Air National Guard showed Boston recently. It's great news for all of us





Our defenses theoretically failed to stop these bombers, shown here over the moth-ball fleet in the Boston Navy Yard. The "enemy" invaders came from the Air National Guard squadron at Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn. Below, a large chemical plant in the Boston area is about to get it from imaginary bombs

BOSTON BOMBED!

ENEMY PLANES RAID WATERFRONT
FURTHER ATTACKS EXPECTED

HEADLINES have splashed the terrifying news across the country. Radio programs are abruptly interrupted in the middle of commercials to warn the populace that the long-dreaded war has started. The President has called an emergency session of Congress to make it official, and Army, Air Force, Navy and Marine reserves are being called back to duty.

This is war—all out war!

Boston is getting it first. After a blacked-out night, stunned Bostonians learn what is happening. Enemy bombers, hundreds of them, are flying in at high altitude from secret bases hurriedly set up in eastern Canada. An alert National Guardsman spots them in northern Maine from his mobile radar unit in the far eastern part of the state. This modern Paul Revere sounds the alarm and throws into gear a huge defense machine. Fighter pilots rush to their planes, antiaircraft crews man their guns and all of New England girds for battle. . . .

A fighter squadron leader sights the enemy flying over Moosehead Lake and passes the word to his fellow pilots. "Bandits at ten o'clock—high!" The entire squadron goes into a steep climb before leveling off at 15,000 feet, well above the invaders. Winging over in a dive, Lieutenant Colonel Dick Spear, the squadron leader, aims his plane and its eight wing machine guns at the tail of the lead bomber.

As he makes his first pass, a perforated design in bullet holes appears on the bomber's fuselage. Similar damage is done the other invaders by his squadron mates.

Enemy escort planes attack. Four of them can't take it—with flames and heavy black smoke trailing behind they plunge to the bottom of Moosehead.

The squadron makes another run on the bombers before their ammunition is expended, and two more bite the water. The survivors fly on to the southeast as the fighters speed toward their base to refuel and rearm.

Aerial Minutemen Hamper Invaders

No one knows exactly where the bombers are headed, but Boston, a railhead and concentration of industry, is the most logical objective. So all the way down from Moosehead to Boston the invaders have to squirm through tight lines of stubborn, aerial minutemen.

From Bangor, Burlington, Boston and various other places fighter outfits rise to the occasion, flinging .50-caliber slugs at the invaders. The 118th and the 133d Fighter Squadrons stationed at Grenier Air Force Base, near Manchester, New Hampshire, give them a real drubbing and, just outside of Boston proper, a squadron of F-80s, jet Shooting Stars, is poised to halt what is left of the enemy at the city line. But that isn't the last of the invaders' worries. A necklace of antiaircraft artillery batteries circles the city. And at Logan Field, in east Boston, the crack 101st Fighter Squadron, manned by veteran

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Over Bunker Hill

By FRANK D. MORRIS

combat fliers of World War II, chants a new war cry, "Come and get it!"

Despite this heavy opposition a sizable number of "bandits" do get through and begin their bombing runs. One formation heads toward a sprawling manufacturing plant in Lynn. Another is aimed at the Charlestown Navy Yard, where the spacious flight decks of a group of flattops in the moth-ball fleet loom up as toothsome prey to a bombardier. A third formation has its sights set on a huge laboratory.

Back Bay, Scollay Square and Beacon Hill haven't been so jittery since the days of the Revolution, and martial law is declared automatically, confining people to their homes. Most of the population huddles at television sets and radios, listening to play-by-play reports of the attack; some are brave enough to mount their roofs and watch for the invading planes. These hardies see an exciting show, firsthand.

Our defense fighter planes are truly pouring it on. The housetop observers cheer as they see bomber after bomber suddenly flare up under the fighters' fire and plummet down. Deep-throated AAA guns cough at the skies. Fire engines clang through the streets and the screaming sirens of police cars accent the din.

Toll of Destruction by "Enemy"

A series of low, distant rumbles follows. Each means that a lucky bomber has found its mark. Rising columns of smoke, interlaced with orange streaks, identify the bomb hits and the ever-chattering radio tries to keep score: "Flash! An escort carrier sustained a direct hit and Navy Yard firemen are still trying to put out the fire it started. . . . Two warehouses were destroyed. Main plant untouched. . . . Part of the roof of North Station is bombed out. Damage uncertain at this moment. . . . At least six buildings have been set afire by crashing bombers. . . ."

Of course, what you have just read has not happened. There was an attack on Boston very recently, but it was nothing more nor less than an aerial sham battle, with American airmen simulating an enemy assault and Americans "protecting" the city.

Even so, the show was worthy of an Orson Welles scare production. Dramatist Welles, however, was not the author of the thrilling drama. No, the program credit must go to a sizable company of peace-loving brokers and barbers, lawyers and laundrymen, Americans in many occupations who want to anticipate another Pearl Harbor by consistently building up our national defense. They call themselves the Air National Guard.

On this occasion the New England, New York and New Jersey forces of the ANG staged a convincing, unrehearsed demonstration of what could happen if an enemy power were to spring a surprise attack on us again. The demonstration, a simulated air attack on Boston—and a counterattack—was no bungling, amateurish effort, but a realistic performance put on by experts who had seen plenty of combat service during the late war. These week-end warriors, who hold down all sorts of civilian jobs the other five days, reaffirm the wisdom of the old adage, "In time of peace prepare for war."

The "enemy" planes were actually squadrons of light bombers—B-26s—from the 106th Bomb Group commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Lewis A. Curtis. From Monday through Friday, Mr. Curtis, civilian, sells packaging machinery. Week ends and drill night he climbs into a uniform and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)

Lt. Berge Thomasian, ANG fighter pilot, with his plane and (inset) at his jewelry store in Boston

Lt. Edmond M. O'Riordan in his plane's cockpit, (inset) hard at work with a Boston accounting firm

Before going into action, the Air National Guardsmen have a roll call in a hangar at Boston's Logan Field

Major E. O. Lindblom plots the "enemy's" course at the 67th Fighter Wing's Air Defense Control Center

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROY PINNEY

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Pride's Castle

By FRANK YERBY

The Story: When PRIDE DAWSON arrived in New York in 1870 he was penniless. But he soon became the bodyguard of one of the period's richest speculators, BLACK TOM STILLWORTH. Pride acquired a controlling interest in a small Pennsylvania railroad and by 1872 was a millionaire. Then, unexpectedly, silver was discovered on some of his property in Colorado. In his headlong scramble for wealth he had, in the meantime, married beautiful ESTHER STILLWORTH, heiress to Black Tom's millions. But he still loved plain freckle-faced SHARON O'NEIL, a seamstress whom he met his first day in New York. Although it was not according to her upbringing and religious beliefs Sharon at last became Pride's mistress. Pride wanted to get rid of Esther, and planned to divorce her until he learned she was to have a child. The baby was christened CAPRICE. About the same time Sharon adopted an abandoned girl, LILITH. Then, in 1876, Sharon met and married a wealthy young socialite, COURTNEY RANDOLPH. Pride fought the marriage, but could do nothing about it. Sharon and Courtney moved to Pittsburgh and there in the greatest railroad strike in history Courtney was killed. After two years in France, Sharon returned for the last time to Pride. For almost a decade their secret life together was happy. Then, in 1888, Pride embarked on the biggest financial gamble of his career—but without the moral support of Sharon, who had decided she could no longer continue life in Pride's shadow. Pride's daughter Caprice was a beautiful young girl now and LANCE MCCARTHY wanted to marry her. Reluctantly Pride gave his consent: Cappie was the dearest of all his treasures. Lance was happy—but he was worried, too, because he had been seeing a lot of Lilith, and now he had to tell her about his engagement.

CONCLUDING THE STORY OF A WEALTHY,

LILITH came into the house and threw her wraps carelessly upon a chair. She was humming to herself, and her cheeks were flushed. Sharon looked up at her with a frown.

"Where have you been?" she demanded.

"I was out riding with Pride, Mother," Lilith said.

"Again?"

"Yes, Mother—again!" Lilith retorted. "Any objections?"

"Yes. It's not at all becoming," Sharon said.

"Why not? You gave him up. He's a fascinating man. Since he's inclined to be nice to some charming female—why shouldn't it be I?"

"He's fifty-seven years old, and—"

"And you're still in love with him. That's it, isn't it, Mother?"

"No. That's not it. Loving Pride is something I cannot help. But letting you make mistakes is something I can help, and I will!"

"How? It seems to me that the matter is a little beyond your control."

"That remains to be seen. If I were to go to

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Sharon saw Joe Fairhill go over to the bier. Esther started toward him—but as she came close, he suddenly slapped her on the mouth

Pride and tell him I don't like your gadding about with him, he'd give you up in an instant."

Lilith yawned. "Are you sure, Mother dear?" she drawled. "Why, only this morning, we were discussing" . . . she was interrupted by the doorbell. "Don't bother, I'll get it."

Oh, my God, Sharon prayed silently, haven't I suffered enough? And now this—this! Oh, Pride, Pride, I never would have believed this of you!

But Lilith was coming back now with Lance close behind her.

Maybe it would be better, Sharon thought, if Lance were to marry her. Only I'm much too fond of the boy to wish my young hellion upon him. She'd drive him insane in a year.

"You can go to bed now, Mother," Lilith said calmly. "Lance and I have things to talk about."

"Thank you, I will," Sharon said. "Good night, Lance."

"Good night, Auntie Sharon," Lance said miserably.

Lilith lay back against the sofa and stretched up her arms to Lance. "Oh, darling," she whispered.

But Lance remained standing, safely out of reach. "Lilith," he said hoarsely, "I—I came to tell you—"

"Yes, Lance? Yes, darling?"

"Good-by," Lance blurted.

"Good-by? You're going somewhere?"

"No. It's—it's just that Caprice and I are going to get married—next month."

It was out now. He had said it.

Lilith didn't answer him. She sat very still upon the sofa and her mouth tightened slowly into a hard line. Lance realized that she was not going to cry—that there would not be any scene. But this silence was infinitely worse.

Then, ever so slowly, Lilith stood up. With deliberate grace she reached down and picked up her furs. Then she stood before the mirror and draped them carefully about her shoulders.

Lance ran a tongue tip over dry lips. "Where are you going?" he demanded.

"To Pride," Lilith said simply.

"You don't understand," Lance said. "He's already given his consent."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)

There was nothing else Sharon could do. She put out her arms. Esther came to her

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK COWAN

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Untangling the terror of foreign travel is a Thomas Cook specialty and special chore of Matthew Romes, who has been meeting liners in New York City for 27 years. Lost sheep can't miss that hatband

Here Romes intervenes to spare a sick traveler in a wheel chair from the rigors of lengthy examination by customs, thus supplying that little extra service which has made Cook's a household word everywhere

Tom Cook's Magic Carpet

By JOSEF ISRAELS II

They'll reserve a room for you in Inner Mongolia. They'll take you on a 6,000-mile safari in Africa. They have offices in every land and will speak any language you may ask for. Old Tom Cook started all this 108 years ago, and today, despite wars, riots and revolutions, Thos. Cook & Son is still going strong

DO YOU want your honeymoon planned so that you will arrive at the Taj Mahal precisely at the full moon? Or do you wish a guaranteed sight of a wild white rhino while on a 6,000-mile African safari, complete to tents with private bath on the Serengeti Plains?

Perhaps you'd like to buy seven feet of live yellow cobra or 75 pounds of squirming African rock python; to get aboard the Queen Mary unseen by the press (special for maharajas and movie stars); or to take a cruise on a converted J. P. Morgan yacht at $128 a day.

There is an office on Fifth Avenue in New York which will gladly, and without so much as a raised eyebrow, supply any or all of these things and services. The name on the window is Thos. Cook & Son, Inc., and they have been doing business with travelers and shippers for 108 years.

The sun never sets on Cook's. It has 350 offices around the world and an international staff of 4,531, and prides itself on knowing everything about every place. It will sell you an airplane ticket from New York to Boston for $11.75 or an East African big-game hunt for $35,000; pay your debts in any currency anywhere against your credit here; or reserve a room at a good, medium-priced hotel in Inner Mongolia.

In the 19th century Thomas Cook promoted the slogan "Ask the Man from Cook's. He's been there." It's still literally true. Cook's makes it a point to have someone on the staff who has been personally and inquisitively everywhere, to say nothing of people who can speak anything from Urdu to Brooklynese.

During 1948, Cook's offices sold some sort of travel to over 5,000,000 people for the equivalent, in scores of different currencies, of $125,000,000. Although in competition with 2,500 other travel agencies in the U.S. alone, Cook's booked over 10 per cent of the transatlantic tourist and business passages sold last year, plus a considerable slice of the 119,000 who crossed the ocean by air. The British people became part owners of the world-wide Cook enterprises when the British railroads were nationalized. The railroads had acquired Cook's during the war under a special act of Parliament passed when the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits et des Grands Express Européens, which has head offices in Paris, was seized by the Germans.

Cook employees are trained in the firm's own school, which issues "Travel Expert" diplomas re-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MORRIS ENGEL

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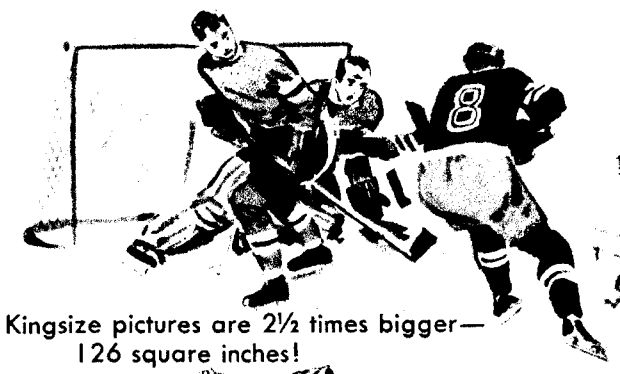


Kingsize pictures are 2½ times bigger—
126 square inches!

There's MORE to see today in television
and RCA Victor shows it to you better!

Television sound is static-free FM
through the famous
"Golden Throat" tone system!

You follow every play—
pictures are locked in tune
with sending stations!

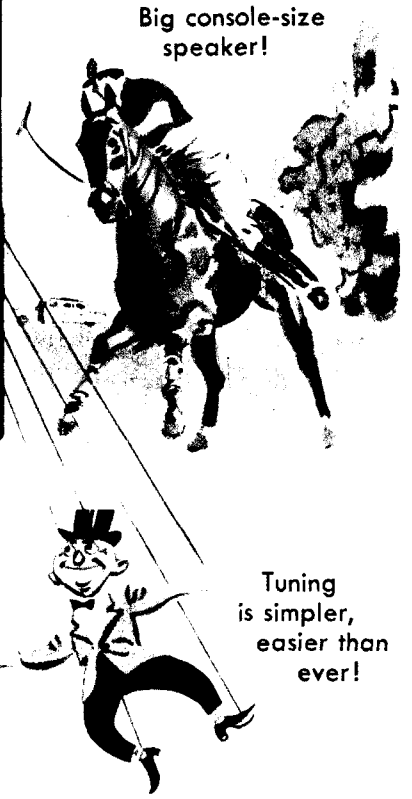
RCA Victor 8T270

Kingsize pictures—126 square inches big. But that's not all! These are *Eye Witness* pictures—brilliant, clear, steady, actually *locked in tune* by RCA Victor's Eye Witness Picture Synchronizer. Powerful circuits adjust *automatically* to television signals of varying strength. New Multi-Channel Automatic Station Selector, improved controls, make tuning simpler, easier than ever. Mahogany or walnut finish. Blond slightly higher. AC.

$495.00†

Installation extra plus Fed. excise tax.* Buy the Optional RCA Victor Owner Contract.

Big console-size
speaker!



Tuning
is simpler,
easier than
ever!

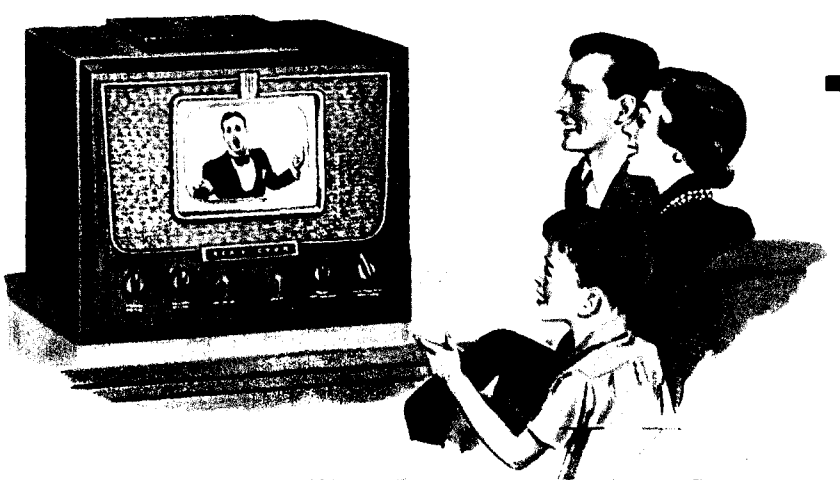
HERE IS 16-INCH RCA VICTOR

RCA Victor 8TR29

New Eye Witness television table model has AM-FM radio and lovely matching stand . . . all for the one low price. Pictures, 52 square inches *big*, are *locked in tune* by RCA Victor's Eye Witness Picture Synchronizer. Tuning is simple with the new Multi-Channel Automatic Station Selector. Television sound and powerful AM-FM radio reception are heard through the famous "Golden Throat" tone system. AC.

$375.00†

Including matching stand (not shown). Installation extra plus Fed. excise tax.* Buy the Optional RCA Victor Television Owner Contract.



EYE WITNESS TELEVISION

**Installation by experts* of RCA's own service organization, the RCA Service Company, is yours when you purchase the RCA Victor Television Owner Contract. This optional Contract also covers all charges for antenna and it guarantees you a full year of fine Eye Witness performance. No other company offers such extensive television service facilities.

†All prices subject to change without notice. Zone 2 prices slightly higher.

SEE YOUR RCA VICTOR TELEVISION DEALER
FOR A DEMONSTRATION AND FREE BOOKLET

RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO . . . FIRST IN TELEVISION

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spected throughout the world. The man from Cook's must quote the daily price of a hotel room in the best house in Trieste just as glibly as the departure time of a steamer on Chile's Lake Titicaca six months hence. Nothing is too much trouble for a client. Cook's treasures a letter from Rudyard Kipling dated 1913, complimenting the "cool efficiency" with which it moved him from Lyons, France, to Athens in a hurry to cover the funeral of the King of Greece for Reuter's.

And executives chuckle over the much more recent episode when, at the request of a publisher in New York, Cook's located on the Continent a straying novelist whose manuscript was long overdue. He was found nursing a bottle in Monte Carlo, through the simple procedure of cabling all Cook's European offices. A Cook manager naturally makes it his business to know what strangers are in town. The writer was steamed out and loaded on a plane with an attendant to get him home and back to work. Cook's charge for this service, aside from actual fares, was $4.72 for telegrams.

Personal service and a talent for the unusual have been the company's stock in trade ever since Thomas Cook, a "village missionary and temperance lecturer" from Derbyshire, startled England by organizing the world's first railway excursion. This enterprise was actually only incidental to his desire to get a large attendance for a temperance lecture in Loughborough in 1841. Cook induced members of the Mechanics Institute of Leicester, 11 miles away, to risk life and limb by coming to the meeting in a special train.

He handled his promotion so well, in the face of comments like those of the Quarterly Review, which said steam railroads were "a visionary scheme unworthy of notice," that 570 travelers rode the rails to Loughborough. There is no record of their reaction to Cook's temperance talk. But we do know that the excursion set Thomas Cook on a new path of endeavor.

When Travel Wasn't Pleasure

In 1841, travel anywhere beyond a few miles from home was still an arduous and often dangerous undertaking. Railroads were being built at a feverish rate. But people didn't trust them any more than they did the first steamships then venturing out on the broad Atlantic. No one traveled for pleasure until Thomas Cook put his mind to showing them how.

In 1846, Cook took a party of 350 daring souls all the way to Scotland by rail and ship and the news really stirred Great Britain. Queen Victoria herself ventured a train ride that year. Cook opened offices and began to build his reputation. In 1855 he took thousands of English tourists to the exposition in Paris.

In 1866, with the American Civil War out of the way, Cook took a look at the New World. After a survey trip on which he induced the U.S. railroads to standardize their then haphazard rates at two cents a mile, he brought the first escorted English tour to the United States. It took a Britisher's organizing genius to induce the American railroads to co-operate by selling tickets on one another's lines. Until that time the lines would sell a ticket only to the end of their own track. If a passenger were going farther it was up to him to get a schedule and purchase another ticket on his own.

"Cook's Tour" became synonymous with organized travel. A musical comedy hit, The Runaway Girl, featured a song Follow the Man from Cook's. This gave the firm invaluable advertising. The "Man from Cook's" became a fixture in cartoons, jokes and stories all over the world. He was always pictured as omniscient about travel.

With his religious background for inspiration, Cook negotiated private treaties with the Bedouin sheiks who then controlled Palestine and Syria. By paying private tribute he was able to conduct the first escorted religious pilgrimages to Jerusalem, just as he later organized, at the request of the Indian government, the pilgrim traffic to Mecca which had been such a scandal.

In 1874, Cook made financial history by issuing the first traveler's check. It was called a "circular note" but in effect it is the document still used today by all sellers of traveler's checks. The business represents millions of dollars yearly.

Today, Cook executives say that profits are small. Their commission scale was set in 1841: at from 5 to 10 per cent on transportation, hotels, sight-seeing and similar travel facilities. Banking and freight operations augment this. But then, they say, with a sigh for the good old days, travelers aren't spending money as they used to. The Indian princes, for whom Cook's long operated a special department that was practically a private diplomatic and buying service, spend their time at home worrying about the future of their princely exchequers. And Americans are only beginning to find again enough steamer space to fill their urge for overseas travel.

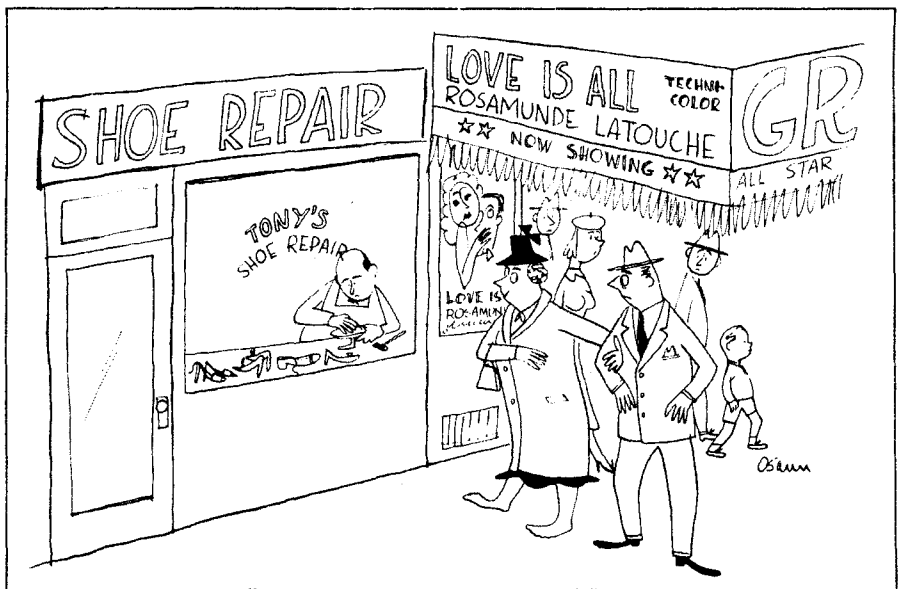
The annual round-the-world cruises for which entire liners like the Franconia, Resolute and Empress of Britain were chartered, may be back in a couple of seasons. But only if Cook's can find routes on which travelers won't run into the wars and riots which are still disturbing the world's best sight-seeing features like the Netherlands India, South Africa and China. But meanwhile, the world's largest travel organization is keeping hundreds of thousands of tourists on the move from Yellowstone Park to the Fiji Islands and from Lake Louise to the Austrian Tirol. South America and New Zealand are the hot numbers for 1949.

Cook's workers and executives are urged to travel at least once a year, either on vacation or business. If it's vacation, even to very remote places, discounts and leaves are arranged.

Cruise conductors are drawn from every level of the staff so that almost everyone who has been with the firm more than a few years, has "taken out" a group ranging from a busload of summer trippers to the Grand Canyon, to a shipful of luxury travelers to the West Indies. On long trips the cruise staff consists of one Cook's man to every 25 passengers. On shorter hauls it may be only one to 50.

Eugene C. Van Wyk, Cook's African expert, is the aristocrat of the tour conductors. A South African who knows his continent from end to end, he personally conducts Cook's top 1949 travel offers: the Congo and Cairo to the Cape tours. These two trips are so elaborate and expensive that only ten travelers may go on each. The excursion from Cairo to Cape Town, covering 11,500 miles by air, car, rail and river steamer, costs $6,200, not including what the traveler may spend in getting out to Cairo and going home from Cape Town.

Congo to the Cape is ten days and 1,000 miles shorter than the Cairo-Cape trip and costs a mere $4,780. But both guarantee a wide assortment of sights, including full-dress tribal dances, pygmies and giants, duck-billed women and a look at the rare wild white rhino at Hluhluwe in Zululand. For this latter feature, an armed guard is at hand to protect the members of tourist parties while they snap pictures.



COLLIER'S "My shoes. I left them at Tony's" KATHERINE OSANN

He Knows the Faraway Places

Bobbie Grinsel, another Cook oldtimer, has conducted around-the-world cruises 22 times, crossed Siberia on the Trans-Siberian Railroad twelve times and totaled an astronomical number of miles traveled in all directions.

For the passenger who doesn't want to be a member of a party, Cook's sells "IIT" trips. IIT means Independent Inclusive Travel, the price covering transportation, hotels, tips and most incidentals along the way. Billy Rose dropped in at the Fifth Avenue office last winter and said he and his wife Eleanor wanted to make a trip. J. W. Kirk, boss of the "Booking Hall" (Cook's preserves a very British flavor even in New York) called over one of his itinerary experts and started the questions.

Billy said all he had in mind was a visit with Perón in Buenos Aires and three months or so of travel—cost immaterial. A series of conferences resulted in an all-air route, from New York to Buenos Aires, from there to Los Angeles and from Los Angeles around the world by way of India. Cost $15,000 for two. By the time the Roses left they had a Cook itinerary, typed up to the last detail of departure times, hotel reservations, sight-seeing and baggage transfers. Cook managers all along the route had been briefed to meet them. That would be routine for almost any big customer. Because these were VIPs the order included instructions for flowers in the hotel rooms and other extra courtesies.

You don't have to spend $15,000. Cook will set up a tour tailored to your own desires, time available, and purse, to Atlantic City or Timbuktu. The only distinction is that if the total cost is under $500 your tickets and itinerary will be delivered in a paper envelope, while if it's for more you get a free leather wallet. Cook's pays as much attention to the $20 traveler as to the maharaja. "You never know when the man who buys the air ticket to Boston will want to go to Calcutta," says Harold White, Cook's U.S. boss.

Red carpets were rolled out all along the way for two South American couples who wrote in that they had long cherished a desire to go big-game hunting in Africa and now the time had come. The writer explained he had been pleased with Cook's arrangements for a simple trip he had made to New York in 1935.

A couple of months and a thick sheaf of letters later, Cook's and the wealthy South Americans had agreed on every detail of a lulu of an IIT. It took the four customers, for a total of $35,000, on a four-month air, rail and auto safari to Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika. It included the services of a hunter, a professional photographer who recorded the kill, swarms of native servants and bearers, tents with private baths, permits for shooting elephant, rhinoceros, giraffe and ostrich, and pages of detailed instructions on camp equipment, medicines, clothing, preparation of trophies and local shopping.

The only item left open was "dipping, preparing, packing and shipping trophies." But "preliminary curing in the

COLLIER'S "I set the stove to have your dinner ready at noon, but the stove must have thought I meant midnight" JON CORNIN

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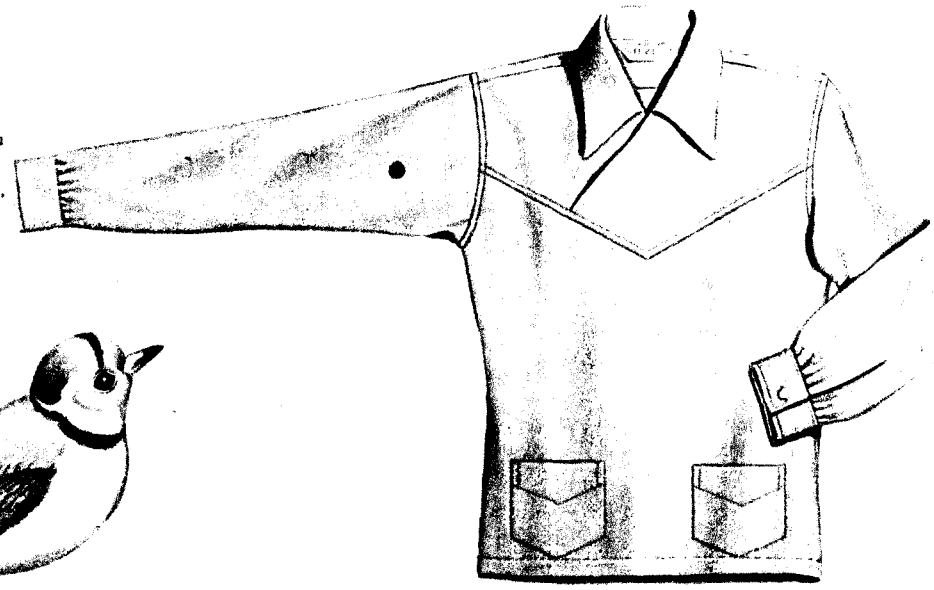
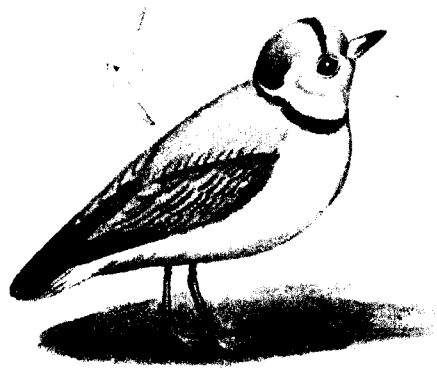
SAND DUNE TAN

This handsome B.V.D. Rogue shirt takes its color from the wing of a tiny beach bird. You'll pipe for joy at the Rogue's "active-man" design—its buttonless, slip-on freedom—its handy twin pockets.





Piping Plover

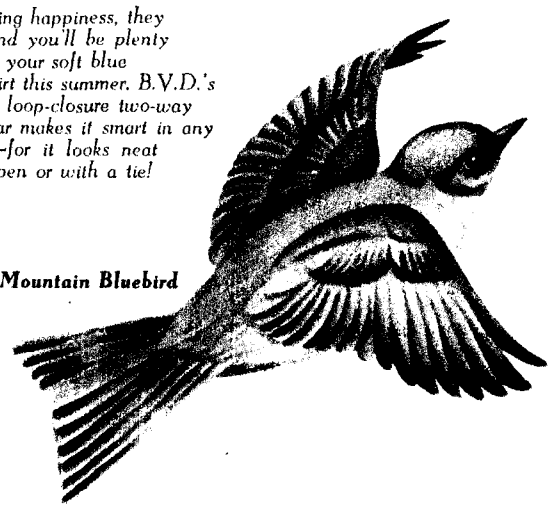
B.V.D. COMES THROUGH WITH

"Flying Colors"

Right from the brightest feathers of our most truly American birds came these new, strikingly different colors. And as any bird watcher will tell you, they're perfectly matched to the original.

MOUNTAIN BLUE

Bluebirds bring happiness, they say, and you'll be plenty happy in your soft blue Ruggers shirt this summer. B.V.D.'s wonderful loop-closure two-way collar makes it smart in any company—for it looks neat open or with a tie!



Mountain Bluebird

Authentic American BIRD TONES

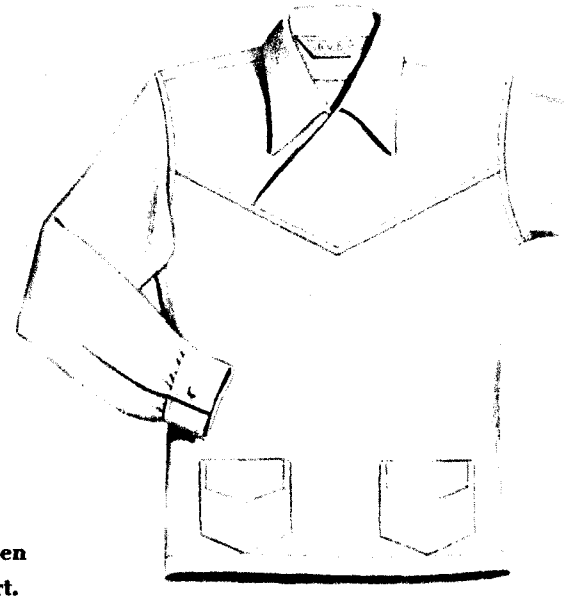
Super-fine lustrous fabric... generously cut for men of action—by B.V.D. who practically invented comfort. See the B.V.D. Flying Colors Rogue and Ruggers sport shirts—in 4 Authentic American Bird Tones—at your dealer. They're such beauties and so inexpensive, you'll want a flock of them.

B.V.D.

BRAND

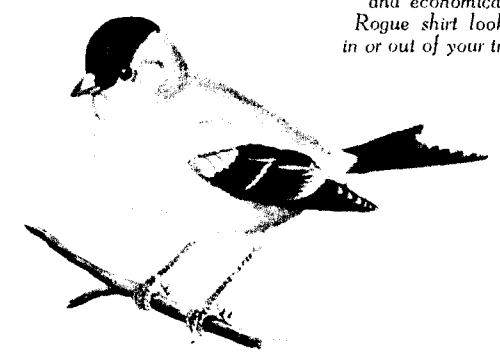
SPORT SHIRTS

"Next to myself I like 'B.V.D.' best!"



AMERICAN GOLD

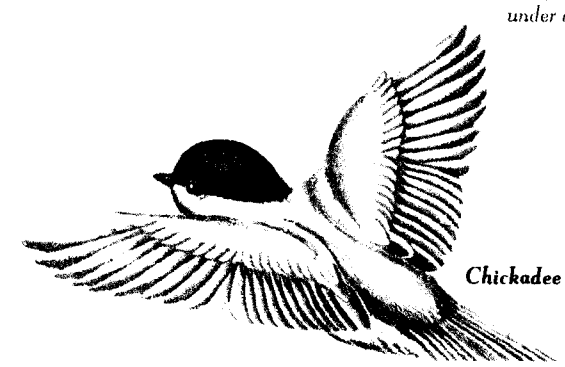
This bright songster is a coast-to-coast favorite, just like the Rogue shirt that's stolen his sunshine! Sturdy, smooth, long-wearing fabrics make the Rogue a basic sport shirt for your wardrobe and economical too! And the Rogue shirt looks fine tucked in or out of your trousers!



Goldfinch

GREY WING

The active chickadee becomes his smooth soft coloring—as it becomes this Ruggers shirt! Ruggers is cut for action too—with never a bind across chest, under arms, at elbows!



Chickadee

.D." "ROGUE" AND "RUGGERS" TRADE MARKS ARE REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
)S CHOSEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY T. F. HIGGINS, NOTED BIRD ARTIST

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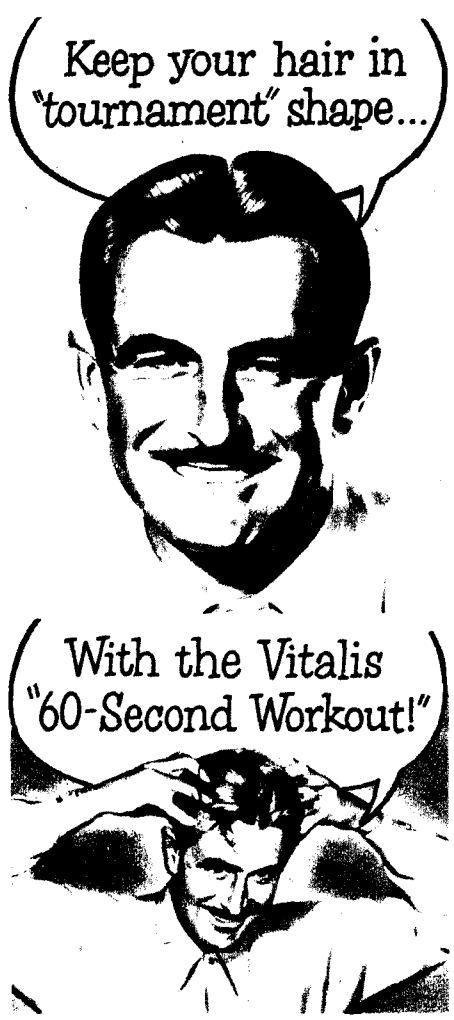
SAYS GOLF CHAMP
LLOYD MANGRUM



Follow Lloyd Mangrum's example. Take . . .

50 seconds to massage. Vitalis' special formula not only prevents dryness but stimulates, refreshes your scalp as no non-alcoholic dressing can! And massaging with Vitalis routs loose dandruff, helps check excessive falling hair.

10 seconds to comb. Now your hair looks *naturally* well-groomed. No greasy "patent-leather" shine—Vitalis contains no mineral oil—just *pure vegetable oil.* Get Vitalis today. At drug counters for home use, at barber shops for individual application.

Product of Bristol-Myers

Vitalis
for handsomer, healthier looking hair

field by expert native skinners" was included. Cook managers were requested to see to it that there were flowers in the ladies' hotel rooms and to entertain the party at dinners at the beginning and the end of the trip.

In recent years only the higher level of travelers have requested the services of a "Cook's courier." The courier is a special breed of travelers' aide, a considerable cut higher than a servant or mere guide. In spots like Paris, London or New York the courier's function is to escort travelers wherever they want to go, interpret, advise them on shopping and in general make themselves a companion, secretary and friend en route.

One Paris courier, familiar to scores of Americans between the wars, was an ex-officer of the Indian army. He was the No. 2 courier in Paris—No. 1 was reserved for the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, who always picked up the Cook's courier as soon as he arrived on the Continent. But No. 2 could tour the Louvre or the Rue Blondel with the quiet assurance that his charge would make no mistakes and suffer no overcharges in his care. He wore a platinum watch, embedded in crystal and inscribed to him in gratitude from a maharaja, who had also tipped him an automobile on one trip.

Matthew Romes, who has been meeting the liners in New York for Cook's for 27 years, is boss of personal services in that metropolis. Half Turkish, and half Spanish, he wears no uniform as he meets the ships. Occasionally he dons a Thomas Cook arm band or hatband to make himself easier to find. From his headquarters, a desk on the open dock, he directs his forces in a multitude of detailed jobs to be carried out in a dozen languages. Mr. Romes speaks English, French, German, Spanish, Greek, Italian, Arabic, Turkish and some Portuguese. If an additional language is required, a specialist can invariably be found in the office.

This Prince Was a Spender

Romes, like many Cook veterans, bemoans the decline of the big-time spenders. He remembers when Prince Kapurthala arrived with a suite of 70 to be installed in a whole floor of the Hotel Plaza. He had brought his own cooks and special foods, and one of Romes's jobs was to soothe injured feelings in the hotel kitchen with princely tips.

Some Arab royalty once brought their own goats and sheep for milk and meat and insisted on taking them to the Waldorf. This, too, was arranged. But when it came to slaughtering the sheep the hotel flatly refused. Romes sought out a kosher slaughterhouse to do the job.

Maharajas, Romes recalls, like to shop and go to shows. Cook's keeps a man in the freight department busy purchasing for the princes. Recent shipments have included $2,000 television sets (India has no video transmitters), a pair of $5,700 plate-glass doors for a palace, $250,000 worth of the finest medical equipment for a hospital in Indore, bank notes, stamps, machine guns and a silver-framed photo of Gene Tierney in a bathing suit.

Taking the wives of rajas out shopping is another Romes chore. Though they stick to Indian costume they yearn for Western dresses. Some buy a few New York frocks for secret wear at home. Shoes are purchased by the scores though they are hardly seen beneath long saris.

One of Romes's specialties is getting secretive travelers aboard publicized sailings without them being seen—Doris Duke, Barbara Hutton and Claudette Colbert, as well as assorted Indian royalty, have been subjects for his arrangements. The morning after one such occasion an editor called Cook's to berate vice-president James Mariner for protecting a movie star from his camera-

DOCTORS IN AN UPROAR

The Inside Story of A.M.A.

By HOWARD WHITMAN

Behind the serene, clinical front of the medical world, the American Medical Association is embroiled in a heated battle over the proposed government health bill. You are deeply involved, for the outcome will determine how your medical care will be administered in the future. Get the facts

In **Collier's** *next week*

men. "You have a nerve interfering with the press!" said the irate newsman.

"Your job was to take her picture. Ours was to prevent it," replied Mr. Mariner. "Looks like we do our job better than you do yours."

Ed O'Connor, who used to manage Cook's Boston office, set up the honeymoon tour for a couple who wanted to be sure of a full moon at the Taj Mahal. Cook's consulted the Harvard Observatory and worked their dates backward.

One of O'Connor's jobs is to check the questionnaires which cruise passengers are asked to fill out with comments, praise or complaints when the trip is over. Much of the material is complimentary, but O'Connor knows that hell has no fury like the fussy housewife whose mattress was lumpy at Acapulco or the Middle Western mayor whose coffee was cold on the train from Yosemite. Cook's goes to considerable lengths to rectify legitimate beefs and make refunds where facilities weren't up to promises. They recently cashed in $18 worth of hotel vouchers for France dated 1893, brought in by an old gentleman who had them left over from his honeymoon.

The men in Cook's freight department live in a world even more complicated than their colleagues handling the tourists. Paper work, which has pyramided ever since the end of the war, has made it necessary for an international freight man to be a walking encyclopedia of export and import permits, customs regulations, rate variations and insurance charges. The freight men are likewise trained never to blink an eye at anything that comes along. The New York office handles at least one corpse a week for a transatlantic crossing at a cost of $265—more than the living are charged in tourist class. That's because sailors' traditions, dating back hundreds of years, are against carrying dead men, and stevedores have to be paid extra to handle the bodies.

Ashes are another item frequently shipped. The girls at Cook's lower Broadway office are still squeamish when a messenger hands them a small metal canister containing "ashes of Mrs. So-and-So" for shipment, perhaps to Australia. Jock McLellan, who has been routing freight for 30 years, lists these parcels as "natural history specimens," a classification which saves complications with jittery handlers. It is McLellan who, through his representative in Durban, is prepared to deliver "live arrival at airport New York guaranteed" any of an assortment of African snakes varying from pythons to cobras, mambas and striped schaapstekers. Prices are quoted in feet or by the pound—take your choice.

Harold White likes to tell the story about the missionary in Bombay who asked his gharry-wallah to take him to Saint Thomas'. Surprised to find himself before Thomas Cook's office the missionary said to the driver, "I said Saint Thomas'—Saint Thomas' Church."

"Oh," was the reply, "white sahibs all time want here—Saint Thomas for travelers."

"They gave me a clean bill of health on my income tax, but they nabbed me for stealing bank funds to pay it"

COLLIER'S — MISCHA RICHTER

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REFLECTION OF PERFECTION

Yes, perfect pre-war quality in every bottle of Seagram's 7 Crown... Seagram's Finest American Whiskey. Pleasant to reflect on, isn't it? *Even pleasanter to enjoy!*

Say **Seagram's** *and be* **Sure**... *of Pre-War Quality*

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK

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THE SAGA OF SPLIT FIN

Continued from page 27

fastened to his upper jaw. In panic, he turned abruptly and tried to run away from the stinging morsel, but found himself being restrained by an invisible force which kept pulling him back. Terrified now, he charged to the surface and leaped out of the water, shaking his head savagely. Then he saw the man, a strange-looking creature, standing there on the bank, a slender stick gripped in his hands, and Split Fin seemed to understand that here was a deadly foe.

He dived to the bottom of the pool, conscious of the steady tension against his jaw as he sulked beneath a ledge. But he was given no opportunity to sulk for long. The inexorable pressure continued, and now Split Fin seemed to understand that unless he broke that bond which linked him to the two-legged foe on shore he was doomed.

Up and down the pool he charged, wrenching desperately against the pull of the line. But the fisherman was crafty and never permitted the fighting steelhead an opportunity to snap the leader; the pressure was steady no matter where the fish's furious runs took him.

But Split Fin made the line hiss through the water as he hurled himself this way and that. He was still a small fish, as steelheads go, but he was proving that he had a battling heart. Now it seemed that every trick and effort were of no avail. Once more he dived toward the bottom of the pool, but this time in a different spot. In the dark recesses of water below the steep bank was a maze of old roots and driftwood. Perhaps it was instinct which told Split Fin that here lay his last hope.

Diving through an opening between the roots, he felt the leader snag abruptly. The sudden pain made him react violently—and then, miraculously, the pull against his jaw vanished. He was free! He sank down to the bottom and lay there with fins waving gently as though pondering the meaning of what had happened. There was a wound on his upper jaw where the hook had torn out and the sting of it was annoying, but he had gained profound wisdom. Up on the bank the disappointed fisherman reeled in his tackle.

AS DUSK fell over the river, Split Fin resumed his journey. He was weaving his way up a shallow riffle when he encountered a new foe.

Standing motionless in the riffle was a black bear. In this mild, coastal climate, black bears rarely hibernate, and at the moment this one was hungry and had a strong yearning for fresh fish. Moreover, it was a skilled fisherman. Usually, when a victim swam near, the bear would thrust its head underwater and seize the fish; but sometimes it seemed to delight in swiping at them with a great forepaw, knocking the fish out of the water and up on the bank.

As it waited now, the bear seemed to be no more than a black stump stranded there by high water. Unsuspecting, Split Fin swam nearer, and the beady eyes of the watching bear, catching reflected light from the water, seemed to glow in anticipation. Just before the steelhead came within striking distance, there was an interruption.

Bound upstream was a Chinook salmon at least twice the size of the steelhead. By reason of his bulk, he had no intention of giving ground to the lesser fish. With a stroke of his tail he shot ahead of Split Fin, bucking the current as it swirled around the bear's shanks. As the salmon came near, the bear's attention turned from the approaching steelhead.

With an agility astonishing in such a big beast, the bear doubled and thrust its head underwater, its strong jaws closing upon the salmon just back of the latter's head. Carrying its prize, the bear waddled ashore in triumph, to dine at leisure. Startled by the splash and movement, Split Fin shot upstream and away from the dangerous spot. Nor did he pause until he had attained the spawning beds at the headwaters of the river.

Other steelheads had also reached the promised land. Some of them were truculent males of enormous size who resented the presence of the seven-pound newcomer. They charged at him, hooked jaws clashing close to his body, but he was too fast and elusive for them. By and by he discovered a female busily engaged in digging a hole in the sandy bottom by means of fins and tail. He set to work helping her, turning on his side close to the bottom and fanning his fins and tail vigorously until the sand was stirred up and carried away by the current.

In this depression, once the job was done, the female laid her eggs.

Once they were fertilized, Split Fin joined in the task of guarding the nest, ferociously driving away small trout and other egg thieves. But before the eggs hatched, Split Fin had lost all interest in the proceedings and felt again the call of the sea. Not many days later he tasted salt water and once more resumed his ramblings in the vast ocean. It was nearly a year later that he returned to the Rogue.

Now he was a much bigger, more powerful fish. Yet there was still trim beauty in his sleek length, unmarred save for that white scar across his back and the divided dorsal fin. He had riper wisdom, and he avoided seals and the nets of commercial fishermen as he emerged from the deeps and entered the river mouth. A bright steel blue at first, he colored rapidly as the fresh water stimulated the chemical reactions taking place in him. On upstream he went, avoiding bears and other predators, and once he had reached the spawning beds, he bullied lesser steelhead males until he found himself a mate, a female nearly as large as he. Thereafter, he returned to the sea.

But a year later he was back, and a year after that. By degrees he became known among sportsmen who haunted the Rogue while the winter steelhead run was on. Word spread among them of a great split-finned steelhead who combined cunning with a savage, rending strength.

Long ago Split Fin had learned that a lure such as an artificial fly was to be ignored, and that before he sucked a cluster of fish eggs into his mouth it was prudent to make certain that the food, however natural and tempting, was not suspended from the tough, threadlike strand which meant a fisherman was at the other end of it. This was a dearly learned lesson which Split Fin would never forget. So wary and cunning had he become that many fishermen, no longer able to hook him, believed that he couldn't be fooled with lure or bait.

But word of his previous exploits, of the tackle he had smashed and the terrifying battles he had put up, finally reached Jeff Croy, once more wintering on the Rogue. When the woodsman heard the fish described—the scarred back, the divided dorsal fin—his memory reached back to that day when he had seen the oddly marked baby steelhead cavorting in the shallows. It seemed highly improbable that this was the same fish yet it stirred Croy's curiosity.

Anyway, it had been some time since Croy had eaten trout, so he got his tackle together. The idea of matching wits with a seagoing rainbow the size of Split Fin, who apparently knew all the answers in a fisherman's book, was likewise tempting. Jeff Croy figured to do what he could to make the acquaintance of Split Fin—but he had not counted on Lud Barlow.

The air was chilly that dawn when Croy reached the stream. He went directly to the big pool near headwater, guessing that at this season Split Fin would have made his trip from the sea and would be lying there awaiting a heavy rain which would cause the river to rise and enable him to cross the shallows which lay between the pool and the spawning beds. The man had an outfit which seemed pitifully frail for handling a fighting fish the size of Split Fin. The rod weighed five ounces and the leader had a breaking strength of eight pounds. The gut filament was so fine that it was practically invisible even at close range.

Croy sensed that the battle-wise big trout was highly suspicious and would avoid any lure which did not seem natural in every respect. Carefully he fastened on the cluster of fish eggs, secured to one another by tough membrane, and when the hook was covered he dropped the bait gently into the upper reach of the pool, letting the current work it downstream. It was the only method by which Split Fin could be deceived; long ago he had learned to be suspicious of insects out of season, and that an artificial fly, no matter if it were gaudy enough to stir murderous rage in him, invariably meant trouble.

WHEN Split Fin saw the delectable morsel slowly drifting toward him it corroborated what the taste buds in his mouth and gills had already told him: that food was approaching from upstream. Yet he scrutinized the bait, as though recalling what had happened before, and it seemed innocently genuine; he could see no telltale strand of leader. Yet he took it gently, mouthing it and sucking out its nourishment, for he was hungry; at the same time he was prepared to spit it out if he felt steel.

But he was not even given that opportunity. The warning came, as his jaws closed on something hard within the bait, but before he could rid himself of the thing, there was a sharp pang in his lower lip. He gave a tremendous surge of his powerful body, and the fight was on.

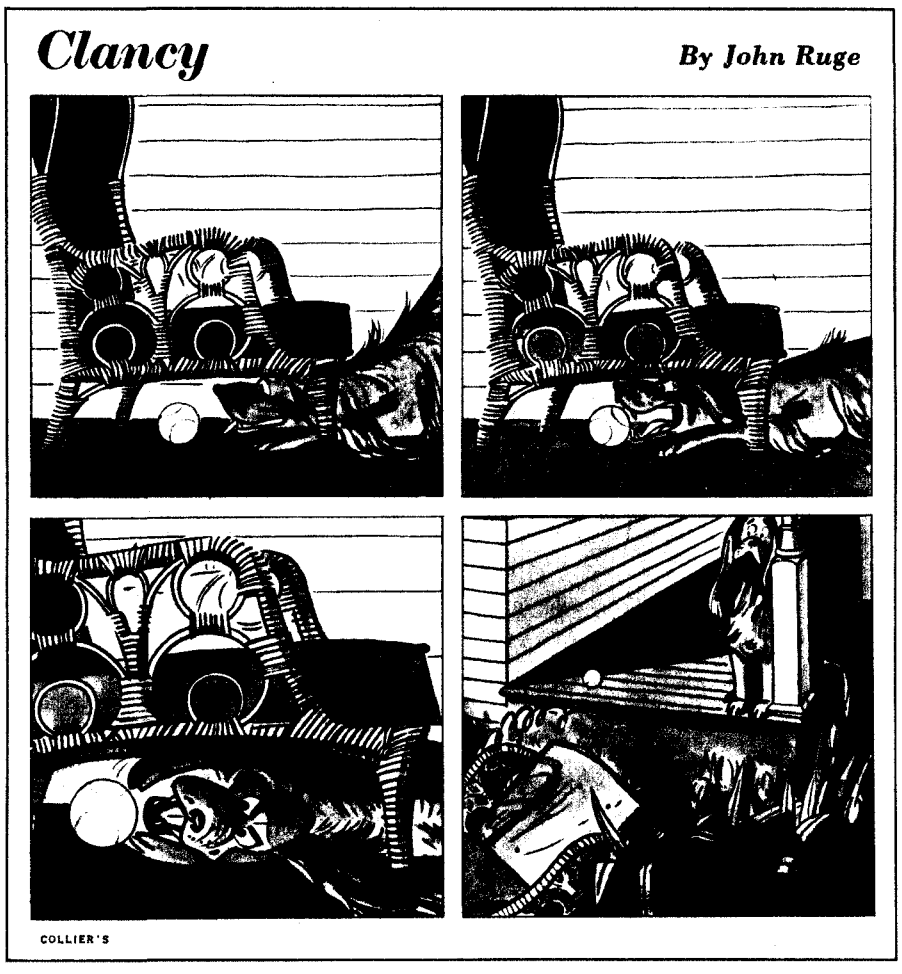
In his fury at finding himself tricked again, he sought to tear the hook loose or snap the leader, but somehow the tugging pain in his lip persisted. He charged to the surface, shaking his head viciously, but without success. Then he "sounded" abruptly, as though hoping that the agony would not follow him to the bottom of the pool. But even as he sulked down there, new reminder came. Croy, aware that Split Fin was trying to gather new strength, took out his jackknife and gently tapped the metal reel seat at the butt of the light rod.

The vibration was telegraphed the length of the line; Split Fin felt it in quivering pain, and once again he went into action.

Now he raced for the head of the pool as though determined to get out of the place, but just before he reached the shallows the unbearable pressure on his lip turned him and sent him circling through deep water once more. In fear as well as pain he seemed to go mad. He sought to dive through openings between roots at the bottom, but the pressure of the pull at his jaw increased, and the agony of that insistent pulling turned him back. He flung himself into the air, smashing the surface with his broad tail; he churned about the pool in wide circles, putting all his strength into the effort.

So violent were his exertions that he began to tire. Again he sought rest at the bottom, but the irritating taps that came to him down the line tormented his nerves. He went into another flurry which lasted for minutes and took all but the last of his strength.

Up on the bank, Jeff Croy deftly



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handled the light rod and gossamer leader with seamed, crooked fingers that were as sensitive and skillful as those of a master violinist. He knew that Split Fin was tiring, that the end of the battle was not far off. If he could only restrain his eagerness, if he could only remain calm—not an easy thing, because, although he had landed many a sizable fish in his time, he'd never caught one of the size and weight of this giant steelhead. This was the king of the river. Suddenly, then, Jeff Croy was aware that he was not alone.

ANOTHER fisherman had come up and was standing almost at his elbow, a heavy, florid-faced man whose outdoor clothes and fishing tackle looked expensive. The man's eyes were wide with excitement, for he, too, had glimpsed Split Fin when the great steelhead surfaced that last time.

"Lawsee!" he breathed. "That fish'll run forty pounds—biggest steelhead ever taken on rod and reel!" Then, as Split Fin surged and the slender wand of split bamboo in Jeff Croy's hands curved threateningly: "Easy! Easy! For God's sake!" Suddenly the man dropped his own gear as inspiration came to him.

He dragged a camera from his coat pocket. "Look! I'll handle him. You take the picture. I'll give you ten dollars!"

The offer was so astounding that it seemed to Croy he had not heard aright. Split Fin made another lunge, and Croy concentrated once more on the battle. What sort of thing had this stranger proposed? Ten dollars to fight a big steelhead, with a picture to prove it? It didn't make sense. Croy felt more amazed than annoyed. Deftly he turned the fish when Split Fin again attempted to dive among the snags. But the stranger was persistent.

"I'm Lud Barlow," he said, as though it explained everything. He let that sink in for a moment. "This is more important to me than you'd think. Belong to a steelhead trout club. Hell, they'll make me president when they see this fish! *Give you twenty-five!*"

Croy, occupied with his task, for this was the climax, when Split Fin would either tear loose or accept defeat, paid no attention. Barlow, he figured, must be crazy. Never, Croy reflected, had he heard of such a proposal. Twenty-five dollars. No fish was worth that much. The offer was so foolish that it didn't seem worth discussing.

Yet the man would not give up. "So you want to make a tough bargain?" he demanded insolently. "All right, have it your way. I'll pay fifty. But you got to take the picture, and swear it's my fish if anybody asks questions. Hurry, now! He's almost finished!"

Jeff Croy spat on the sand. Out there Split Fin was rolling weakly and suffering himself to be towed slowly ashore. It had been a long fight and a good one. He was all but helpless now, and there was a weary, resigned look in his shiny eyes—eyes which had seen mysteries of the ocean deeps such as man may never know.

Staring at his prize, Croy felt a strange pang of regret. Never a man given to sentiment, it seemed now to be a moment of remorse rather than one of triumph. He visualized an oddly marked little baby steelhead that kept turning on its silvery side among his fellows, as though seeking to draw the man's attention. So long ago. Croy's imagination reached out and tried to compass fantastic things which must have happened in the interval. Now the cycle was complete.

For an instant longer he regarded the beaten fish almost at his feet, fins and tail stirring feebly, gill covers working rapidly as it sought to draw needed oxygen into its life-stream. Croy stooped and carefully disengaged the hook from the steelhead's lower lip; then, with the touch of his hand like that of a kindly friend, he turned Split Fin back into the deep water. As the man did so, he observed a quiver run the length of the silvery body as the first trickle of returning strength came back. Then, carefully, Croy laid down his rod and turned ominously toward the man behind him.

But Lud Barlow had already gathered up his own gear and was backing off in alarm, because there was a look in Jeff Croy's face which was not pleasant to see. It had been years since Croy had laid violent hands upon a fellow man, but the urge was strong now. He knew he'd been a damned fool. Yet he felt good. And at peace.

"Jenny, I may have to strangle you!"

DIRECTOR: You're driving me crazy. You're supposed to keep those beautiful eyes on the leading man. NOT ON ME!

JENNY: But you kind of fascinate me. You've *changed*.

DIRECTOR: Don't be silly. How could—

JENNY: You look handsome, all of a sudden. The face—

DIRECTOR: Well, of course I *am* wearing a new Arrow White Shirt. I guess the collar *does* bring out the finest in a chap's profile, but—

JENNY: And the torso! Why didn't you ever tell me you were Mr. Apollo?

DIRECTOR: Huh? Why thanks, friend. It must be Arrow's trim "body line" design—Mitoga, don't y' know.

JENNY: Certainly hope that shirt never shrinks out of fit!

DIRECTOR: Shrink? It's Sanforized labeled! Fabric shrinkage not a dot over 1%! And the buttons — they're anchored on to stay!

DIRECTOR: Um. Say, gorgeous, I appreciate all the sudden interest. Believe me. Maybe we—uh, what are you doing after rehearsal?

JENNY: I'm going out and buy the leading man an Arrow White Shirt!

Arrow, Mitoga, Sanforized: Registered Trade-marks

ARROW WHITE SHIRTS

$3.65 · $3.95 · $4.50 · $5.50 · $7.50

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Makers of Arrow Shirts • Ties • Handkerchiefs • Underwear • Sports Shirts

"Guessh how many shticksh of gum I got in my mouf"

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NINE YEARS IN A TRAFFIC JAM

Continued from page 16

for making unnecessary noise, for driving through funeral processions, and, if you are a pedestrian, even for using a white cane if you are not blind.

Every minute of the day at Wabash and Madison, one of you is doing something you shouldn't. But with all these glittering opportunities to plaster you with tickets, how many do you think I hand out? Two hundred a month? One hundred? Fifty? Well, the answer is an average of ten a month, or one ticket every three days.

Yet you call me an ogre. You even tell your children to be good or you will get a policeman after them. That, incidentally, is one of my big beefs. A lot of you have been scaring your kids so long with that chestnut that the kids are growing up with an unholy fear of anyone with a star and a badge. Fortunately, my own eight kids at home realize that I do not eat children, but do your kids know that? I wish you would tell them that Officer McNally is a human being. They may need me sometime.

To your everlasting credit I have to concede that most of you are good drivers. However, there are still more stupid drivers than I like to think about, and most of them are the self-styled "experts." In Chicago last year 473 people were killed in traffic accidents. The year before it was 505, so 1948 was an improvement. Yet I will wager that every one of those deaths could have been avoided by careful driving or careful walking.

Left Turns Are a Headache

My own corner at Wabash and Madison is a difficult one for drivers. It is the only intersection for five blocks where left turns are permitted, and left turns are the bane of a policeman's existence. They are necessary, of course, but they tie up through traffic, cause pedestrians to dart back and forth uncertainly, and irritate almost everyone concerned.

I have to bounce around like a whistling monkey to keep traffic moving around the cars making the left turns; yet the moment everything is going smoothly some Bronko Nagurski on wheels charges out into the middle of the intersection and everything has to stop for him. When I start waving my arms at him, he immediately says to himself: "That stupid cop has got things all snarled up!" I am trying to be modest, but if I weren't at the intersection, the Chicago Police Department would be prying drivers out of the tangle with can openers.

The pillars underneath the elevated tracks are also a hazard. Every so often I hear a loud, crunching noise and discover that a driver has entered communion with a post. This is one of the few things at Wabash and Madison that I am not blamed for by the driving public, but after it has happened you invariably crowd around me, get in my way, and start asking silly questions. One out of three of you will look at the crumpled car and the ambulance, and then will turn to me and ask, "Was there an accident?" I still haven't figured out a suitable answer for that question.

I find little difference between Chicago drivers and drivers from elsewhere, though I realize that the heavy traffic at my own corner is not calculated to offer much freedom of individual expression. Out-of-towners, particularly those from the smaller cities, frequently have trouble making their turns properly in traffic, but I give a discount for unfamiliarity. When I do have to arrest an out-of-towner for some flagrant violation, I don't like it any more than he does. I have to take him to the station, see that he puts up bond to appear for trial later, and then I have to get up early some morning, go to court to appear against him, and then go out on my regular shift. I don't get paid overtime for it, either.

And then there are the sneakers and the horn blowers. I don't know which annoys me most.

The sneakers are the psychopathic cases who can't bear to stand still in back of the crosswalk when the light is red. So they begin inching up into the crosswalk for a quick getaway and finally have the pedestrians walking out into the intersection trying to maneuver around the car blocking their way, without getting hit by some other car. I have found that the sneaker is not only rude and a menace; he fancies himself in an awful hurry. I just have him drive around the block, out of his way, and that usually cools him off.

The happy horn blower is a trying menace. All the horns in hell cannot match the horns at Wabash and Madison, and not one blast in 50 is necessary. When I get home at night, it takes me two or three hours to get to the point where my hearing is normal again. I'm not joking about that, either. I found out that horn blowers were deafening me when I used to accuse my wife of muttering when I came home from work. It turned out, of course, that she was talking in a normal tone of voice.

Although they are leading me down the road to deafness, the horn blowers have got me in their hip pockets. Frankly, I can never tell which one blew the horn. I doubt that any policeman can tell in heavy traffic. If I turn around quickly in the direction of the blast, every driver in sight shrugs his shoulders and says, with a hurt expression, "It wasn't me!"

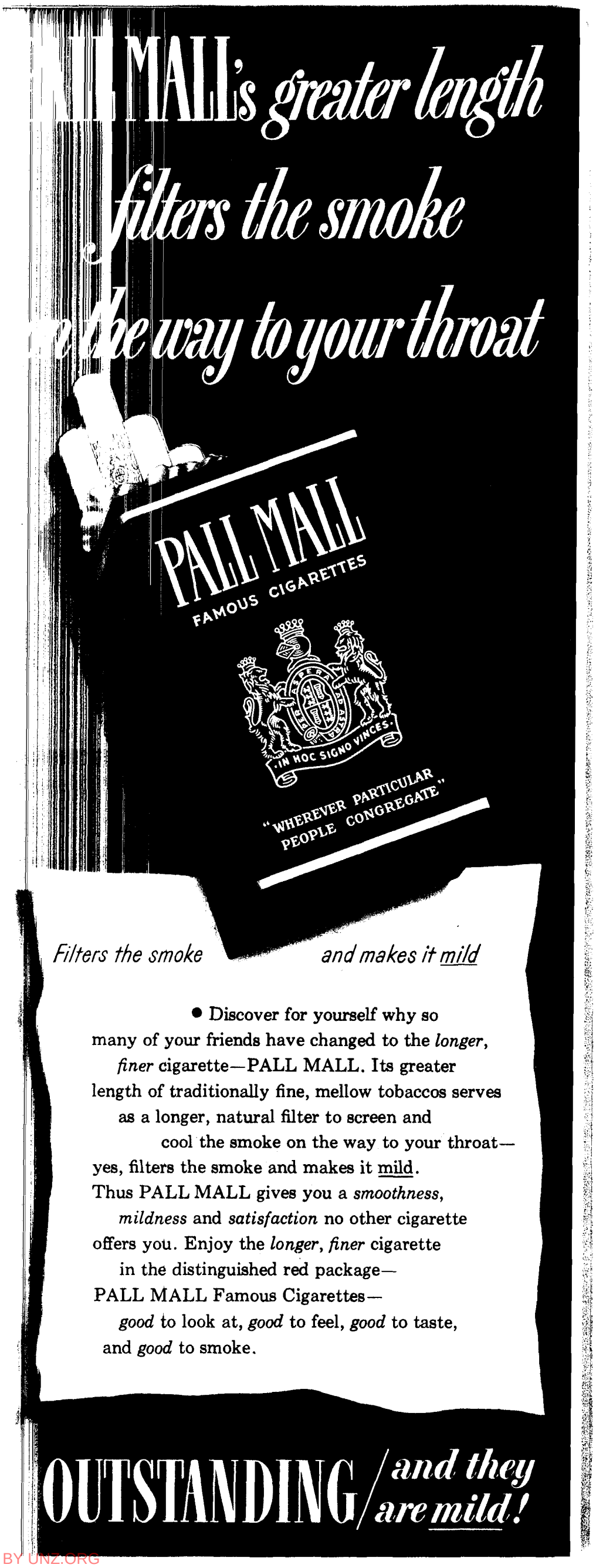
It pains me to admit it, but I don't

KATHERINE OSANN

Miniature

My infant son is plenty scrawny,
His mouth is wide with screams, or yawny,
His ears seem larger than he's needing,
His nose is flat, his chin's receding,
His skin is very, very red,
He has no hair upon his head,
And yet I'm proud as proud can be
To hear you say he looks like me.

—RICHARD ARMOUR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• Discover for yourself why so many of your friends have changed to the *longer*, *finer* cigarette—PALL MALL. Its greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos serves as a longer, natural filter to screen and cool the smoke on the way to your throat—yes, filters the smoke and makes it mild. Thus PALL MALL gives you a *smoothness*, *mildness* and *satisfaction* no other cigarette offers you. Enjoy the *longer*, *finer* cigarette in the distinguished red package—PALL MALL Famous Cigarettes—*good* to look at, *good* to feel, *good* to taste, and *good* to smoke.
OUTSTANDING/and they are mild!

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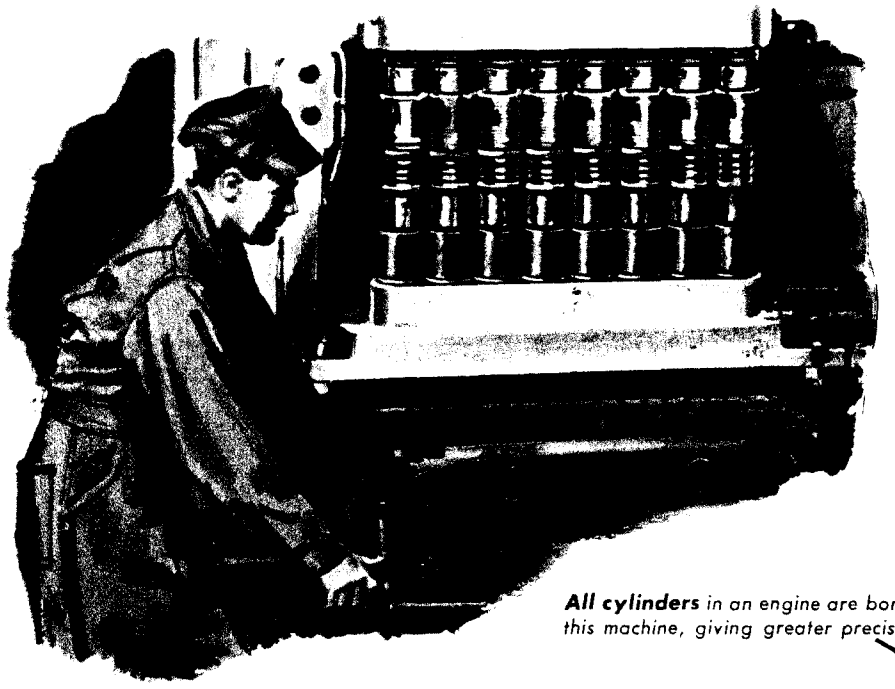
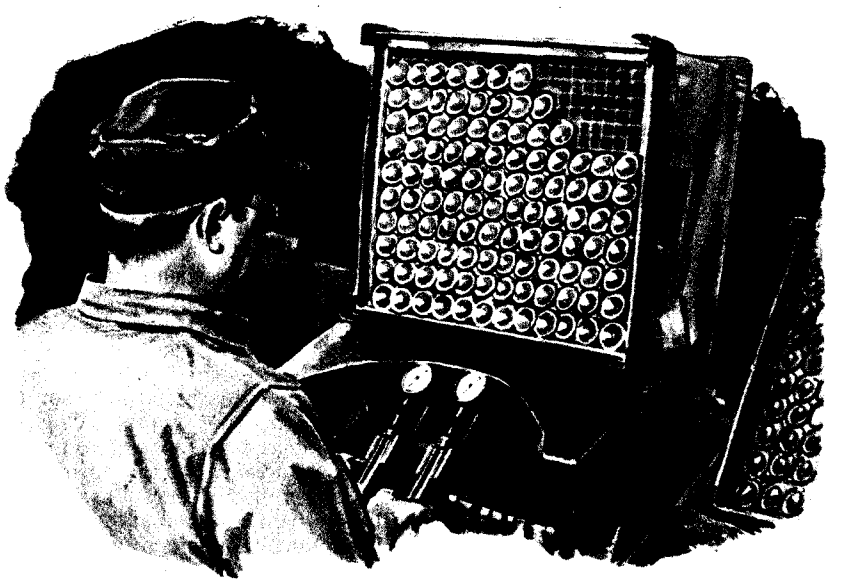


All cylinders *in an engine are bored at one time on this machine, giving greater precision at lower cost.*



Here valves *are tested individually before going into an engine.*

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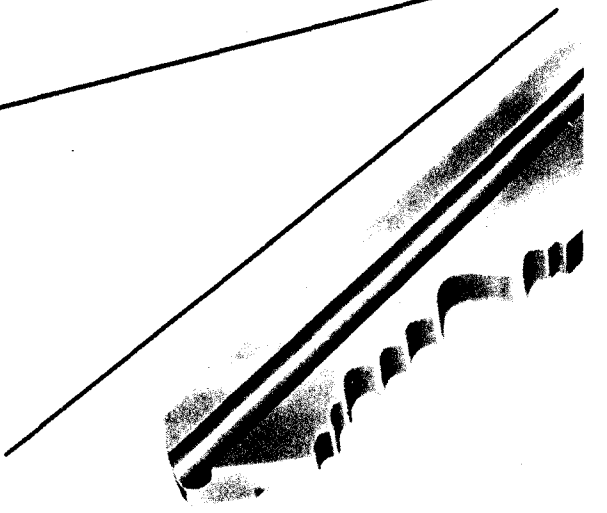
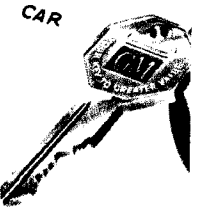
Nearly 18 vehicles *a minute roll from all GM assembly lines during the average work week. Such volume reduces costs, gives you better value.*

Hypoid gears, *once limited to costly cars, are now used on all GM cars, because GM worked out ways to build them by mass production.*



THE KEY TO A GENERAL MOTORS CAR

Your key to Greater Value



CHEVROLET

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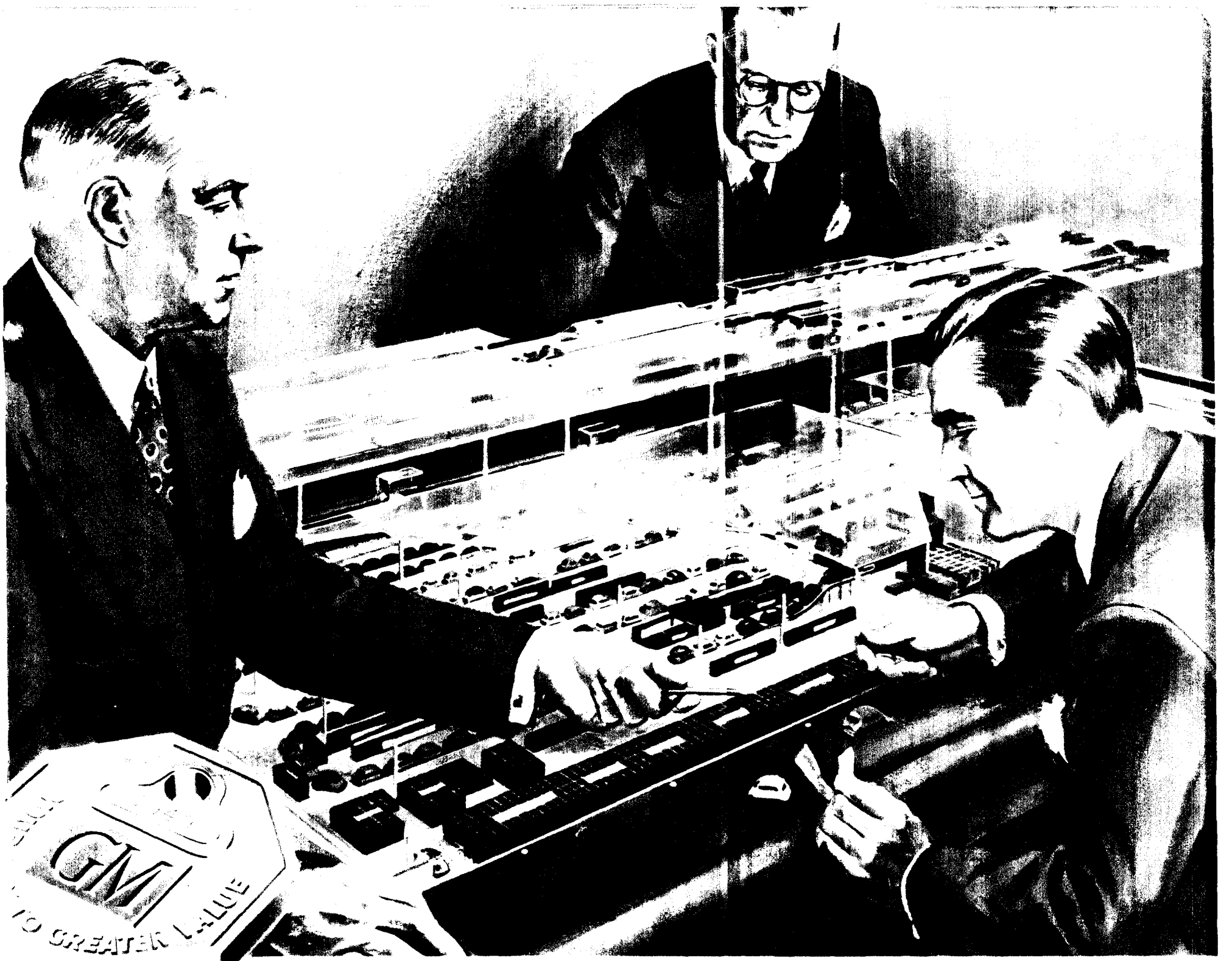

Better production comes from many things — better factory layout, better placing of machines, better flow of materials.

It comes from working conditions that enable better workers to do better work — and from methods and controls that keep constant watch on the quality of things produced.

It comes from making difficult production jobs easier. And it comes from turning out millions of units yearly — in volume which leads to mass-production savings.

Better production, as well as better research and engineering, gives you greater value in a General Motors car.

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THE SOONER YOU SIMONIZ YOUR CAR THE BETTER!

know what to do about it—still, if I ever catch one in the act—

In the event that I finally lose my mind, pedestrians will have to take their share of the blame, too.

In the nine years I have been at Wabash and Madison, I have learned to know a lot of the people who pass by regularly or who work in the vicinity, and I am constantly unnerved at the way in which they pit their speed and agility against that of fast-moving automobiles.

The Lady Who Jaywalks

One lady has been ignoring the red light for years; I must have told her a thousand times not to do it. But no, the next time I see her she is out in the middle of the street, dancing around like a wild Indian to keep from getting hit.

I guess she thinks she is saving time, but I notice that she always gets so involved dodging streetcars and automobiles that she winds up her crossing on the green light anyway.

Actually, I have just about given up worrying over jaywalkers except for the blind and the infirm. One blind fellow calls out from the curb every morning, "Ray! Ray!" and I help him across the street. He won't go with anyone else, and it sort of pleases me.

On the other hand, there is a crippled fellow who spits out vile names at anyone who tries to help him. I feel sorry for him, but his temper is so violent that the department has had to order traffic policemen not to try to help him any more. Everytime he starts across the intersection, I say a little prayer for him. So far he has made it every time, but I have never seen him try to cross on anything except a red light.

As for myself, I wouldn't turn my back on a moving car for anything in the world. I've already been hit twice, and some of my buddies have been knocked down more than that. When I first went on the force, there were no signals at the corner where I was stationed. One day I whistled, put up my hand, turned my back, and boom! A streetcar slammed into me, threw me up in the air, and dropped me on my night stick.

The second time I was hit I was walking along the curb to tell a parked car to move on, when a car came up from behind and knocked me down. That one took me out for a week. The driver confessed that he had been looking in the rearview mirror instead of looking where he was going, but he still seemed offended that I had the effrontery to be standing in the street. Later, he wrote me a letter, saying I had been nice. I guess he meant I was a nice target.

There are some days when I undoubtedly look more forbidding than usual, and people wonder why. I can tell you.

Mostly, traffic isn't an easy job. I like it because I don't have to work nights and I can be home with my family, but a lot of traffic policemen find it too nerve-racking and would rather be some place like the Detective Bureau, the Detective Bureau being what we call "the Smart Shop."

Since I am on traffic, however, I get to headquarters at noon for roll call at 12:20. I shine my badge, my star and my shoes, stand up for inspection, get a list of stolen cars, look at the bulletin board, march in column with the other policemen to the streetcar, and finally get off at Wabash and Madison a little after one o'clock. I edge my way out into the traffic, relieve my partner, and there I stand until about six thirty, when I go to the city hall to make out my daily activity report. I do this six days a week, which means that I work about the same number of hours that you do, or perhaps a few more.

Standing in one place for hours on end makes my feet and legs hurt, and I am not especially amused by references to "flatfoot." In the winter my heavy overcoat makes my back ache, even though I weigh 200 pounds and should, you will say, be able to support the weight of a mere overcoat.

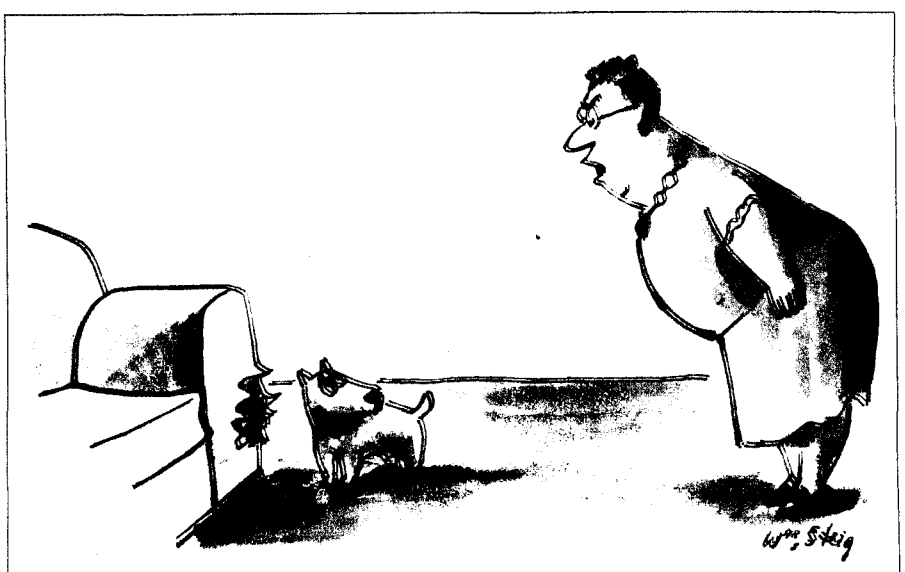
The gasoline fumes hang under the elevated tracks and give me headaches. People on the elevated platforms throw cigar butts and other refuse over the edge and I catch my share on my head. In the winter, a cold lake wind whistles down the canyons between the buildings and goes clear through me. I have never really got used to it and it takes me several hours after work to get really warm again. My whistle even freezes on occasion and I have to warm it in my hands to thaw it out.

In wet weather, cars splash muddy water all over me, although I keep a raincoat, rubber boots, a rain hood and extra socks in a locker in the basement of a building on the corner. If I get caught in a sudden rain, however, I am stuck until I can sneak into the building for my rain clothes, and by then, my uniform is usually ready for the cleaners.

High Cost of Being a Cop

I pay my own cleaning bills and I buy my own uniforms. Since an overcoat costs around $75, winter trousers $22, cap $3.25, and so forth, you can understand why I don't especially enjoy having them ruined by motorists. And, incidentally, if I should lose my gun, which I bought in the first place, it would cost me $65 to replace it. Things like that can happen. A policeman stopped a fight not long ago and wound up minus his star. It cost him $3 for a new one. Little things like that worry me.

Outside of that, it's pleasant work except that I go home at night and dream about you. In my sleep you try to run me down, you blow your horns at me,



COLLIER'S "Is that what I get for being so good to you?" WILLIAM STEIG

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and you smash into elevated pillars. The only way I can sleep peacefully is to give you all tickets in my dreams. And nobody ever talks back—in my dreams.

I am continually astonished at the number of questions you can ask me when I am on duty. Most of them are reasonable enough and I am happy to be of help, but some of them put a serious strain on my patience. People living in hotels, for example, frequently come to me and ask where they can get milk for their cats; I don't suppose they ever heard of room service. Not long ago, a man asked me if there were an undertaker on Cottage Grove Avenue between Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth Streets; that's only about seven miles from my corner.

Even when I tell you, you won't believe me half the time. Several weeks ago, a lady asked me for Mandel's store. I pointed across the street. "Are you sure?" she asked. "Lady, I've only been looking at it for nine years," I said. Even then, she was skeptical.

Another woman asked me recently where the Field Building was, and when I told her she wanted to know what floor her lawyer was on. The very first day I was on the force a woman asked me where she could get rid of her soap wrappers. I thought it was a gag, but I found out later she was trying to get premiums for the wrappers.

Strangers are continually asking me what to get their wives or husbands for birthday presents. They want to know where they can get a good meal; in these cases I look at the way they are dressed and then I send them either to a cafeteria or the Pump Room. Not long ago a man came up and told me another man had called him a name. He wanted official permission from me to punch the man in the nose. Fortunately, I was able to dissuade him.

Several weeks ago a woman rushed up breathlessly and asked me to arrest another woman on the street who, she said, had her coat on. I said I would gladly oblige if the woman would sign a complaint. "Oh," she said, "but if it isn't really my coat she will sue me."

"She'll sue me, too, lady," I said, and that was the end of that.

I also am called on to settle disputes between shopkeepers and customers. About once a month I get a lady who buys a pair of shoes and then finds out she can't return them. She wants me to go right in and arrest the salesman. Or there was the man who wanted me to lock up a jeweler because the jeweler wouldn't make free repairs on a watch. There is also the lady who approached me recently and asked me to make out a receipt for a back porch a carpenter had built on her house. She wanted a receipt for the carpenter to sign, saying that she had paid him for the porch. If I may say so, Officer McNally rode gallantly to the rescue, wrote out a fancy-sounding receipt, and all was saved.

You also try my patience, as well as my sense of charity, when you ask me for carfare home. I hope you are not under the impression that the police department provides me with a fund to get you home nights. I earn only $3,400 a year, and I can't send everyone in Chicago home on the trolley.

Helping an Insolvent Lover

Some people even want train fare instead of trolley fare because the trolley is too slow. On top of that, a young man taking his girl to the movies not long ago discovered that the theater was crowded and that his girl wanted to go to another, less crowded, but more expensive theater. So who did he come to for the difference in the price of the tickets? Who else but Officer McNally?

I often dig up cab fare for businessmen who have left their wallets at home, and because I know them and see them every day I always get it back. However, it discourages me to think how few people I have given money to for trolley fare have ever bothered to return it. About one in 50, I guess.

In addition to these little problems, I have to listen to all your alibis. You are double parked because your grandmother is at the doctor's and you don't want her to have to walk very far to the car, and I'm not supposed to notice that pert little daisy who finally comes out and gets in the car. Or you weren't at fault when you ran through that red light; you were looking at *me* and, although I had my back turned, you thought I motioned you to come on through.

If I get a trifle annoyed because you aren't playing square with me, I may give you a ticket. So what do you tell me? If you are a woman, you say you've got a perfect record and this will spoil it, and you act as though I'm sending you to Joliet for ten to twenty years. If you are a man, you're either sullen or you give vent to a flight of angry fancy and say, "By the time *I* get through with you, Officer, you'll have to take three streetcars and a bus to get to your next post!"

If you are the stubborn sort that really likes to pop off, you can cause me a lot of anxiety because I can't pull you out of your car and punch you in the nose, which is what I would like to do. Instead, I have to say politely, "I'm not abusing you and I wish you wouldn't abuse me. If you persist, I'll have to lock you up." Then, if you want to, you can roll up the windows of your car, lock the door, and sit tight while I try to give you the ticket. A man did that not long ago so we towed him to the police station, broke his window with a gun butt, and gently propelled him inside for his comeuppance.

If you are truly imaginative, however, you are the one I like the best. When I try to give *you* a ticket, you say, "John won't like this!"

I say, "John who?"

You answer, "Police Commissioner John Prendergast, that's who!"

Abashed, I say, "Oh, do you know Prendergast?"

"Know him!" you shriek. "I was playing cards with him just last night!"

"That's very interesting," I say. Then I give you the ticket.

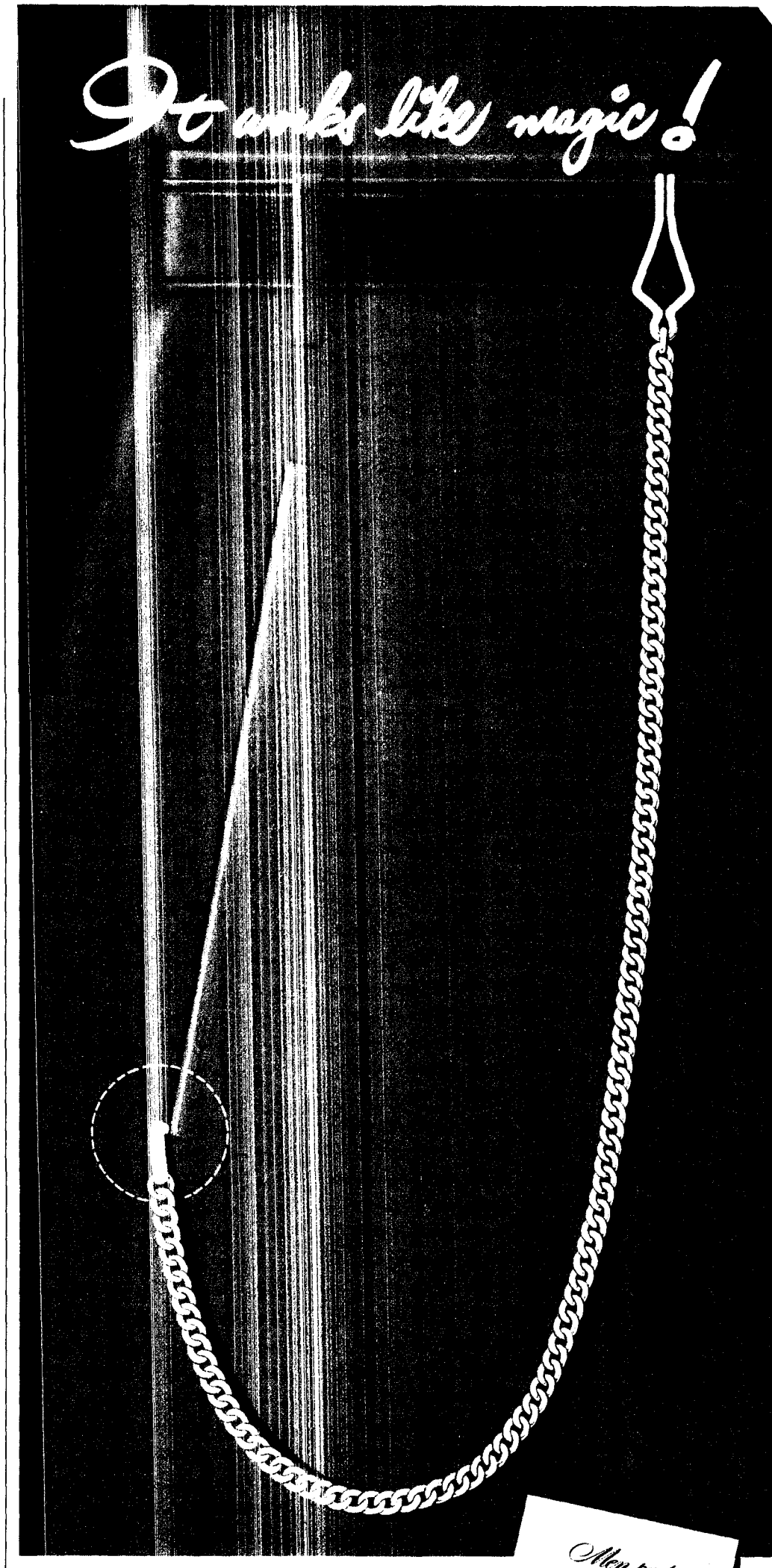
You should feel lucky that I don't take you down to city hall someday and find out how well you know Commissioner Prendergast.

WHY CONGRESS ACTS THAT WAY

By BILL DAVIDSON

You vote for a Congressman. He goes to Washington. And then what? What does he do? How does he work? How does he contribute to the making of the laws that govern you, and all of us Americans? It is a fascinating job, the one you've helped give him, and you can learn all about it

In Collier's *next week*



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THE GILDED CAGE

By FRANCES FIKE BURTON

THE day it was beginning to be spring, my sister Trudy and I walked up to Mrs. Fielding's house and heard about the gambler. My sister Trudy was then fourteen and romantic, and I was twelve and practical. But to both of us, that green, restless morning seemed as expectant and alive as Mrs. Fielding herself, and as promising as the beginning of one of those wonderful tales of hers. Although she was gray-haired and, I suppose, old, those stories were always filled with youth and the young days of our prairie state, and they were our delight.

She was a lovely woman. Her husband, a quiet, elderly man, had made money in the grain and feed business in an early day, and he had built the largest and finest house in our town for her. Trudy said that Mrs. Fielding had a romantic soul. She said that Mr. Fielding's grain and feed and respectability must stifle her. "Think of being devoted to for ages by a husband in the grain and feed business," Trudy would wail. She felt very strongly about it, because she was always being stifled too, by things like homework and drying dishes.

Mrs. Fielding had been writing letters, so she called for us to come into her sitting room. And there, for the first time, we saw the miniature on her desk. It was the portrait of a young man, one of the kind that good photographers can make from old photographs, reproducing every detail in color, minutely and exactly. Within the gold frame the young man was tall, dark-haired and arrogant, in the dress and attitude of the past. The thumb of one long slender hand was hooked carelessly in the heavy watch chain. In the miniature you could even see that he wore on his third finger a wide silver ring set with a little green stone.

Trudy stared interestedly and I did too. "Who is he?" my sister asked.

Mrs. Fielding smiled a little. "That's the Colonel," she said. "We called him that because we thought he came from the South. He was a gambler in our town in an early day." She smiled again at the miniature. "When it's spring I always put his picture where I can see it. And then I remember a day when I was a young girl in a spring long ago, when Papa kept the livery stable, and Mama headed all the church ladies' groups."

We waited expectantly. And she looked far away, back into that spring before statehood. She was seeing the boardwalks and the little stores of our town then.

"It was about to be Easter," she said. "All of us young girls had been practicing hymns, for our friends always flocked to the church to hear the Easter sermon and our solos. The church would be filled with spring bouquets, there would be organ music, and we girls would wear gay voiles and muslins and organdies with bands of narrow lace and ruffles, and hats with flowers. I think we were all beautiful then," said Mrs. Fielding wistfully.

"And on that afternoon after our practice, I was walking home with Ione and Iola, when we met the Colonel. He was a gambler, an expert at cards with those quick slender hands, but he was the handsomest man in town, well educated and richly dressed. Oh, there were all kinds of rumors about him. Some said that he had killed a man in a duel in the South, some thought that he was the runaway son of an old Virginia family. But whatever he was, he was to all of us glamor and romance in a plains country where there was little enough of either.

"I was just sixteen," Mrs. Fielding went on softly, "and when the Colonel lifted his hat to us, I stopped. Iola and Ione ran on, giggling. But I said, surprised at my own daring, 'Colonel, won't you come to our Easter service?' My heart was beating faster. I knew Iola and Ione were huddled together at the end of the boardwalk, half frightened now at my boldness. He bowed in a very courtly way and looked long at me. I wonder, I wonder," she mused, "how I must have appeared to him . . ."

Trudy shut her eyes, and because I knew she could see Mrs. Fielding as a beautiful young girl in the spring sunshine I closed mine too. But I never could see what Trudy said she saw. So I opened my eyes and looked carefully instead at the elegant young gambler in the miniature. I could distinguish the separate links in his watch chain, and the ring, I could tell now, was a silver coil, like a serpent, with the green stone for an eye.

"He said," went on Mrs. Fielding dreamily, "he said, 'My dear young lady, if you will sing an Easter song especially for me, I shall come.' Oh, he was not at all in keeping with our little town, with the Indian ponies tied at the hitching posts and the pioneer families coming in their wagons to do the trading. So when he asked, 'Will you sing Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage' I did not even think it a strange request. I was suddenly wildly happy, and I nodded. I thought only belatedly of the boldness of what I had promised. How, in front of an entire church congregation, was I to stand and sing that song? All of the other girls would be singing Easter hymns; our mothers and fathers, our friends, everyone would be there."

"But you did, you did," urged Trudy, as if she could by wishing alter even the past.

"Yes, I did," said Mrs. Fielding joyously, "I did. Our minister said of course I was to sing it. If men wondered about the Colonel's past, they knew too that he was brave and loyal and true to his word. So I sang the song, dressed in my gay Easter voile, and the Colonel sat in the back of the church, quiet and grave and elegant. He did not take his eyes from me. I know," said Mrs. Fielding, "because I did not take mine from him. I sang to him and only to him." She sighed and it was quiet in the room, but somehow I did not think it was the end of the story.

Then my sister Trudy broke in, quickly and regretfully, "Oh, what a pity! But you were too far apart. He was a bold adventurous man. And your parents were respectable people; they wanted you to have a safe, comfortable life. You could never have been a gambler's bride."

Mrs. Fielding looked at my sister Trudy. "Why, no," she agreed slowly, "no, of course I could not."

"So you married Mr. Fielding," said Trudy. And she whispered sadly, "Only a bird in a gilded cage."

Mrs. Fielding seemed not to have heard the whisper. "Yes," she said, "after a while I married Mr. Fielding."

"And what happened to the Colonel?" breathed Trudy. "Did he go away?"

Mrs. Fielding hesitated. "Why," she said uncertainly, "yes, I suppose he did." It was as if this were the first time she had thought of the question. "Why, yes, I think he must finally have gone away. People always go away," she said, "in one way or another."

We sat there quietly again. I heard Mr. Fielding in the hall. "Angie," I heard him call. Mrs. Fielding rose smiling to greet him. As he came in, he patted me kindly on the shoulder, but he looked first and long, as he always did, at his wife. I said we had to go; I was the practical one. Trudy got up dreamily and we left.

WE WALKED home then, with the long winds of our state blowing at our backs. "The Colonel could never have given up his free reckless life to settle down in this little town," said Trudy romantically. "So she has cherished him in her heart all these years. Only a bird in a gilded cage! Wasn't it prophetic?"

Sometimes Trudy talks like a book, and I think someday she will write one. So I didn't say anything at all. I didn't tell Trudy what I had just learned, what I would remember forever and ever. Who is the bird, and what is the cage? For there is more than one way of going away, and there is a love greater than a man's restless love of change and adventure.

Because old Mr. Fielding's hand, when he patted my shoulder, was still long and slender, and the ring on his finger was a coiled silver serpent with a little emerald for an eye.

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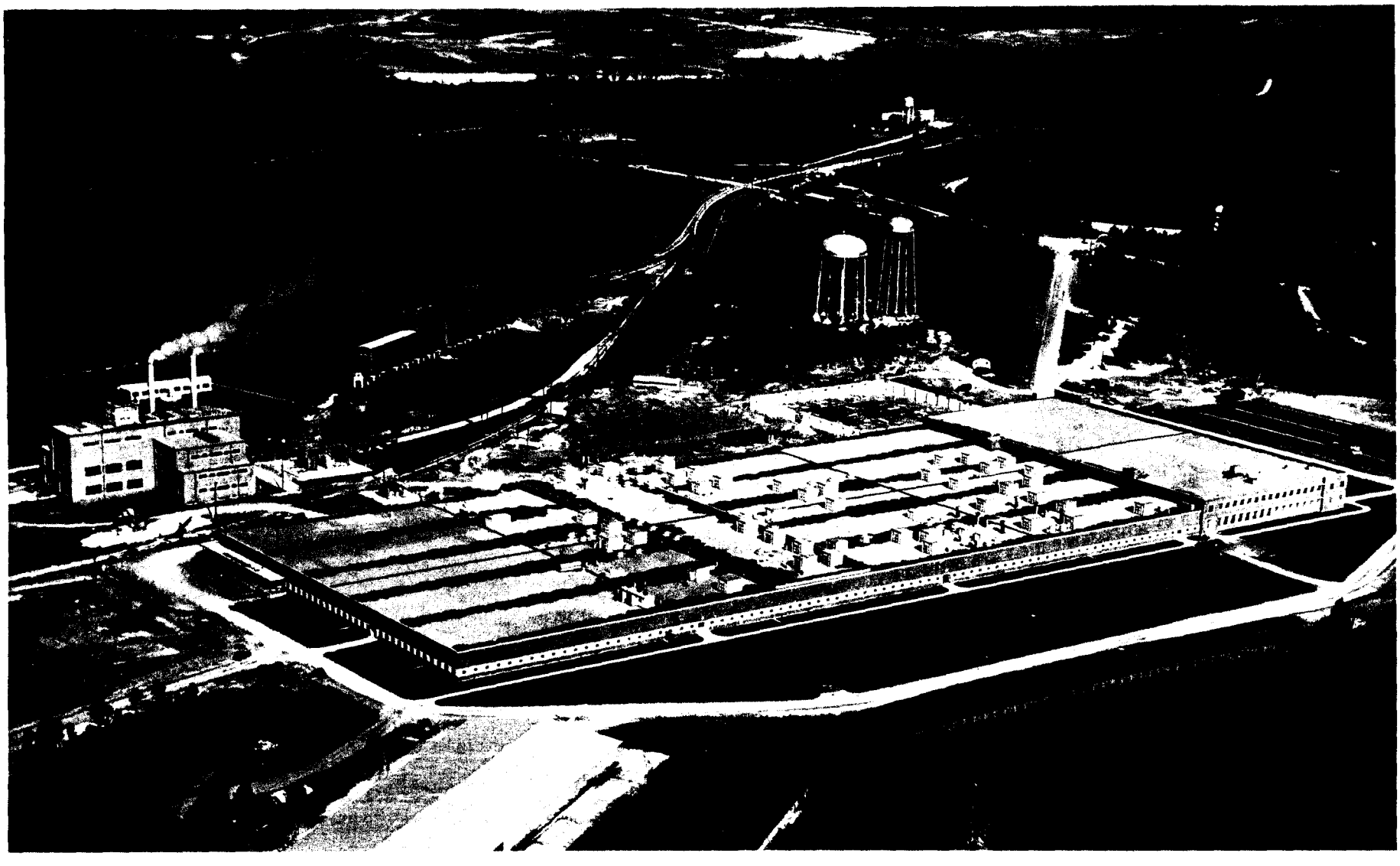

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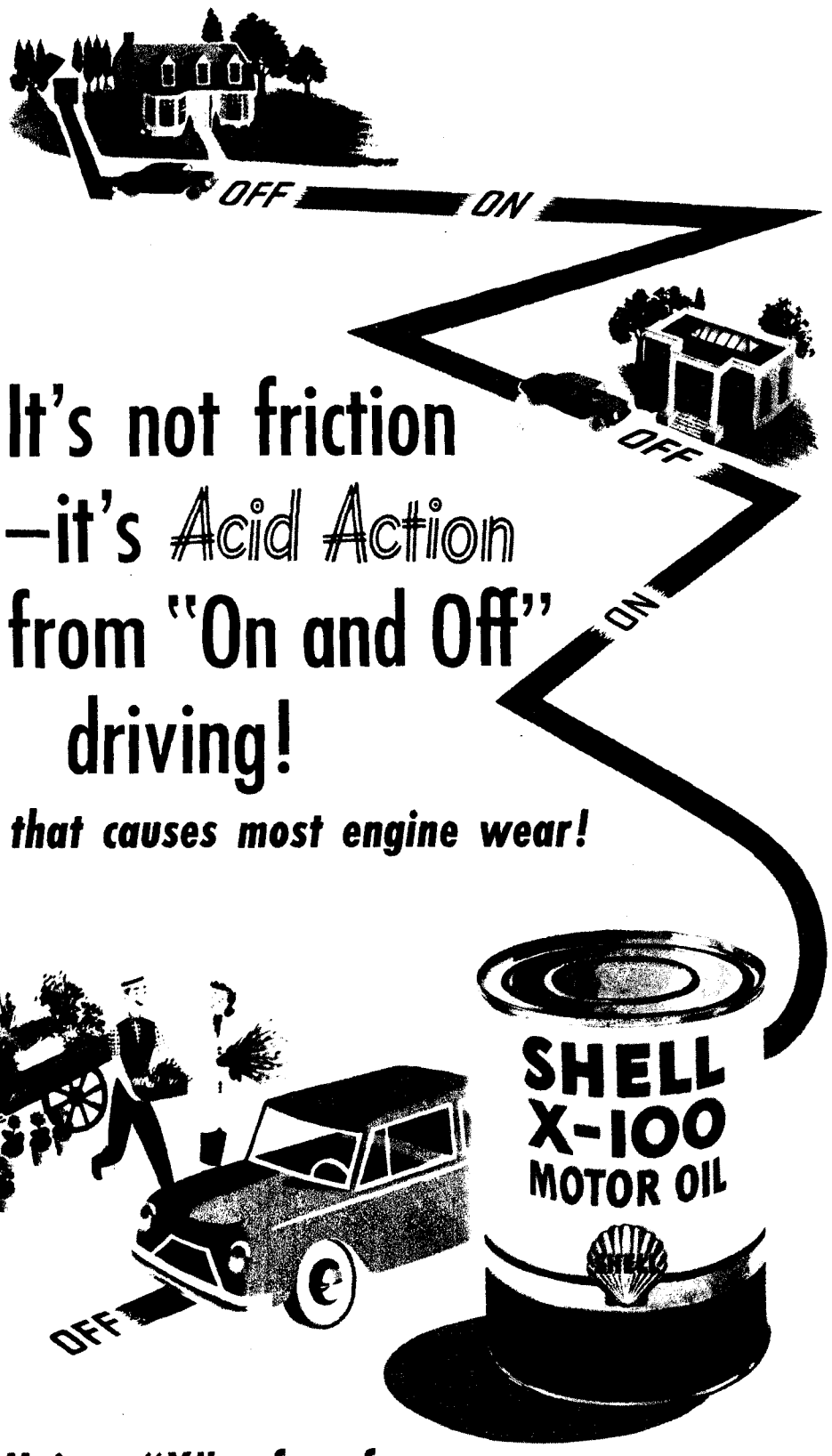

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that causes most engine wear!

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Let your Shell Dealer drain, flush and refill your crankcase with Shell X-100 Motor Oil today.

It's incomparable!

BOMBERS OVER BUNKER HILL

Continued from page 29

reports to headquarters at Floyd Bennett Field, in Brooklyn. These are brushing-up periods for him and his men. Pilots get in their flying time, and mechanics and other service units spend hours preventing their equipment and their mechanical knowledge from getting rusty.

Curtis made his rank the hard way. In 1941 he was a twenty-three-year-old private in the medical department of the Army who had a yen for flying. Before the war was many months old he had earned his wings and later was active in all the airborne invasions in Europe. When General Patton's Third Army was driving across France, Curtis' troop carrier squadron helped keep our invading armies up to par by dropping ammunition and supplies by parachute. When the war ended he found he still had plenty of flying corpuscles in his blood so here he is, a lieutenant colonel in the Air National Guard, and the man who led that attack on unsuspecting Boston.

Thunderbolts for Defense

To fend off any possible counterattack by defense fighter planes, Colonel Curtis brought along three squadrons of P-47s. The 119th from New York and the 137th from Westchester had orders to ride herd on the bombers while the 138th Fighter Squadron, based in Syracuse, was to get a 15-minute head start on the formation to snowplow its way through the aerial opposition they expected.

He realized, of course, that this would be no pushover because his "intelligence" had warned him that the route from the Canadian border was laced with aircraft control and warning units such as that mobile radar outfit in eastern Maine. The boss man of these plane spotters is Bill McBride, a shrewd old-timer who has spent 38 years in the National Guard concocting unpleasant surprises for the enemy. At fifty-seven McBride is district plant superintendent of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company in Fitchburg, Massachusetts. For this Boston TNT party, however, he was Colonel McBride, ANG.

In a dignified sense it was a game of cops and robbers with young Curtis and his bomber squadrons cast as the robbers and McBride as the veteran cop on an outlying beat determined to prevent the crime. The defenders of Boston couldn't have picked a better man for the job. A Signal Corps sergeant in the first World War, McBride won five battle stars with the famous Yankee Division. Years later his duties in the telephone company had given him such a complete background in electronics that he was called back to active duty in 1940 as nursemaid to a lusty new infant prodigy —radar.

Colonel McBride is still an expert in radar detection and, as commander of the 151st Aircraft Control and Warning Group, he is well equipped to keep the New England area free of encroaching "bandits." His headquarters in Commonwealth Armory in Boston is the center of a communications network which, in a matter of seconds, can flash the news of a surprise enemy attack to all defense units in the Northeast. This fact was graphically demonstrated when, while aerial invaders were still hundreds of miles from their targets, the members of his outfit picked them up on their radar screens and sounded the alarm.

Postman Gus Russo was halfway through his route in a Boston suburb the morning of the attack when a messenger brought him the news. Turning his pouch over to a substitute carrier, Gus galloped by taxi to Logan Field. As first sergeant of the 101st Fighter Squadron it was his job to help round up some 200 men—pilots and service group personnel. From all directions they poured into headquarters, each to take his specific place in this defense jigsaw puzzle.

Gus was no stranger to war, having been a B-17 gunner in Europe through several campaigns. His plane was finally shot up near Berlin and Gus bailed out to mark time in a prison camp until Nazi Germany gave her last gasp. Chubby Staff Sergeant John Forde and other crew chiefs in the fighter squadron did the preflight checking of their planes before turning them over to the pilots. During the attack, Forde, a painter and decorator, still wore his smeared white overalls and cap.

Logan Field was a buzzing beehive that balmy spring morning. Commercial transport planes, which ordinarily used it as a Boston terminal, were shunted off until the last Thunderbolt in the 101st had streaked away down the runway and into the air, looking for trouble. Necks craned, the ground crews watched them rendezvous into formation and disappear to the north.

In the lead plane of the squadron was a Boston leather merchant, Charley Sweeney—Lieutenant Colonel Charles W. Sweeney, an incurable airman. At twenty-nine Charley should be settling down seriously to his prospering leather business, but as Chief of Staff of the 67th Fighter Wing, he feels more at home in the cockpit of a Thunderbolt.

There are definite, understandable reasons for this feeling. As a military test pilot during the early years of the last war, Charley had tried to knock the brains and guts out of every new type of Air Force plane until even this became boring. Then he got his first big chance. Ordered to Pacific duty, he spent months rehearsing for a single aerial mission which was to revolutionize the entire concept of world warfare—the atomic bombing of Hiroshima.

When the Enola Gay loosed that first combat atomic bomb over Japan, Sweeney was pilot of the B-29 flying wing on her with a planeload of scientists who simultaneously dropped recording instruments by parachute to check the results of the raid. Three days later, Charley Sweeney had even a brighter place in the sun, piloting the B-29 which dropped the second atomic bomb on Nagasaki.

Hard to Keep Him on Ground

After a brace of experiences like that it's not easy to keep a man down on the ground selling leather seven days a week. He first took time out to help train the B-29 crew for the Bikini experiment, then, after a year of civilian life, he found himself back in service with the Air National Guard.

On that flight north from Boston, Charley's radio earphones chattered a running account of the whole operation. His other fighter squadrons were strategically based in Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine waiting their respective turns to make dummy, but realistic, runs on the mythical enemy force.

During the counterattack, a great deal happened in a very short space of time to Charley Sweeney and his men. Things like this:

"Triumphant Leader, this is Vesicant. Enemy aircraft at 12,000 feet at Yoke Fox 5172. Vector three five five degrees. Over!" The Direction Center in Boston, using coded call signals, was reporting again and Sweeney changed his squadron's course slightly toward Manchester. A few minutes later he heard another voice, "Tallyho!" Looking down, and to his left, he saw two squadrons of bomb-

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ers, with a fighter escort, several thousand feet below.

That tallyho message, meaning the enemy had been sighted, came from one of his right-hand men, Major Fred Christensen, manager of a television shop in Boston. Fred's eyes had been well trained in sighting enemy aircraft. During the late war he had flown 107 missions in Europe, piloting P-38s and Spitfires. He hadn't been satisfied with just spotting the enemy; in a single year he shot down 22 of them. On one occasion Fred was flying over the Magdeburg airdrome in Germany, minding his own and the enemy's business, when he saw six military transports, loaded with Nazi troops, taking off. He waited until they were airborne, then swooped down and knocked off all six in less than two minutes.

The major was ripe for a little dogfight drill now and so was Colonel Sweeney, who had just gone into a power dive with the rest of the squadron following. When the F-47s (formerly the P-47s) pulled out over the tails of their targets they were doing 500 miles an hour. Naturally the enemy escort fighters had to get in their licks, too, and although not a shot was fired, the resulting melee was a honey.

The bulletless battle was over shortly after it started and the bombers flew on to make their theoretical attack on the Boston targets. Colonel Sweeney's fighters, their mission accomplished, returned to Logan Field.

Following a critique with his squadron pilots, Curtis sent an analytical report of the operation upstairs to the commander of the 52d Fighter Wing, Colonel Clyde H. Mitchell. Charley Sweeney also submitted his version of it to his immediate boss, Brigadier General Louis E. Boutwell, commanding the 67th Fighter Wing. In each summary they listed the lessons learned that day and made recommendations for changes of technique in future operations.

The mythical Battle of Boston was over. It won't go down in military history as an epic of the air but it does prove that if we are forced into another war we will have a powerful adjunct to our Air Force all set to stave off similar attacks. This training operation in New England is only one of the preparedness drills the Air National Guard is constantly staging all over the United States to keep its civilian volunteers on their military toes.

Before October, 1945, there was no Air National Guard. There had been a few, scattered squadrons of observation planes flown by guardsmen, but no fighters or bombers. Today the ANG flies most of the defensive fighter planes operative in this country. In over-all figures, the National Guard has 2,119 planes of all types, manned and serviced by more than 40,000 officers and enlisted airmen. Of this personnel only 13 per cent are on permanent duty as skeleton crews; the remainder, holding down jobs in civilian life, are always on tap for a call to arms.

The Chief Has an Ambition

From a busy office in the Pentagon Building in Washington, Major General George G. Finch, chief of this volunteer war fire department, guides 489 ANG units throughout the country. The authorized strength of his outfit is 514 units and he's working his head off to hit this defense jack pot by the end of 1949.

Should he achieve this, two other persons presiding in the Pentagon are certain to give three rousing cheers. One is his boss, Major General Kenneth F. Cramer, Chief of the National Guard Bureau. The other is General Finch's Deputy Chief, Colonel W. A. R. Robertson, who has adopted the Air National Guard as his protégé. "Robby" comes honestly by those symbolic initials. A flier in both World Wars he had spent the last few postwar years bringing up the Air National Guard to its current strength.

With these three experts at the controls and with the wholehearted support of the individual states and territories which the Air National Guard is committed to defend, the future of these week-end warriors seems assured.

COLLIER'S

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Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

It's Derby Day down Kentucky way this week—the 75th for the Derby and the 75th for Colonel Matt Winn

CHARLIE PRICE, secretary of Churchill Downs, was not looking for a new suit that autumn afternoon in 1902 when he visited Matt Winn's tailor shop in the downtown section of Louisville.

"Matt," Price said bluntly, "you've got to buy Churchill Downs. If you don't, the track will close—and that will be the end of the Kentucky Derby."

"I like to play the horses," Winn said, "but my business is tailoring. You'll have to find another customer."

But Price could not find another customer for the Downs—an unattractive racing property that had lost money steadily for 27 years. And it developed that Matt Winn, who had seen the first Derby ever run when he was thirteen and had not missed one since, could not hold out for long against the bleak prospect of a Louisville without horse racing. Winn liked to bet the long shots.

So, two weeks after Price's visit, Winn raised $40,000 among his close friends and put it on a long shot—Churchill Downs. "Might as well lose the money on the track as lose it to the bookmakers," Winn remarked to Price as the deal was closed.

Surprisingly, the Derby of 1903 showed a slight profit, and Winn's backers asked him to become full-time general manager of the Downs. Matt hesitated. He could think of a lot of good reasons for not accepting, but he took the job. He raised the Kentucky Derby from sectional obscurity to national prominence and then made it the greatest racing show on earth. He became this planet's best-known racing executive and a ranking colonel in Kentucky's vast honorary army. In time, he became even better known than the horses. People who have never heard of Twenty Grand or Count Fleet can identify Colonel Matt Winn.

Today, eighty-eight years young, he is still on the job at Churchill Downs. There have been 74 Kentucky Derbies and Colonel Winn has seen them all. The Diamond Jubilee Derby on May 7th will be the colonel's diamond jubilee, too.

Physically and financially, the 75th Kentucky Derby will follow the unique pattern established by its predecessors. It will be run before the usual capacity crowd of 100,000. There will be a Hollywood contingent headed by Bing Crosby, a society section led by the Vanderbilts and the Whitneys, a discreet and mannerly gambling delegation from the big syndicates in Chicago, New York and Miami. But, as usual, the bulk of the crowd will be plain, ordinary citizens who are horse-happy.

Colonel Winn will co-operate by opening the pari-mutuel windows at 8:30 A.M. and by seeing to it that watery mint juleps are served to weary, waiting bettors throughout the morning and early afternoon at $1.25 per serving (with all rights to the glass deeded to the purchaser).

This deluge of slightly delirious Derby visitors will rain $3,000,000 on Louisville merchants. It will enrich Churchill Downs pari-mutuels by approximately $2,700,000. It will make bookmakers all over the world happy and prosperous.

Considering this vast financial investment in an entertainment which will last two minutes and a few seconds, it seems only sporting that slightly more than half the assemblage—say 55,000 lucky grandstand and box-seat ticket holders—actually will see the horses run around the mile-and-a-quarter track.

The remaining 45,000 contributors—jammed into the infield or behind the rail on the clubhouse side—won't see much except the back of somebody's neck or a flash of bright silk as the horses thunder past. But that's all right. Everybody will go home happy, ready and eager to come back next year for the 76th Derby.

For some wonderful reason—perhaps it is the mint juleps or the nostalgia stirred up by the soft, sweet strains of My Old Kentucky Home as the horses prance forth from the paddock—Derby addicts never have attached overwhelming importance to seeing the horses run. They don't have to see the Derby to believe in it. That is the May magic Colonel Winn weaves at Churchill Downs.

It must be magic, because Churchill Downs is a rickety, shabby track compared to luxurious Santa Anita or haughty Hialeah. While the Derby is the oldest consecutively run American race, it is not actually the oldest, nor does it offer the richest purse. There are even some technical-minded trainers who will testify that the Derby is run too early to be a real test of three-year-olds.

A valid objection, perhaps, but even the technical-minded trainers admit they would rather win the too-early Derby than any other race. Owners and jockeys feel the same way. So do their families. When Eddie Arcaro squeezed back into the jockey quarters after winning on Citation last year, his face was a smear of lipstick.

"My wife did it," Eddie grinned. "Ain't she crazy? She ran right across the track in all that mud and lost both her shoes. They're out there somewhere on the track right now. She was so happy she just couldn't wait."

What has the Kentucky Derby got that other races haven't got? The answer always comes back to Colonel Matt Winn. The colonel has been racing's most colorful and best-loved figure for almost half a century. The Derby is the colonel's personal horse race and—well, that makes the Derby the most colorful and best-loved horse race of them all.

Ever since Regret, the only filly ever to win the Derby, put the Churchill Downs classic in the national sportlight in 1915, Colonel Winn has kept it there with a shrewd use of publicity, promotion and his own colorful personality. The colonel knows how to tell a good story. Reporters visiting the Downs always go home with enough Colonel Winn anecdotes to last until the next Derby.

While most of the colonel's stories naturally deal with the Derby, he is too subtle a publicist not to insert some tales that are slightly, but not too far, afield. For instance, there was the time the colonel and Jim Butler promoted winter meetings at Ciudad Juárez and met the notorious Pancho Villa.

"Villa never asked for money," the colonel remembers. "Pancho was smart enough to get what he wanted without asking. Like the time he volunteered to send his band to play at one of our opening days. Unfortunately, his musicians had nothing but ragged uniforms, but Villa said he knew we would want to provide his men with new uniforms suitable to the occasion. We said we would be happy to—and Villa sent us a hundred-piece band."

Occasionally, Villa was helpful. Pancho stopped all stealing from the Juárez stables with a note:

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 71)

Colonel Winn and the Derby winners that have meant the most to him: Regret (top left), Citation (right) and Exterminator (bottom)

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☆ ☆ ☆ with the Stars

By JACK CLOWSER

Each month one of the nation's leading sports authorities writes a special sports article for this page, "With the Stars." Each article carries the sign-off signature of the writer. All statements contained therein are the author's own and in no way are to be construed as an endorsement of Wilson Sporting Goods Co. or its products. Neither does the Wilson Sporting Goods Co. necessarily subscribe to any comments by the author. Jack Clowser, ace sports writer on The Cleveland Press, is this month's contributor.

—*Wilson Sporting Goods Co.*

DILLARD'S BIG MOMENT

EX-PRIVATE First Class Harrison Dillard, veteran of the Italian front, stood ramrod-stiff once more as they raised the flag. This time the ceremony had an unusual connotation. It was for him alone, winner of the 100-meter dash at the 14th Olympiad, inheritor of fellow-townsman Jesse Owens' mantle as the world's fastest human.

I scrambled down the steps of London's Wembley Stadium, intent on recording the reactions of this miracle athlete who had just dissolved a fairy tale into truth. Eighty-two thousand people, most of whom had forgotten British reserve, were roaring tribute to the slim Negro from little Baldwin-Wallace College.

"Try hard to describe how you felt up on the victory stand," I suggested.

Dillard blinked rapidly. Twin tears of joyous emotion trembled on his eyelids and brimmed over.

"It seemed to me," he began, "as though this was the absolute climax of everything I've dreamed and worked for. When all these people got to their feet as they played the Star-Spangled Banner, and I watched the flag going up the mast, the hair on the back of my neck stood straight out. I was filled with the most exalted feeling I'll ever get, even if I live to be 100."

Thus, as superbly as he had won his Olympic championship, the 25-year-old Clevelander described the finest moment that can come to any athlete.

Thus did he finish redeeming a broken promise.

A month before, he had ascended the speaker's rostrum in his home city, where a civic celebration in his honor had attracted governors, mayors, business and sports leaders.

Dillard, winner of 82 consecutive hurdle and sprint races, wholesale breaker of world hurdling records, had been overwhelmed. Moved to absolute recklessness, he had made the only pre-race prediction of his career.

"If you kind people can do so much for me," he said, "it is only proper that I do something in return. So I'll promise to bring back to Cleveland the Olympic high hurdles championship."

Then came his day of tribulation. In the final U. S. Olympic team trials at Evanston, Ill., Dillard had suffered the appalling misfortune of crashing into the barriers.

True, he had qualified for the team by taking third place in the 100-meter dash behind Barney Ewell and Mel Patton. But in the course of the fallen hurdles seemed to lie buried his hope for an international triumph. Hurdling, a high art of the cinderpath, was his specialty.

In vaultlike gloom beneath the stands, Dillard put his arms on the shoulders of his inconsolable coach, Eddie Finnigan.

"Don't take it so hard," he pleaded. "After all, I am on the team. I did make the boat."

Then he turned to me, smiling wryly.

"I'll never make another promise as long as I live," he said.

From then until after the Olympics, Dillard shelved the hurdles. With the unquenchable desire that marks his brilliant career, he worked to prove himself the fastest sprinter of all.

As he sat on the edge of his bed at the Olympic Village five nights before the opening of competition at London, he had an acute premonition.

"I was just pulling off my shirt when it flashed over me that I was going to win the hundred," he related. "I'm not superstitious, you know I wore No. 13 track jersey for three years, but it was amazing, the composure this brought me. I had complete confidence after that."

Through three rounds of elimination heats, Dillard sped undefeated into the final along with Mel Patton and Barney Ewell of the United States; Alastair McCorquodale, the British Empire champion; Lloyd LaBeach of Panama, and MacDonald Bailey of Trinidad.

These, then, were the six survivors of an original field of 75 gathered from all over the earth, each hoping to become the fastest man of his time.

It seemed unlikely, after all, that Dillard could prevail. Hadn't Patton run 100 yards in 9.3 seconds, and hadn't his coach, Dean Cromwell, proclaimed him "by far" the greatest sprinter who ever lived? Hadn't LaBeach and Ewell both equalled the world record of 10.2 seconds for 100 meters earlier that season?

After two breaks, they flashed away perfectly. Dillard simply exploded from his blocks. He was never headed, leading from start to finish. At the tape, his margin over the fast-closing Ewell was 18 inches, his time 10.3 seconds despite a six-mile an hour headwind, a performance that tied the Olympic record set by Michigan's Eddie Tolan in 1932 and matched in 1936 by Ohio State's Jesse Owens.

"Tell the folks back home I hope this makes up for my broken promise," Dillard beamed.

Many honors followed. Included was an invitation to Buckingham Palace, where he was the only American member of his race to be greeted by the King and Queen. But the recognition he most appreciated was utterly spontaneous.

When the newspaper, radio and cameramen released him that day at Wembley, the rest of the American team already had returned to Olympic Village. They were at dinner when Dillard made his tardy entrance.

"What happened gave me my biggest thrill out of the Olympics," related Irving Mondschein, New York University's decathlon star. "We all got to our feet, just as if it had been pre-arranged, and gave Harrison a terrific round of applause. I can't think of anyone on the team who could have won a more popular victory, or who would have carried himself more graciously through it."

—*Jack Clowser*

* * *

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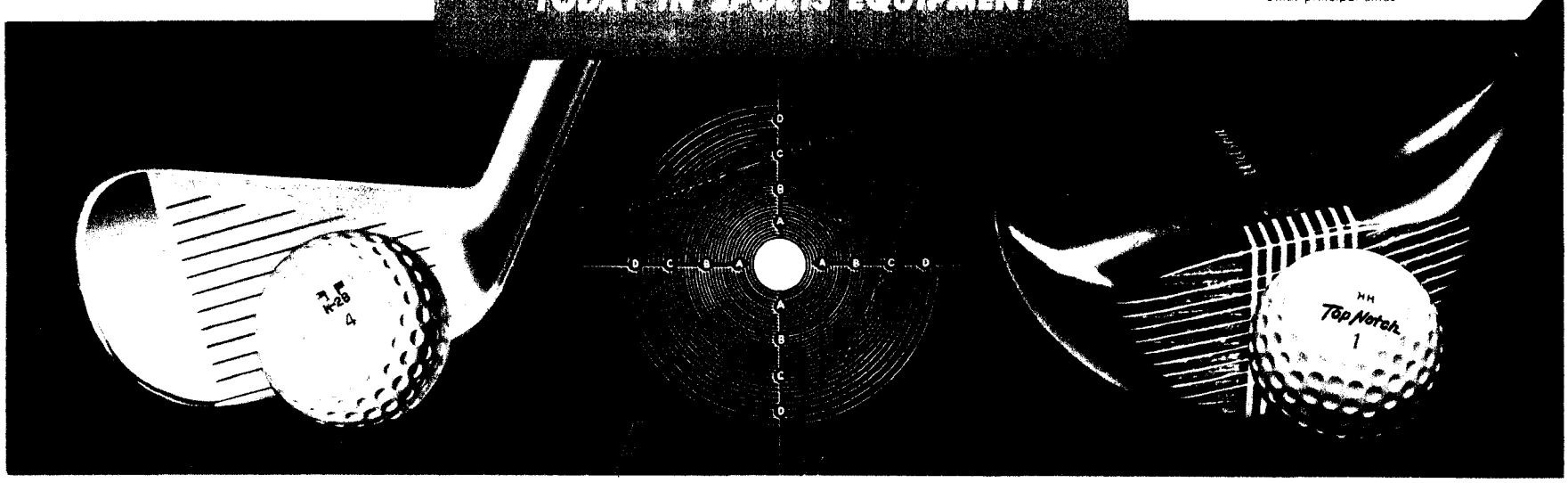

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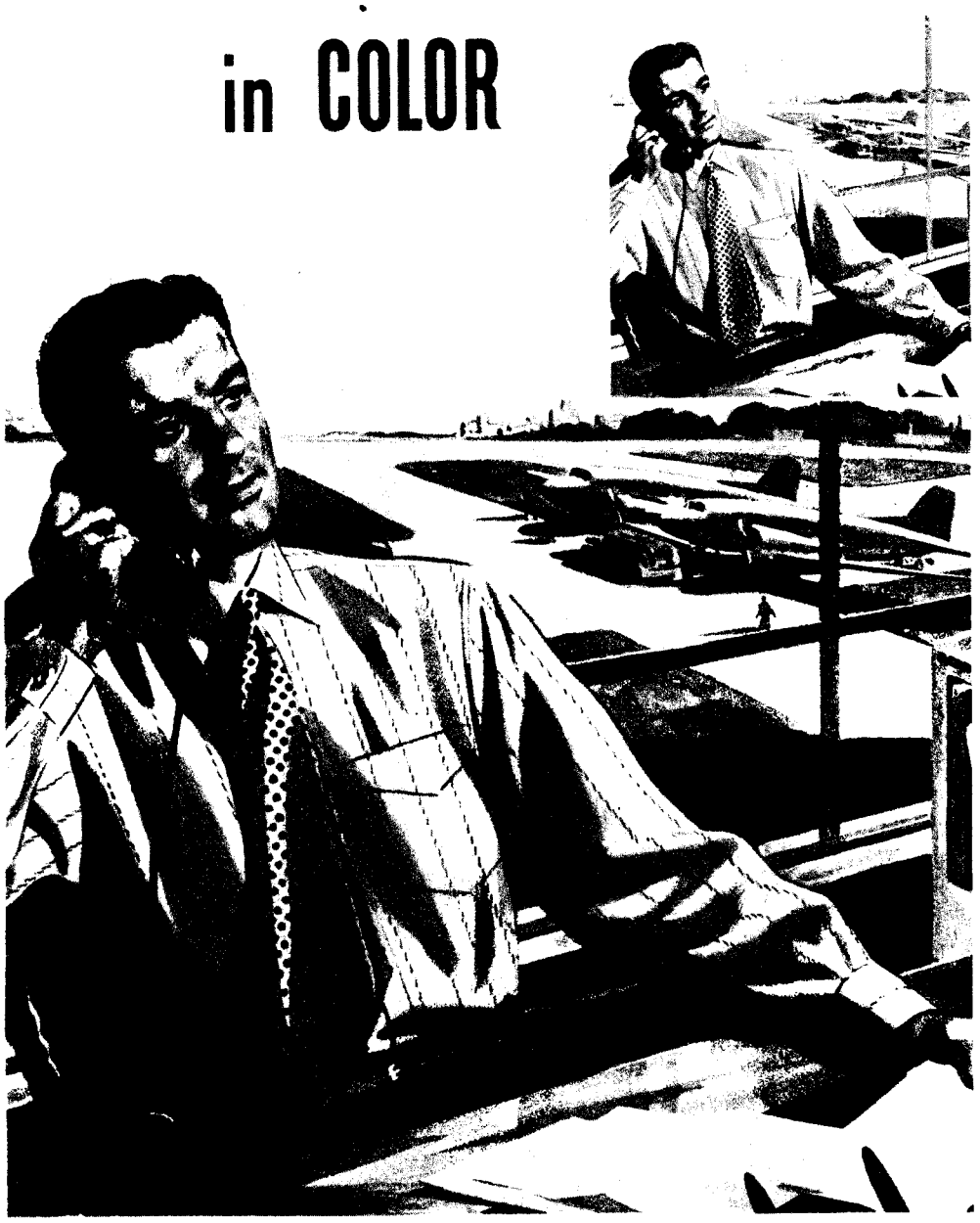

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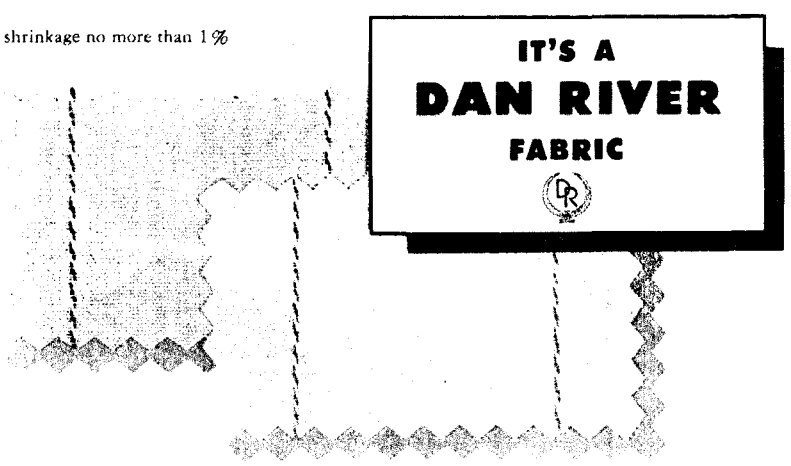

BEHOLD, THE UNIVERSE!

Continued from page 22

examining his "take" under special microscopes at his office. Hour by hour, day after day, he scrutinizes photographs such as those accompanying this article. Measurements in hundred-thousandths of an inch are for him routine. Comparisons with other plates, estimates of the blackness of images, studies of shape and size—these occupy him for two weeks during the light of the moon. Meanwhile, his colleagues, using giant spectrographs, which are not handicapped by moonlight, take their turn on Palomar. Slowly the pattern of the incredibly fertile universe is revealed. And suddenly, a discovery!

Perhaps it is an island of stars never seen before, like the smallest spots on these pictures. Perhaps it is something new in the magnificent drapery of light in a big, near-by nebula. Perhaps it is a minute shift in the expected position of some faint but familiar object. Or, if the photographs were taken with a spectroscope, it may be the exact position of small black lines cast by atoms glowing hundreds of millions of light-years away. At any rate, some infinitesimal bit that may fit into the fascinating cosmic puzzle is the day-by-day goal.

Nature Is a Cunning Adversary

Why does he do it? Why do astronomers enjoy spending a lifetime of patient plodding in the dark? For them it is as lively as the life of the race track; they are gamblers, playing for high stakes in a game against ignorance. They are trying to outwit nature at her most cunning, to pry from her clutches bits of fact so infinitesimal that only a master could piece them together. To these men it is a sport, and the best winnings are those that lead only to further and more difficult contests with even stiffer odds.

And nature is a sly opponent indeed. The most delicate observations that will be made on Palomar will probably not be possible on more than a score of nights in the year, when the "seeing" is exceptional. The thick, seemingly invisible atmosphere that clings to the earth is no better than cheap window glass when it comes to transmitting light that has been on its way a billion years.

Lucky men they are, too. They have security and peace and all of a lifetime to work. They have the finest equipment that money can buy and are themselves the best judges of the value of what they have done. They are never through for there is more work to be done than any one man can accomplish in a lifetime. They live with the impartial stars, and their opponent, nature, is rigidly fair. Who could ask more of a job than that?

Three broad periods have brought astronomy to this most tremendous phase of discovery. In the first, men studied the planets with tiny hand telescopes, and speculated vaguely about the stars. In the second, astronomy became a science in which greatly improved equipment was used to yield many secrets of the billions of stars in our own Milky Way. What lay beyond the Milky Way was an intriguing mystery.

The 100-inch on Mount Wilson pioneered the third period, opening the vast reaches of the outer universe. New, tremendous questions were posed. Was this universe endless? Was it exploding, flying apart, as Edwin P. Hubble's work with the 100-inch telescope suggested? Cosmologists, who were eagerly joining the game, did not know. It was this magnificent challenge that Hale determinedly met with his plan for the Palomar giant.

Today we see the opening of the fourth period, when the utmost depths of space may be taken from the haziness of speculation to the realities of an exact science.

The general plan of attack is to find out how these millions of outer star worlds, called galaxies, are distributed, so that a true model of the whole universe may be constructed. The difficulties will be enormous. Thousands of photographs and spectrograms must be taken to learn how far away these small spots of light really are. Astronomers must analyze the color of the light; they must compare incredible numbers of objects with one another, using the nearer galaxies as guides. They must try to pick out, in stellar systems 100 times too faint to be seen with the eye, single stars and study them as they now study the stars of our own constellations.

An impossible job? No more impossible than to lay open and study single atoms half a hundred-millionth of an inch across, as the physicists are doing.

For much of its work the 200-inch telescope will team up with another smaller instrument called the Schmidt camera in carrying out its extraordinary assignments. The Palomar giant has such concentrated power that it can photograph a patch of sky no bigger than the head of a pin seen at arm's length, while the 48-inch Schmidt on Palomar can take in with a single photograph an area perhaps a thousand times as large.

The big Schmidt will be used in a methodical search for spots in the sky where some of the answers in astronomy may lie. If the 200-inch were to make this survey alone it is estimated that it would have to take 600,000 pictures—a job that would require several thousand years of steady nights' work to complete. The Schmidt camera will do it in about four years. A complete sky survey is planned to begin this summer.

Some of the photographs taken by the 48-inch Schmidt are shown on pages 22 and 23. Because of its extremely wide field it has brought into focus thousands of stars and nebulae that would be missing on single plates of other telescopes. Some are 300,000,000 light-years away. This, however, is only one third as far as the 200-inch can penetrate when it is called into play. But the 48-inch Schmidt is farseeing enough to rough out the field of new discovery.

Pictures Show a Discovery

The series of three photographs on page 22 provides a graphic example of one use of the Schmidt. The first picture is of our own Milky Way. Clouds of dust drifting between the Milky Way's millions of suns have obstructed our view into the outer universe which lies beyond.

One of the Schmidt pictures indicates a "window," or gap, in the black dust curtain. The oblong marked in white on picture No. 1 contains that window, but it is far too small to be seen. Picture No. 2 shows this area enlarged. A distant galaxy is now barely discernible through the gap. The oblong in the second picture was further enlarged and is shown as photo No. 3. Now the galaxy can readily be seen. This is an important discovery; one that was anticipated but never before made because no telescope could take in so large a field as the Schmidt.

However startling, these are only preliminary steps. The 200-inch has not got to work on this patch of the universe yet.

The remarkable Schmidt was invented about 23 years ago by a one-armed optician working in a German laboratory. He designed and built the first telescope of this type but died before its value was generally known. Others have perfected

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it since. In its throat the modern Schmidt holds a thin glass "correction plate" with such intricate surfaces that it is extremely difficult to make. Back in the breech it carries a spherical mirror, and in between, a plateholder for catching the photograph.

The Schmidt camera helps solve the great problem of photographic speed; it can be designed for a speed of f/2, or even greater. Even more important, it has the sharpness of a microscope, over a tremendous field of view, making pictures that can cover a whole magazine page and still retain the utmost beauty of detail throughout.

Though Schmidt, like Hale, died without knowing the tremendous value of the instrument he left behind, his work has gone on in able hands. Optical experts everywhere have learned to make the difficult glass "correction plate" with near-perfect accuracy.

The 48-inch Schmidt will soon begin to turn up many sky areas of outstanding value to astronomy. Thousands of galaxies will appear on single plates, including many never seen before. The Schmidt will also reveal, now and then, the rare cosmic accident called the supernova, which is an ordinary star suddenly blazing forth with thousands or millions of times its usual brilliance.

When a supernova is found the 200-inch telescope will be trained on it for detailed study that may reveal in flashes of light the birth or death of a star.

Mysteries Within the Milky Way

Part of the Palomar program will include work much nearer home, in our own Milky Way. Though hundreds of men have been patiently analyzing our own stars, they still don't know too much about them. Nor do they understand the mysterious clouds of dust and gas that float in vast patches of black, like giant thunderstorms gathering for trouble. Are these clouds the raw material out of which new stars will be born, or are they the inert remains of stars that have blown up and died? The Palomar giant may someday give us the answer.

There are still many intriguing puzzles right across the way in our own solar system. Although the Palomar telescopes were designed for a specialized task that does not emphasize planetary studies, the astronomers certainly plan to have a look at our immediate neighbors. Dr. Edwin P. Hubble, world authority on the outer universe, thinks it possible that photographs can be taken that will end, once and for all, the fascinating controversy about the canals on Mars. Is there life on Mars? Or are the vague evidences of canals there merely an optical illusion?

Unfortunately, the question will not be decided for at least five years because Mars will not be in a good position for a careful look until 1954. And our own atmosphere is so wobbly a photographic medium that even the finest instruments in the world may not be capable of getting pictures that will tell the full story even then.

Are There Other Earths?

One more question tickles the imagination of every man—and every astronomer as well: Are there other earths outside? Do some stars have planets, just as our own sun? And do men live on them, perhaps with telescopes that are searching for *us?*

We shall probably never know, for the light reflected from a microscopic planet deep in the sky is so faint that no telescope could possibly pick it up. The bad factor again is our atmosphere, loaded as it is with water vapor and countless atoms of gas which absorb and distort incoming light. Only by establishing a Buck Rogers platform out in space could our telescopes escape this blanket so carefully pulled over our eyes.

For the present, we have to be content with one faint fact: Among the billions of billions of stars in the universe, the law of averages insists that there *must* be something like our solar system somewhere.

The peculiar, slight wobbling of a few stars, observed with high-precision instruments, suggests that unseen satellites *might* be there. For a long time yet, we shall never be sure.

These men who devote their lives to building such tremendous mechanisms as the Giant of Palomar Mountain are men like ourselves, yet they are finding out, little by little, the answers to creation itself. It is an inspiration to us all to believe, through them, that there are few mysteries which human ingenuity and patience cannot in the course of time resolve.

"I do appreciate what you've done for me, even though I made you do it"

COLLIER'S — CHON DAY

Know your Scotch

If you were to travel through the Highlands, the Lowlands, and the Western Isles of Scotland, you would find blue smoke curling from at least a hundred small pot stills. And you would learn that no two Scotch malts are exactly alike in character, flavour and aroma. However—most Scotsmen agree that the noblest malt whiskies are produced in the north, in the heart of the Scottish Highlands.

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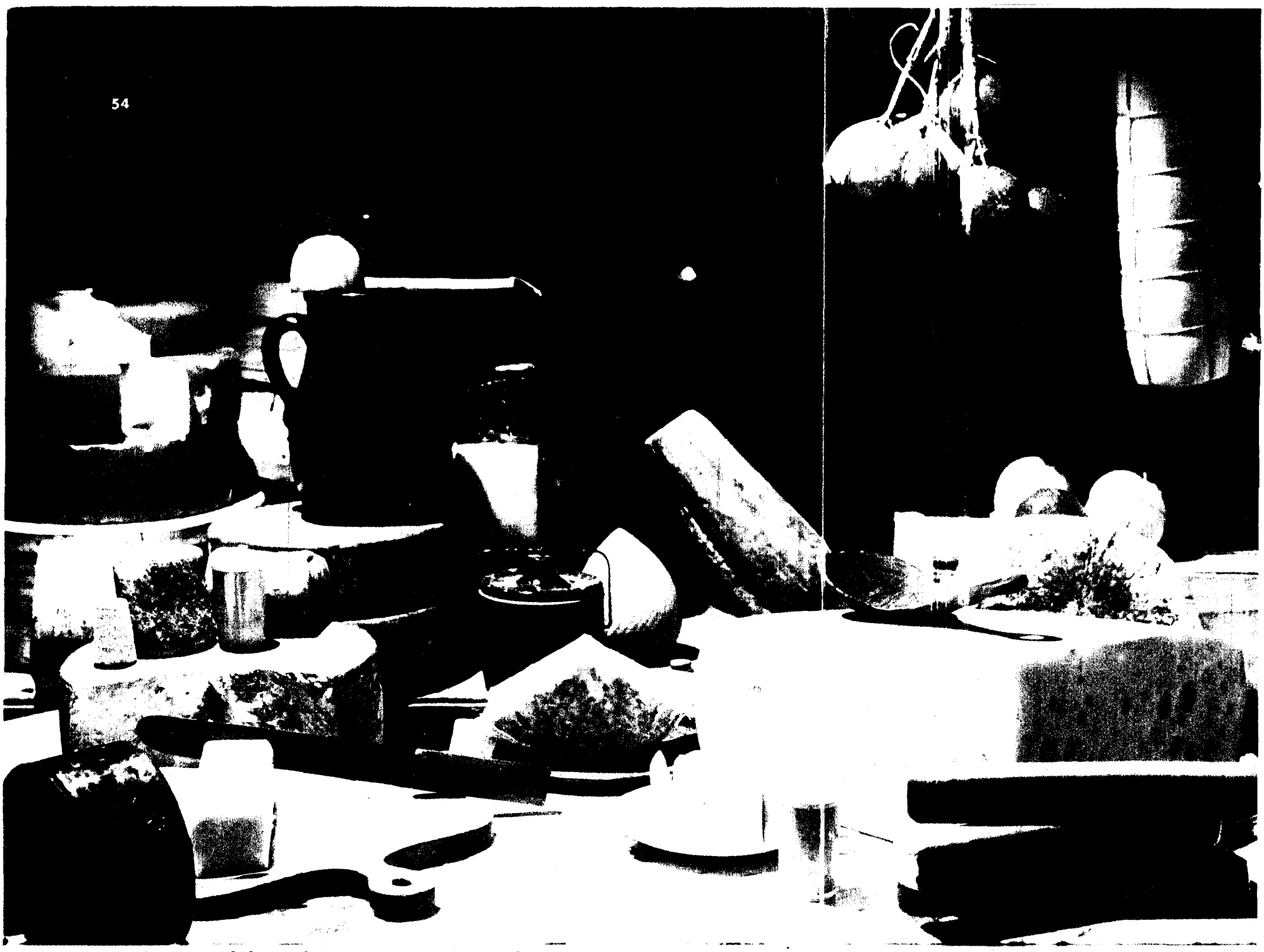

Fine processed cheeses that come in jars, packages and loaves combine with the natural varieties to make a well-rounded cheese family

Cheese For A Change

American cheese-making brings almost every cheese that's made anywhere in the world to your table—with quality and flavor equal to those of the countries of their origin

By CHARLOTTE ADAMS

THE history of cheese is fascinating. Take Cheddar for instance. It dates way back to the 17th century—back to a little town called Cheddar in Somersetshire, England. Out of this we have what we call today American or mousetrap cheese—apple pie cheese (Father always said "apple pie without the cheese is like a kiss without the squeeze!"). Cheddar is rich, mild or sharp, according to the aging—a favorite for making rabbits and sauces, for the lunchbox or counter sandwich.

But our purpose in telling you about cheeses is to encourage you to adventure a bit, to spread out beyond the tried and true. There are varieties to meet every taste. Most of us, through lack of knowledge, don't take half the advantage we might of its versatility on the menu. Did you ever have blue cheese biscuits for breakfast? They're so sharp, short and good that my recipe, which makes 18 or 20, won't be enough for an average family.

I don't know of a lighter, tastier dish for lunch than a cheese soufflé. It has a stick-to-the-ribs quality but doesn't leave you ready to curl up for an afternoon nap. Your own cookbook will give you recipes for this by the score.

There just isn't a course at dinner that doesn't shout for cheese. I don't mean to put them all together at the same meal. One cheese dish at a meal is enough for balance. You can start with cheese soup or have a main dish of Eggplant Supreme with everything in it—rice, meat, vegetable and cheese. Salads and salad dressings are naturals for a variety of cheeses and so are desserts.

Now before you go adventuring, let me give you a few basic tips about how to take care of the cheeses you will buy. And remember that there is no one more eager to enlighten you than the merchant who sells them.

Never refrigerate the moldy cheeses, such as blue and Gorgonzola. They like a temperature up to 60 degrees. If you keep such soft cheeses as Camembert and Liederkranz in your refrigerator take them out and let them soften and warm up a couple of hours before serving. And *any* natural cheese stored in the refrigerator should be kept covered and wrapped in cheesecloth, which is removed and washed every few days.

Send a self-addressed stamped envelope for such recipes as Blue Cheese Biscuits, Cheese Soup, Eggplant Supreme, Cour à la Crème and others, to Collier's Food Editor, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York.

Cheeses from Phil Alpert, "Cheese of All Nations"

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ELLESTAD—RAWLINGS STUDIO

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Pacemaker in Paints: SPRED-Flat; SPRED-Luster; Japalac; Ripolin Enamel; Spray-Day-Lite; Endurance House Paint; Gliddenspar Varnish; Nubelite; Industrial Paints; Industrial Lacquers; Enamels and Varnishes; Glidair Aviation Finishes • ***And in all these other fields:*** **FOODS:** Durkee's Famous Dressing; Durkee's Margarine; Durkee's Mayonnaise; Durkee's Salad Dressing; Durkee's Shortening; Durkee's Shred Coconut; Durkee's Spices and Worcestershire Sauce; Durkee's Puff Pastry Margarines and Shortenings for the Bakery Trade; Special Ingredients for Confectioners • **SOYBEAN PRODUCTS:** Alpha* Protein; Prosein*; Fine Chemicals; Glidden Lecithin; Soya Flour and Grits; Albusoy*; Soybean Meal and Flakes • **FEEDS:** Poultry and Livestock • **VEGETABLE OILS:** Soybean Oils; Coconut Oils; Cottonseed Oils; Peanut Oils; Corn Oils; Palm Oils; Linseed Oil • **CHEMICALS AND PIGMENTS:** Titanium Dioxide; Lithopone; Cadmium Colors; Litharge; Red Lead; Euston White Lead; Cuprous Oxide; Zinc Sulphate Crystals • **METALS AND MINERALS:** Powdered Iron, Copper and Lead; Glidden Type Metal • **NAVAL STORES:** Tars and Resins; Turpentine; Solvents; Synthetic Rubber Compounds; Compounds for Plastics.

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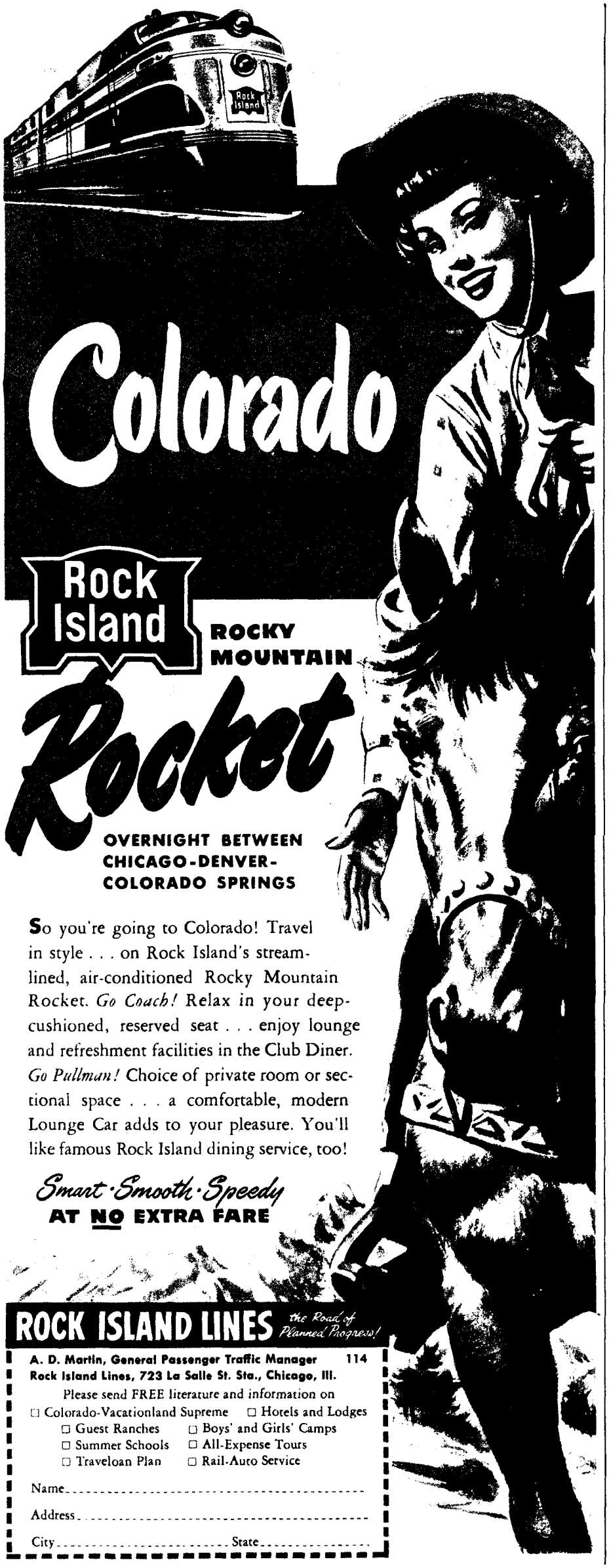
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PRIDE'S CASTLE

Continued from page 31

"I know. My congratulations, Lance. I'm not going to discuss you—I'm going away with Pride."

Lance stood there holding his hat foolishly in his hands. The crash of the door, as Lilith slammed it, awakened him from his reverie. Then he put his hat upon his head and went out, too, under the silent stars.

IT WAS almost morning before Lance realized what he should have done. But once the idea came to him, he acted at once. He hailed a cab and drove back to Sharon's house. He had no difficulty awakening Sharon. In fact, she was not asleep.

She sat very still, looking very tiny and frail in her quilted robe, and absurdly young for all her thirty-eight years. And she listened very quietly, while Lance poured out his sorry tale. When he had finished, she stood up, calmly.

"Thank you, Lance," she said.

"What are you going to do?" Lance demanded.

"I'll take care of it," she said. "Don't worry, I'll take care of it."

After he had gone, she went upstairs and dressed herself without haste. Then she went to a cabinet and opened a drawer. She stood there very still for a long time—then she put in her hand and drew out the pistol.

It gleamed dully in the light of the gas jets, polished silver embossed with leaves and tendrils, and among them her name, "Sharon," spelled out in exquisite scrollwork. Her pistol. The "virgin's pistol" Pride had given her long ago—to protect her life.

Her hands moved slowly, breaking it open. Yes, it was loaded. There were bullets in each of the two barrels. Two. Just enough. One for each life.

She came out into the graying dawn and, because there were no hansom cabs clopping through the streets at this hour, walked over to Sixth Avenue and climbed the stairs to the elevated. The dinky little steam engine that pulled it snorted and puffed uptown, drawing a fine tracery of veil upon her face with soot.

Malcholm opened the door for her.

"I'd appreciate it," she said, "if you'd awaken Mr. Dawson for me. It's very important. That is—if he's here."

"Yes, madam," Malcholm said. "He's here. And I don't have to awaken him. He's in the study. Truth to tell, I don't think he went to bed."

Pride was sitting in his big chair before a dying fire, as she entered. His hair was tousled, and his little eyes were red from sleeplessness.

"Hello, Sharon," he rumbled. "What brings you here?"

"Where is she?" Sharon snapped.

"Where's who?"

"Lilith," Sharon said grimly. "Where is she?"

"Damned if I know," Pride said calmly.

"Don't lie to me! She said she was coming here! I've forgiven you many things, Pride Dawson; but this is one thing that not even I can forgive!"

She put her hand into the bag and came out with the little pistol. When she spoke again, her voice was very quiet.

"Where is she, Pride?" she said.

Pride stood up. "So you came here to kill me," he said. "That little gun isn't much good—way over here you might miss. Guess I'd better come a little closer."

He walked toward her calmly, until the twin muzzles were inches from his chest. He took a half step forward, until they touched him. "Go on," he said quietly, "shoot."

Sharon hesitated, looking up at his great calm face.

"I want to see if you can do it," he said. "I'd like to see if you've stopped loving me enough. If you have, life is no good anyhow. Well—what are you waiting for?"

Slowly, Sharon's hand wavered and came down. The next moment, she was in his arms.

"Oh, Pride," she wept. "Pride."

"Hush, hon," he grinned. "Didn't you know you couldn't kill Pride? Only pride can destroy itself. It goeth before a fall, Maw always used to say. Here, give me that." He took the virgin's pistol and dropped it into the pocket of his smoking jacket.

"Lilith—" Sharon sobbed.

"I know. She was here last night. I sent her packing. Her tongue is forked like a sidewinder's. Everything she says is a lie. Look at me, Sharon. That kid is almost as much mine as yours. I found her, remember? I've been sending her things and doing for her all her life. She was hurt—hurt bad—over this business about Lance. So she had to hurt back. And smart little trick that she is, she figgered out the best way to do it. Only, she didn't know—Pride."

"I'm—I'm so ashamed," Sharon whispered. "Please forgive me. I don't know what made me believe such a thing."

"You love me," Pride grinned, "and you're a jealous woman. There's nothing on earth blinder than that. Come on, let's have some coffee. Then you go home and rest. I'll find that brat of yours for you. And when I do, I'm going to take her over my knee, big as she is!"

"Good!" Sharon said grimly. "I hope you do."

Again, after the coffee, Sharon felt the impulse to kiss Pride. But she only put out her hand and said good-by. That was the second time. And the last.

PRIDE ran his hand over the iron-gray bristles on his massive jaw. Need a shave, he thought. Bath, too. Little later, though. Right now, I just want to sit here—and think.

He pulled the bell cord and after some time, Malcholm appeared.

"Tell Missus Dawson," Pride said, "when she comes in—that I want to see her."

"Yes, sir," Malcholm said. "Very good, sir."

Poor Malcholm, Pride thought, as the butler creaked out, he's not long for this world. But then—who is? I'm fifty-seven years old—fifty-eight in another month.

He settled back in the chair, feeling the stiffness in his limbs. Yet, for some reason, he had no desire to get up. Tired, he thought, too blamed tired. There's so much to do. I've got to come back. Yes—I'm right back where I was when I hit this town. I have to start all over again—and I'm fifty-seven years old. I've half a mind to chuck the whole thing. I could go up to Boston, and ask Tim for a job. He'd give me one. He always could forgive me almost anything. I could be a foreman or something. I'd make enough to live on that way. Esther's got all that money Black Tom left her. Even Sharon's well off, with her shop doing so well. And Cappie.

Cappie—has her Lance. She doesn't need me any more—either. That was the worst thing. He had to be wanted by someone—he had to be needed. All his fierce energies had resolved into this one thing finally; all his tremendous pride had been centered upon Caprice's small and shining head.

He sat there brooding—remembering. There had been a day, when she was small—nine, she was, he thought, that he

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had taken her sailing in his yawl on the Sound. He had sat at the tiller and made the swift boat obey his lightest touch; but his eyes had kept straying to her small face, flushed with delight of the motion. She had turned and seen him finally, and she had said, "You—love me very much, don't you, Daddy?"

"Yep," he had growled, his throat tight suddenly, "very much—more than anything else in the world!"

"Why?" she had whispered. "Because I'm your little girl?"

"Yes. Because you're mine. And because you're good and pretty and sweet. You're the only thing your old daddy's got, Cappie—that's really worth having. You're the one person I can never do too much for."

"And you've always loved me, Daddy?"

"From the minute you were born. I thought I couldn't love you any more than I did then—but you sort of grew on me, Cappie."

"I grew on you, Daddy? How?"

He had looked out over the blue waters and then back at her. When he spoke again, his voice was deep and endlessly tender.

"Like a little tree on a rock. I'm the rock, Cappie—and you're the tree. The rock thought he was very strong—that there weren't any cracks in him anywhere. But there was. One tiny, tiny little crack. And a seed fell in that crack, and put down its roots and grew. It's a little tree now, but it'll be a big tree. And the roots will keep pushing the crack wider and wider apart until—"

"Until what, Daddy?"

"Nothing," he had growled. But the answer was obvious—the roots of this love he bore her would one day split his heart in twain. Like now, he thought, miserably, like now!

He brought his head up and stared at the door.

This isn't like me. I'm Pride. I'm big Pride Dawson who never has knuckled under. I can't now. I've got to live up to that name. Esther'll be home soon. All I have to do is to ask her to lend me the money. A couple of millions will be enough. I'll buy back the Millville holdings and make them pay. I never paid enough attention to them before. I'd like to get that silver mine back, but that's out of the question. There's not enough money in the world to pay for it now, with the government buying silver like crazy. . . .

That's what I'm going to do. Only, it's funny that deep down inside of me, I really don't want to. I want to quit. I want to lie down and rest. I'd rather forget pride—forget ambition. Why, even old Malcholm is happier than I am.

He stiffened suddenly, hearing the light whisper of Esther's feet in the hall, and the tired quaver of old Malcholm's voice. Then there was the sound of the doorknob turning. He sat very still and waited.

ESTHER came into the room and stood there looking at him, her lovely face as cold and still as death.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, Pride?"

"I suppose you know—" he mumbled.

"Yes. You've lost your money. So has Joe. I was with him when it happened."

"And you've just come back?" Pride growled.

"I," Esther said coolly, "have just come back."

"So—" Pride said heavily, "you *have* been carrying on with him."

"Yes, Pride," Esther said. "I have. For years. What else could you expect?"

"Nothing, I guess. I asked for it. Funny. Ten years ago—or five I'd be reaching for my gun. But now—no. I don't suppose I care, really. We're even. So now we can call it quits. Just one thing, Esther. I'll need some money. I have to get started again. Could you lend me—"

"No," Esther said. "I couldn't."

"But, Es! I'll be finished if—"

Esther bent forward a little, her soft lips smiling. "That," she said, "is precisely what I want, Pride Dawson! You see, we're not even. You made me suffer too long and hurt me far too much. Even Joe could not fix that. I haven't had revenge enough. I want more. Much more."

Pride looked at her, and smiled with grim mockery. "I'll get the money somewhere else," he said. "Sorry I can't oblige you."

[Outside the door, Caprice paused with her hand on the knob, hearing their voices coming through. She turned and looked questioningly at Lance. "No," Lance said, "I wouldn't go in—not now."]

"I," Esther said to Pride, "don't think you'll get the money anywhere. I don't think you'll even want to."

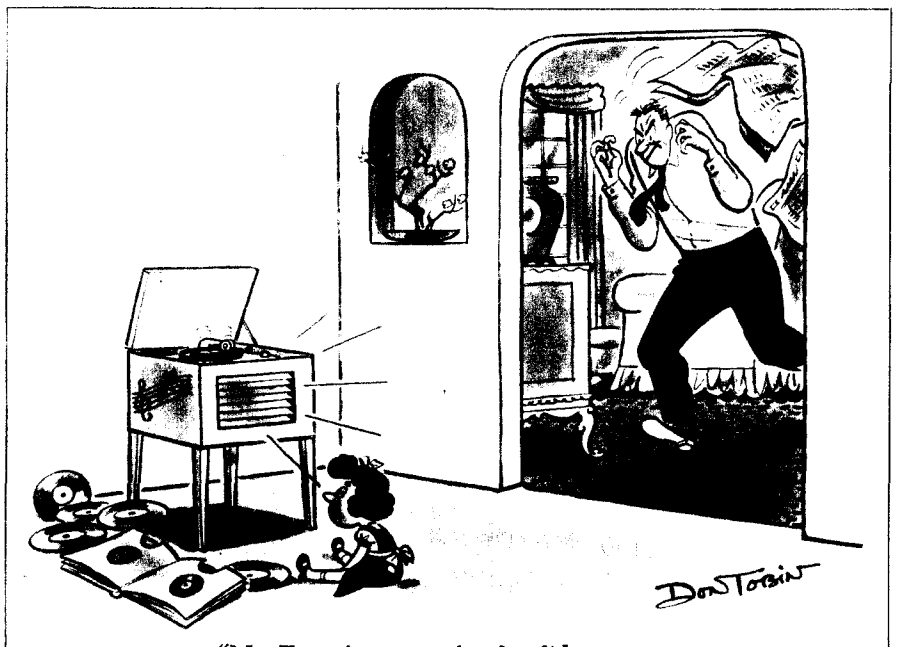
"Why not?" Pride said.

Esther sat down on the edge of the desk. "What do you need with money, now?" she asked.

"There's Cappie," Pride said. "I want to leave her well fixed."

"Cappie," Esther said clearly, "is no concern of yours."

"What!" Pride roared, half rising from



"Mr. Froggie, a-courting he did go . . . did go . . . did go . . . did go . . . did go . . . did go . . . did go . . . did go . . . did go . . . did go . . . did go . . . did go . . . did go . . . did go . . . did go . . ."

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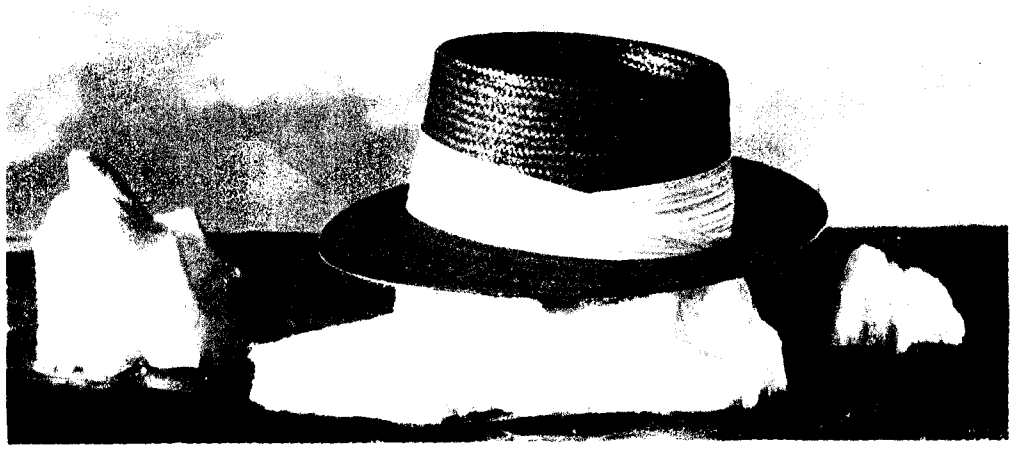

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his chair. "What the devil do you mean, Esther?"

"Precisely what I say. Caprice is no concern of yours." She leaned forward, looking into his face. "Oh, you great vain fool!" she mocked. "How could you have believed all these years that you fathered her! Look at her, Pride—look at her face. Have you never really seen her? Can't you see that she's Joe's? Don't you know no child of yours would have half that beauty—half that grace? I've waited for this—oh, yes, Pride, I've waited. Her eyes, her mouth, even her lashes—his, all his! What have you now to work for, Pride Dawson? What, I ask you?"

Pride sank back into the chair, his face gray, his mouth working, shaping words that never came out.

["I'll go to him!" Caprice wept outside the door. "Oh, I'll go—"

"No," Lance said. "You mustn't—not now, Caprice—it would be too much."]

"You lie!" Pride bellowed, then his big voice broke. "You lie, Esther," he got out. "Say you lie. Tell me it's not so. Tell me, Es, for the love of God. Tell me!"

"You'd have me lie to save your pride?" Esther said. "No, Pride—even that business about her being a premature child was a fake. When she was conceived—you were in Colorado."

"Cappie," Pride whispered. "My little Cappie."

"Not your little anything," Esther said cruelly. Then she got up from the desk and walked toward the door. In the doorway, she turned. "Go to your Sharon," she said. "Go to your fancy woman, Pride!"

She opened the door and went out. As she stepped out into the hall, she heard the swift clatter of Caprice's feet as she raced up the stairs. Turning, she looked into Lance's stricken face.

"She—she heard?" Esther whispered.

"Yes," Lance said. "Yes—she heard. And damn your wicked soul to hell, Mrs. Dawson!" Then, he, too, spun on his heel and marched through the door.

Inside the study, Pride slumped in his chair. The roots had gone in too deep, now—and the rock was split. There was nothing about him that moved—neither his lips nor his eyes, nor his hands hanging like lumps of broken clay over the arms of his chair.

Then, slowly, mechanically, his hands came up. He groped in the box on the desk and took out a cigar. Then his fingers fumbled helplessly in his pockets searching for a match. They did not find one.

Instead, they closed on something else—something hard and cold. He drew it out and sat there looking down at it, seeing the exquisite scrollwork, the name "Sharon" engraved upon the barrel, the swift, curved triggers needing only the lightest pull. He hefted it delicately, feeling its not inconsiderable weight, its perfect balance.

To him then, at that moment, it must have seemed the most beautiful thing in all the world.

SHARON put her hand on the knob and opened the door. Caprice stood there, her face pale, colorless, still, her eyelids moving rapidly in an effort to blink back her tears.

"Yes?" Sharon whispered. "Yes, Caprice? What is it you've come to tell me?"

"That Pride's dead. He shot himself."

Sharon stood there, staring at Caprice. Her own mind off on oblique, idiotic paths. (I saw Bernhardt once receive news like this in a play. Her grief was titanic; it was unbearable to watch her. But I—I feel nothing and there are no words for me to say . . . I am not crying. I'm quite sure I'm not going to faint. Is it because, at times like these, we are unequipped with the means to express that which, finally, is actually beyond expression?)

Then, very simply, she put out her arms. Caprice walked into them.

"Auntie Sharon," Caprice said. "Don't cry. Pride wouldn't like it. I haven't cried. I'm not going to."

Wildly Sharon shook her head. "I won't," she promised. "But how—why? I saw him yesterday, he wasn't sad. He—he laughed at me. Why, Caprice, why?"

"Mother," Caprice said.

"Your—mother?"

"Yes. I came home last night with Lance. When we got into the hall, we heard voices—Mother's mostly. She was screaming at Daddy. Like—like a fishwife. She said the most dreadful things."

Sharon whispered. "What did she say?"

"You know that Daddy lost his money? Yes, he told you, didn't he? Well, he must have asked Mother to lend him some so that he could get back on his feet. She refused. But it wasn't that."

"Then what was it?"

"You—know how Daddy loved me?"

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"Well, Mother—told him—I was not—his child."

"Caprice!"

"Yes. She said that Joseph Fairhill is my father. And you know what, Auntie Sharon?"

"No, child."

"She told the truth. I—I sent Lance away then, and went and looked in my mirror. Auntie Sharon—Oh, Auntie Sharon, I look just like Joe! I do! I do!"

THAT is it, Sharon realized suddenly, the thing that has eluded me all these years! Caprice could not be more like Joseph if she had sprung like Minerva—full-armed from his brow.

"I've known about Mother and Joseph—all these years," Caprice went on in her slow, controlled tone, "but I never told Daddy. I didn't want him to find out. But it wasn't that, finally. I don't think he really cared—it was the finding out that I—whom he loved so much—was not his. He could have borne everything else. The money—even Mother's cheating—but I—but I—" She shook her head violently, fighting for control. "Mother came home this morning and went straight to her room. She doesn't know. I haven't told her."

"You," Sharon whispered, spacing the words one after the other with great pauses in between, "have not told Esther?"

"No."

"But why, Caprice? Why?"

"Pride loved you, Auntie Sharon—not Mother. I think he'd want you to know first."

Sharon looked up toward where the gaslights were sputtering, their gauze-like filaments glowing white, though it was barely dusk; then she looked back at Caprice's still face.

"You know," she said flatly, calmly, "this is dreadful. You should have told Esther first."

"Dreadful?" Caprice's voice had the first thin entering note of hysteria in it. "What isn't dreadful in this world? Wasn't it dreadful for Daddy to know you first, to love you from the hour he set eyes upon you, and yet to marry Mother—because she was rich? Wasn't it dreadful for me to live in that big, empty castle where there is no love, where the silences echo at you, with a woman who has been tortured into a serpent of hatred? Wasn't that dreadful?"

"And what I did?" Sharon whispered. "That was not dreadful?"

"No. Pride belonged to you. Mother should have given him up."

"Caprice!"

"I'm sorry. And now I've lost Lance, too."

"Lance? Why?"

"I couldn't expect him to marry me now—under the circumstances."

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"Why don't you let him decide that?" Sharon said, and pointed to the telephone.

Caprice got up slowly, like a sleepwalker, and turned the crank.

Sharon heard her give the number, wait, then murmur into the mouthpiece. Even from where she sat, she could hear the staccato bark of Lance's reply, and see the illumination pouring into Caprice's face.

"It's all right, isn't it?" she asked, when Caprice turned from the phone.

"Yes," Caprice whispered. "Yes, oh yes! I'm going to him, now. But you must be ready, Auntie Sharon. I came here to tell you that. You're going to be troubled—more troubled than Mother or me, or anybody else—God, but Daddy was a cruel man!"

"Caprice, you mustn't! You don't know."

"I do know! There are going to be journalists, Auntie Sharon! I don't want them writing about you. Pride Dawson's Fancy Woman—that's what they'll say! And it wasn't like that. It wasn't like that at all."

"No," Sharon said slowly, "it really wasn't like that. But the papers know nothing of me. Who'll tell them?"

"Mother, maybe," Caprice said flatly. "Who knows? Besides"—the blue eyes measured Sharon's brown ones—"Father shot himself with a little pocket pistol that has your name engraved upon the barrel. It—it's still in his hand."

Sharon could feel the anguish inside herself now. She knew how Pride had got that pistol, taking it from her own nerveless fingers on the night that she had gone to kill him. He had laughed at her then, saying: "You can't kill Pride. No one can." He loved plays on his name, coining quite outrageous puns about it. You can't kill Pride. Only Pride could kill himself—both the quality and the man bearing within themselves the seeds of their own destruction.

And now suddenly, the recognition of the actuality of his death was too much, so that she felt the slow upsurge of a tremendous tidal wave of pain; but, before she could indulge in the blessed relief of giving way to it, she looked into Caprice's eyes.

The girl was staring at her, the high, white courage in her face crumbling into splintery planes and angles of pure grief. "I tried to take it away," she whispered, "but I couldn't! He'd gripped it so tight, and held it so long." She swayed forward suddenly, and Sharon caught her to her breast, feeling through the warm and trembling flesh, the cold, sick movement of the girl's anguish.

THERE was nothing she could do, no words of comfort she could say, being herself comfortless, so she rocked Caprice back and forth in her arms, like a child, murmuring wordless, ancient, mother things. Caprice's sobs died into a low whimpering, then into silence. Finally, she looked up at Sharon.

"I wasn't very brave, was I?" she whispered. Her small, pink mouth brushed Sharon's thin face. "Good-by, Auntie Sharon. I have to go now." She stood up, dabbing at her eyes with a wisp of a handkerchief. "You'll be ready, won't you?" she asked anxiously. "They'll be here soon."

Sharon got up and put her arm about the girl's slim waist. "I'll be ready," she said, and together they walked out into the garden.

When Sharon pushed open the door and re-entered the house, she found Mary waiting for her.

"Oh, ma'am," Mary began, "there's some gentlemen—"

"Waiting for me," Sharon finished for her. "Representatives of the press. Well, Mary, did you show them in?"

"Didn't have to," Mary complained. "Fair stuck their feet in the door and shouldered me out of the way. You want to see them? I can tell them you got a headache—or something."

"I'll manage," Sharon said, and went into the drawing room.

The reporters stood up as she entered, a little slowly, almost one at a time as though they made the gesture unwillingly. Yet, as Sharon waited there in the doorway, the last of them got clum-

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sily to his feet. "Good afternoon, gentlemen," she said. "What can I do for you?"

They looked at one another a little sheepishly, each waiting for the other to speak.

Under other circumstances, Sharon might have enjoyed the confusion she was creating. Almost as clearly as though it were printed upon their foreheads, she read the reasons for their hesitation. In 1891 there were but three classifications into which one might place a woman: Either she was a lady, rich, well-born; or she was a woman, poor, hard-working, decent; or—she was a daughter of joy. Sharon knew well into which of these classifications these men of the Herald, the Tribune, the Times and the World had placed her. But now, at least for the moment, she had given them pause.

PLAINLY, she was something outside of their previous experiences: Her voice was soft-spoken, quiet, controlled, entirely lacking in affectation. Her dress was conservative to the point of being old-fashioned; and her bearing and mannerisms were those usually associated with generations of wealth and culture. And most puzzling of all was the fact that this woman who faced them with so much composure was utterly plain. Sharon's hair, they saw at once, was neither red nor golden nor vivid black. It was a commonplace dark brown.

How were they, then, to describe her in their stories, this woman who they believed had enthralled a financial emperor for twenty years?

Nelson, of the Herald, cleared his throat. "Excuse me, ma'am," he began, glancing uneasily over his shoulder at his fellows, "but you've heard about Pride—Mr. Dawson, that is?"

Sharon inclined her head the barest fraction of an inch. When she spoke, her voice was lower still.

"Yes," she said, "I've heard. Won't you be seated, gentlemen? You look so uncomfortable, standing there."

They reddened. This was skill, they realized, timed with precision to throw them off balance so that the advantage could not for an instant pass into their hands.

Slowly, they sank into the overstuffed chairs, the massive, horsehair furniture that crowded even the largest room.

"Well," Nelson went on, as the others poised their pencils and waited, except for two quick-sketch artists who were already falsifying her face, "seeing that it's pretty widely held that you're—a friend of his—a very good friend, we thought we might get some explanation of why—"

Sharon smiled from the depths of the big chair where she had seated herself. She realized now that she need not have feared them. If they expected her to rise to so clumsy a bait, they could be managed with deftness and ease.

"Why, yes," she said, "Mr. Dawson was a friend of mine, though I haven't seen him in eight or nine years. I'm afraid I can't shed much light on his death. I've heard it was due to financial difficulties."

The fat man in the corner snorted. He, although Sharon did not know it—fortunately, perhaps, for it might have shaken her calm—was Hendricks of the Police Gazette.

"Some house," he said, looking about him. "No—financial difficulties here—at any rate."

"No," Sharon said very quietly. "No difficulties—of any sort."

Nelson turned a frowning face at Hendricks. This woman, he knew now, was not to be trifled with. If she made any disclosures, she must be trapped into them. She, he had the feeling, was playing with them with quiet contempt, and from what he had seen of her skill, they had better be careful, or they would obtain nothing from her. He turned back to Sharon.

"Your given name, Miss O'Neil, is Sharon?"

Again Sharon gave that quick, graceful nod.

"Well, Mr. Dawson killed himself with a pistol that had 'Sharon' engraved upon the barrel."

Sharon studied him coolly. "Yes, the pistol was mine. Mr. Dawson gave it to me many years ago during the riots of 1877. I was living in Pittsburgh then with my husband, Courtney Randolph. You know the Randolphs, of course."

They knew, well enough, and again the picture they had formed of her was distorted. Of the Randolph family, Hendricks had written in an inspired moment, that "their blood is so blue you could use it for ink." So this plain little creature had not only captivated Pride Dawson, but married a Randolph! They waited, their eyes glistening and eager.

"My husband and Mr. Dawson were close friends. During those terrible days when they burned half the town and dynamited the locomotives in the depot, Mr. Dawson came to Pittsburgh to protect certain interests of his—the marshaling yards of his railroad." Sharon closed her eyes and a grimace of pain crossed her face.

"When he arrived," she continued, "he discovered that my husband had disappeared. Later, we learned that he had been killed by the rioters. Mr. Dawson wanted to stay and protect me but, of course, I couldn't permit that. A large part of Mr. Dawson's fortune was at stake. So—as an alternative, he bought that pistol and gave it to me. Some of you gentlemen knew him, no doubt. Then you must know how he loved the magnificent. It never occurred to him that any weapon could have served. No, he wasted hours, and perhaps endangered my life, by searching for that beautiful little pistol, and then having my name engraved upon it."

"Because," Hendricks snarled, "he loved its beauty?"

SHARON'S glance was candid, even humorous. "Obviously. Certainly, he could not have loved mine, for I had none. I remember how I looked in those days. I was even thinner than I am now, and had a face like a mischievous boy's. Mr. Dawson used to tease poor Courtney unmercifully about me. He used to suggest that I be placed in the corner and used for an umbrella rack."

"Then," Nelson suggested heavily, "there was no romantic attachment between you and Mr. Dawson?"

Sharon's brown eyes lifted, came level, holding Nelson's gaze. "You," she said quietly, "must have never seen Mrs. Dawson! Pride Dawson insisted upon beauty in everything that surrounded him. Esther Dawson is—ravishing."

Nelson nodded, the puzzled look deepening about his eyes. He had seen Esther Stillworth Dawson many times. That was the final thing, now that Sharon had mentioned it, which jolted his preconceived notions. For Esther Dawson's beauty had exhausted the adjectives of the society editors. She, he knew well, was one of the loveliest women in New York. Why on earth then, if the rumors were true, would Pride turn to this thin, plain creature? He had known Pride Dawson well—the man had been lavish, grandiloquent, magnificent, A woman like Jim Fisk's Josie might have turned his head, but this straight little stick—never.

"One thing more, Miss O'Neil—I mean, Mrs. Randolph," he said. "How did Mr. Dawson get that pistol if he gave it to you?"

"Miss O'Neil is sufficient. It's my professional name, you know. As for that pistol—I gave it back to him. I returned to New York a week after the riots. That pistol reminded me too much of—of what had happened. So I sent it to him by a messenger the day I arrived. I haven't

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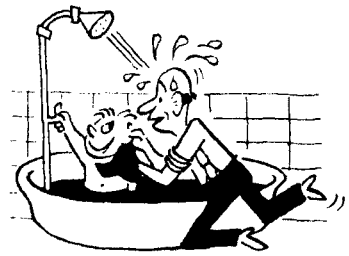

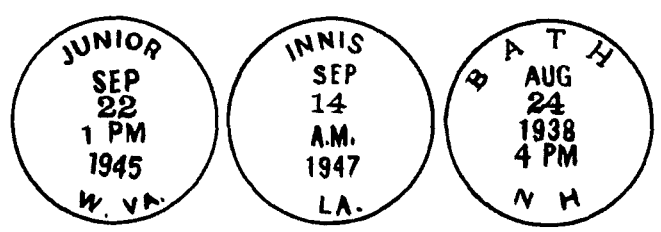

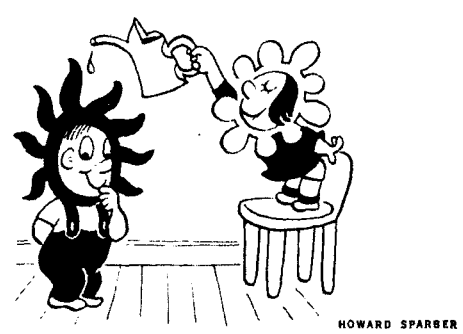

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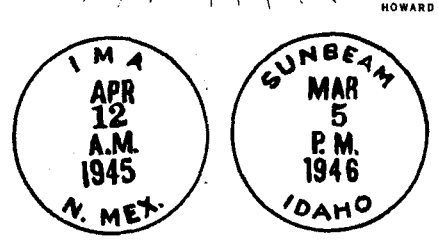

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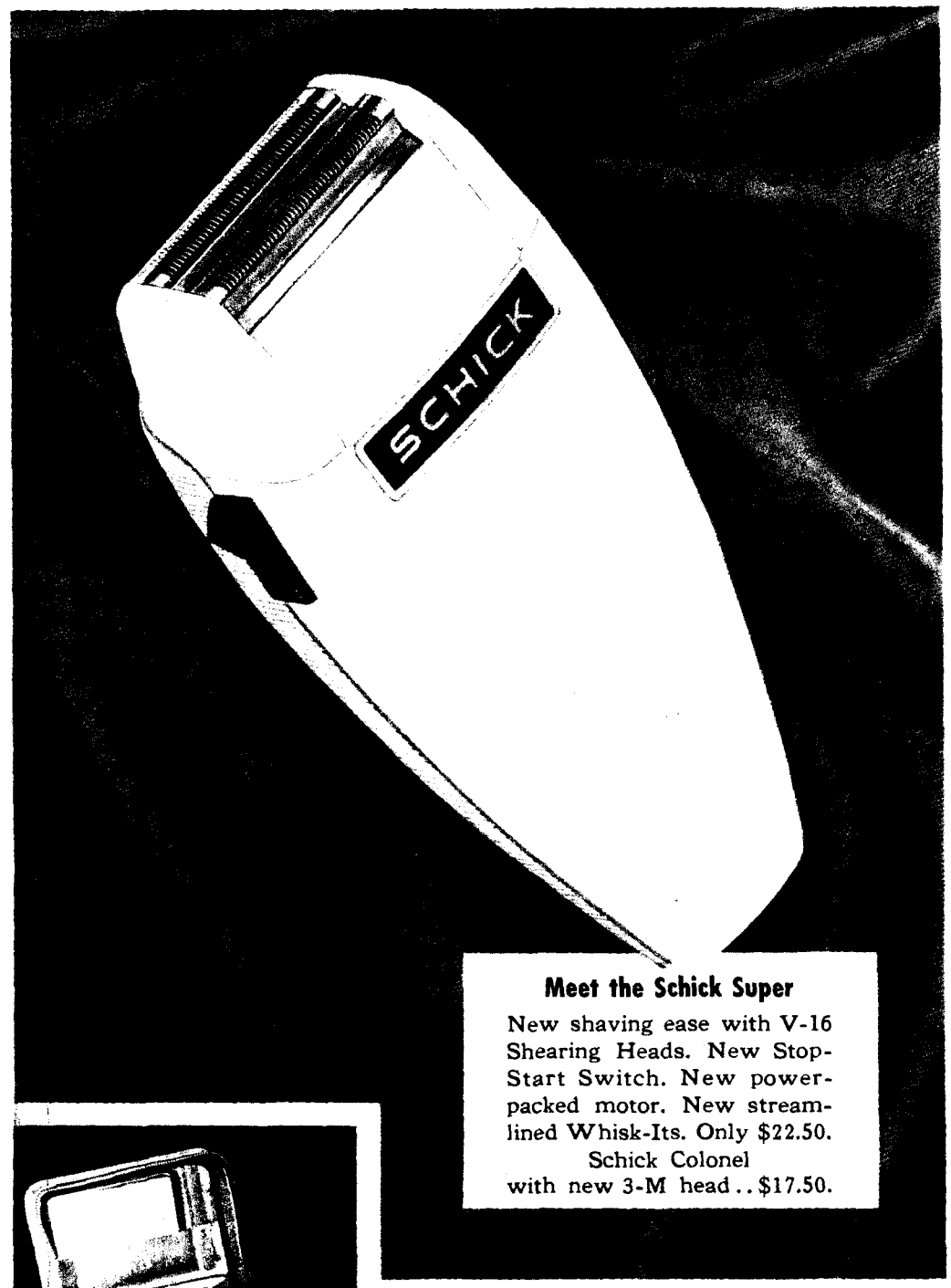

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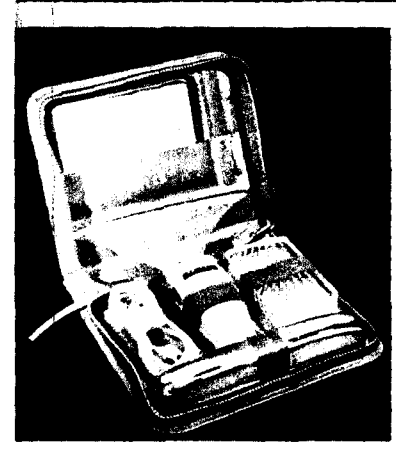

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seen it since. Why Mr. Dawson had to use that particular weapon to—end his life is something I shall never understand." She paused and lowered her eyes, staring down at her small, well-shod feet. "I wish I had thrown that pistol into the ocean."

"He would have used another," Hendricks said brusquely. "So what's the odds?"

Sharon looked at him. "Another," she said clearly, "would have been much better so far as I'm concerned. For then, sir, I would have been spared meeting you."

She stood up then with that curiously angular grace that was so much a part of her and reached for the bell cord. It was no help to Hendricks' disposition that few of them could resist at least a chuckle at Sharon's parting thrust.

She turned her head and looked at them over her shoulder. "You'll have brandy, gentlemen, before you leave?" she invited.

Nelson stood very still, watching her, the thoughts in his mind moving with ponderous slowness. Intelligence, that's what it is, he decided. It dominates her whole face. She'd know what a man's thinking before he half does himself. She'd wind a great clumsy lout like Dawson about her little finger—and make him like it. After a while she'd make him forget she wasn't pretty—in a year he'd swear before God that she's lovely. And, by God, she is! It's what's in her that's beautiful—not her face or figure.

"No, thank you, ma'am," he said gently. "We got to get back and put the papers to bed."

They filed out then.

IT WAS very quiet after they had gone. Sharon O'Neil sat very still and stared into the blackened and empty fireplace. It was far too warm for a fire, but Sharon felt cold. I shall never feel warm again, she thought, never warm, or wanted or loved. Oh, Pride, Pride, why did you leave me behind? I would have gone with you. Ah, yes, my love, how gladly would I have gone!

She stared into the fireplace with sightless eyes. They'll lie, she thought. No—not lie. They'll say cruel things—all true, but for the reasons. They don't know the reasons, Pride, and I—I could not tell them. They never heard you say: "I was poorer'n dirt, Sharon, and I didn't like it!" "Ever eat clay—red mud, to stay alive? Ever been made to come in the back door with the servants? Ever dig canals with the sun boiling your brains and the stink getting into your nose so that you smell it yet, thirty years after?"

And you didn't forget, did you, darling? You never forgot though it made you ravage the world, though it drove you to eat up the earth and rear yourself up as brazen and ugly as Moloch, as greedy as Mammon, taking, taking, taking, until every man's hand was against you, and only I, the least of your captured prizes, could see the grandeur in you. For I did love you, Pride. More than you knew, or believed, or understood. Not for what men called you. For what you might have been—for what you sometimes were—with me.

Then, bending down her head, she loosed the tears that had run all day through the secret places of her heart. They were better loosed. Held in, they might have destroyed her. . . .

Sharon put on her hat and coat and gloves and went out into the street. Then she hailed a cab and drove up to Pride's Castle.

It was not the wisest thing in the world to do. She knew that. It could conceivably reopen the old wounds of a scandal. But she had to go. This much she owed Pride—this much the love she bore him.

Esther, herself, opened the door. She stood quite still, looking at Sharon. Then she whispered, "Come in—you've every right, God knows."

Sharon slipped into the big hall, and Esther, surprisingly, took her arm and guided her into the great salon where they had laid him. Sharon stood there looking down at Pride, holding tight rein upon the wild, unceasing grief that tore her.

"Cry!" Esther said, suddenly, harshly. "It's better that he has someone to weep for him."

Sharon turned and looked at Esther, seeing her still lovely face ravaged by grief, the hurt rising unbearably in her eyes.

"Why," Sharon whispered, "you love him! You love him still!"

"You think that Joe could take his place?" Esther said. "That was vengefulness—nothing more. And now—I've killed him. I—who loved him so!"

"Say rather that we have killed him," Sharon murmured gently. "You and I—and the world—perhaps even the hand of God. Don't blame yourself too much, Esther."

"*Don't blame myself!*" Esther whispered. "Don't blame myself—God knows I shall never know another peaceful night!"

"What about Joseph?" Sharon asked. "You'll marry him now?"

"I don't know," Esther said. "I don't know."

As if by a signal, or in answer to his name, Malcholm came into the salon and announced in a whisper, "That Mister Fairhill's here."

Joseph Fairhill came into the room, walking very stiffly. And in his still young face, for he was yet in his middle forties, the image of Caprice stood out like a damning cry.

Wordless, he crossed over to Pride's bier and looked down. Then he looked at Esther. She started toward him, walking swiftly. When she was close he drew back his hand, suddenly, and slapped her across the mouth.

Oh, my God! Sharon wept. You might have spared me—this.

Then she turned to flee, but Joseph was gone, walking like a mechanical toy toward the door, and Esther hung there, the prints of his fingers livid against her pale skin.

There was nothing else for Sharon to do, so she put out her arms. And Esther came to them, whimpering like a whipped child.

AFTERWARD—long afterward, when Sharon came back into the house that Pride had given her, she found the fire had been lighted, and the house straightened, which was strange, for she had given Mary the day off.

She stood there, looking around her, then Lilith came from behind the curtains. She held a package of cigarettes in her hand. Her face was odd, somehow.

Then Sharon saw what it was. It was clean—clean and shining. Every trace of paint had been scrubbed off, and her lips were their own natural pink. Her dark hair was brushed back from her forehead very simply.

Then, while Sharon watched, slowly, ceremoniously, she threw the package of cigarettes into the fire.

"I—I've always hated those things," Lilith whispered.

Sharon put out her arms. "Come to me, child," she said.

Later she sat in the great chair before the fireplace where she had sat so many times before with Pride and gazed into the fire. Lilith nestled beside her on the floor, with her head resting in Sharon's lap.

Lilith was all right, now, Sharon knew. Whatever the sickness of heart and mind and soul had been, whether it were born of insecurity, or want of love, or of fear, it was gone. And it would not come back.

Only she, Sharon, was alone now. In his great, ugly stone pile of a castle, Pride Dawson lay dead. No—not dead—not ever dead, never could that tremendous vitality be forever ended. Not while she lived and memory had its seat in her.

No, she thought. No, Pride. The days of my years will be but a time of separation, ultimately to be ended.

Then she put down her face and wept.

THE END

The Golden Dart

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THE MEN OF PALOMAR

Continued from page 25

horizon. The "monastery" where the astronomers live during their monthly visits here is hidden in a grove of ancient oaks; most of the other buildings —bungalows for the permanent staff, powerhouse and machine shop—are screened off by pines and cedar. On the highest rocky promontories, the great white dome of the 200-inch and the lesser domes of the 18-inch and 48-inch Schmidt telescopes shine out like stepping-off places into infinity.

In this atmosphere, tourists who have been worrying about vacation budgets and whether they left a note for the milkman suddenly stand face to face with the universe and find themselves asking: "Is there a purpose behind all this or is it just an accident?" The sight of jet planes and bombers flashing overhead adds still another question: "How long will we last?"

As scientists, the astronomers are not concerned with such questions. But privately as human beings you'll find they are far more deeply disturbed than the rest of us. Their job is to find out what the universe is—not what we want it to be. Nobody knows better than they the insignificance of this planet in the material universe.

"We live in constant awareness of the almost unlimited capacity of technology to destroy the world —or cure its ills," says Hubble. "But science can't make the decision."

"Are you the keeper here?" a tourist asked one of the astronomers on his way to the dome.

"No, ma'am," the man of science told her politely, "I'm just one of the inmates."

Astronomers Like Their Leisure

The popular picture of astronomers as monkish scholars spending their lives in mountaintop seclusion is one that both amazes and amuses the scientists. Like motion picture directors, the time they actually spend filming the picture is little compared with the days of advance preparation in offices and laboratories.

Use of the telescopes, particularly the new 200-inch, is rigidly scheduled among the dozen staff scientists who also have to share them with visiting observers. A staff member considers himself lucky if he gets to spend more than a few days out of every month in the observatories.

In good weather, it's a mad rush to squeeze in all the work he can during the precious hours of clear nights. Even during the day, preparations for the following night leave him little time for sleep or relaxation.

In overcast weather, when the "seeing" is bad, it's a different story. Then the "monastery" bedrooms, with their blackout window curtains and soundproof walls, are ideal for catching up on lost sleep. There's also a pleasant little lounge where the scientists like to catch up on their reading—not so much technical literature either, but detective thrillers and popular magazines. Among the latter are a variety of pulp magazines—to which one of the prominent scientists up here contributes "amazing" science yarns in his spare time. Once in a while there's a very unscientific game of bridge or penny ante. Nobody plays chess.

At both Palomar and Mount Wilson, the astronomers dress like hunters on a camping trip—lumberjack shirts, rough tweed or leather jackets, corduroy or gray flannel pants and heavy hiking boots. Most of them are smokers and all but one or two of these prefer pipes, because they're easier to smoke during work in the telescopes.

Byron Hill, the engineer in charge of Palomar's construction and maintenance, swears that even in the pitch-black observatories he can tell who's using the scopes by the aroma of pipe tobacco drifting down from the observer's platform.

When it snows, Fritz Zwicky, an expert mountaineer with Alpine records in his native Switzerland, is completely in his element, skiing to and from the observatory. Some of the others use snowshoes.

The astronomers' fondness for the outdoor life came in handy in picking the site for the big 200-inch. Palomar was only one of the half-dozen rugged mountain peaks up which teams of Caltech and Mount Wilson scientists had to lug their heavy equipment for testing atmospheric conditions.

Dr. Hubble holds Nikolaus Copernicus, named for the famed Polish astronomer

On Palomar, then a wild and trackless cattle range, the first test team boarded at the Beaches' ranch house a few miles from the peak. After an all-night vigil, the leader, Milton Humason, was hiking back with his assistant when they were stopped by an irate rancher driving a flat-bottomed Model-T truck.

"So you're the cockeyed stargazers been scarin' my steers," he greeted them, and without any ceremony ordered them to hang on to the truck bed while he drove them back to the ranch house. There was nothing to hang on to and every time the truck hit a bump it tossed the astronomers into the air like flapjacks. "Here's them crazy boarders of yours," he told Mrs. Beach. "After this, keep 'em locked into the house." He turned to the scientists, "Every time you scare a bunch of them steers I lose a hundred pounds of beef. You fellas was costin' me money."

That was astronomy's introduction to Palomar Mountain.

Bringing astronomy to the mountain and building roads up its sides haven't made the climb much less rugged. This winter, drifts often blocked the road. Hubble, driving up for the long session that resulted in the historic photographs on these pages, had to walk up the last half mile carrying a huge duffel bag on his shoulder. "Heavy reading," he groaned, when Bruce Rule, the telescope's design engineer, relieved him of the weight. The bag was packed with a fresh supply of detective novels.

To relieve tension or tedium during long vigils within the telescope, the radio tucked away near the 100-inch control board at Mount Wilson has been a godsend. As soon as Palomar's 200-inch swings into a routine schedule, the astronomers here will also work to music—at least they will if the night assistants have anything to say about it.

Most of the astronomers like symphony concerts, but these are few and far between, particularly after midnight. It is usually a disk jockey program that fills the dome. Most astronomers here know every number on the Hit Parade. You'll also find them up to the minute on sports news.

World Events Seem Trivial

To a man who is looking at the image of a star whose light left the outer reaches of space several hundred million years ago, the up-to-the-minute world news is apt to sound a little different than it does in your living room. One night last winter a radio voice announced with considerable agitation that scientists of Russia and the United States were engaged in a race to see which country would dominate not merely the world but the whole universe. "I hope," the astronomer called down to the night assistant, "he'll remember to let us know how it turned out."

Last winter, the Palomar astronomers were surprised to learn from letters pouring in from all over the country that the "first discovery" made on the 200-inch telescope was a large, square object hur-

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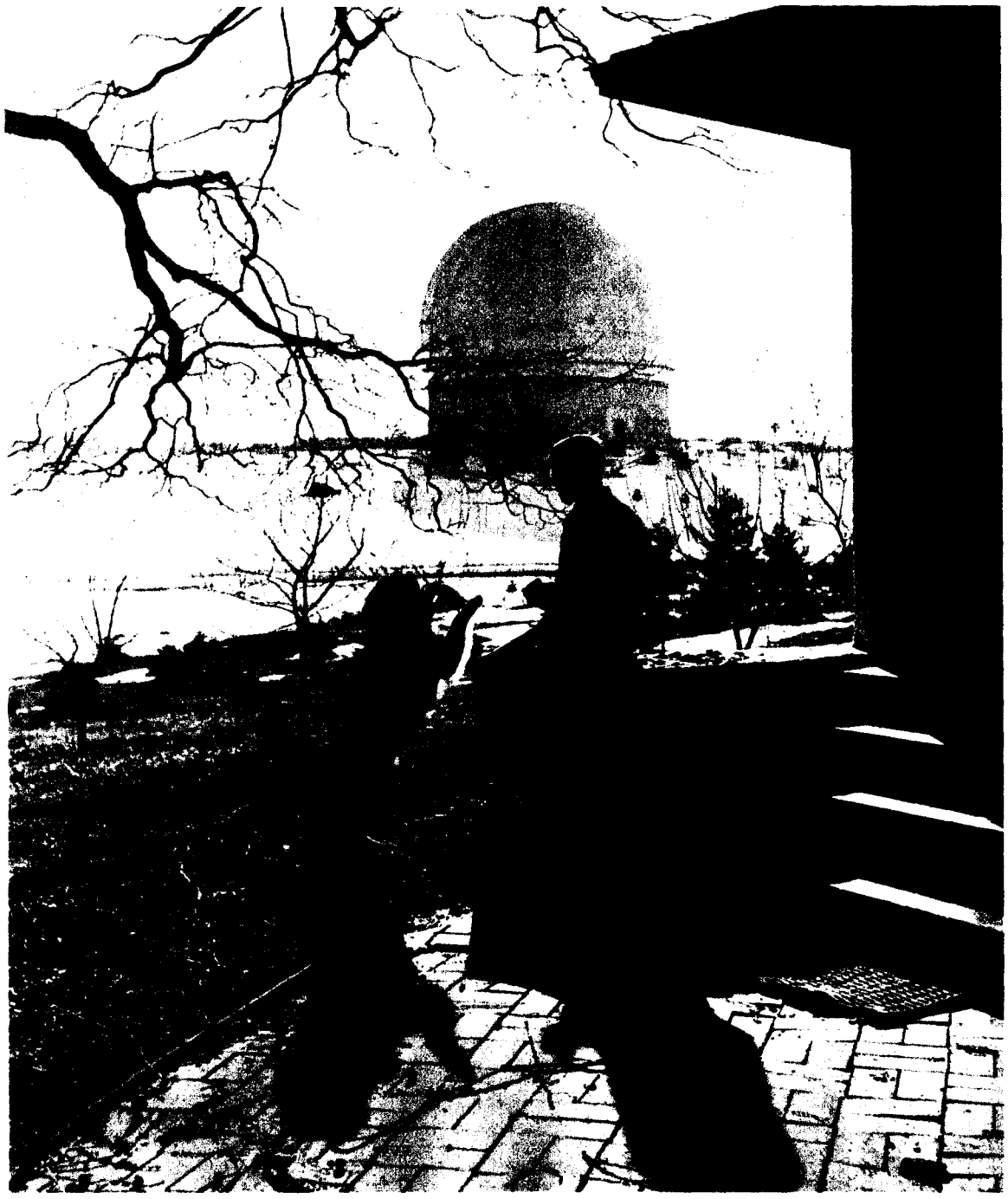

Byron Hill, resident engineer, plays with his dog Flag in front of his home on top of Palomar Mountain

The favorite diversion of Ira Bowen is climbing the mountains in back of his home near Pasadena

Dr. Milton Humason is the hero of a success story. He rose from Mount Wilson janitor to astronomer

Fritz Zwicky sits for a family portrait in his Pasadena home with his wife and baby daughter

Dr. Humason watches a ritual that takes place every Saturday morning in the laboratory at Pasadena: a fast billiard game between Dr. Frank Ross (white hair) and Dr. John Anderson

Rudolph Minkowski amuses his father-in-law, wife and Dr. Baade (standing) with impromptu music

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tling through space—and aimed straight at the earth. Caltech and Mount Wilson scientists, adept at tracking down elusive nebulae, very quietly and methodically tracked this rumor to one of Los Angeles' radio churches.

An evangelist there admitted he'd used the square object hurtling through space to dramatize his sermon. "The astronomers don't know what it means," he had told his listeners. "That's why they're keeping it secret."

Rumors Perturb Scientists

Crank letters pouring into Caltech and Mount Wilson every day show that dozens of fantastic rumors are still in circulation. The astronomers find them depressing evidence of the tragic gap between the world of science and the everyday world in which scientists, too, must live.

As human beings, the astronomers vary as widely in temperament, background and outlook as a similar number of, say, writers, artists or doctors. With few exceptions they are "family men" and most of the older ones are proud grandfathers. Most of them depend on their salaries, averaging between $5,000 and $8,000 a year, and own their own modest bungalows where they putter around their back yards, polish their cars and take the family to an occasional movie.

Some like to watch the races at near-by Santa Anita, where they may line up at the $2 window on a pure hunch. Others enjoy a week-end drive to Palm Springs, where they can soak up sunlight around the pool of a moderate-priced motel. But these are fairly rare events.

"For most of us, astronomy is recreation enough," says Bowen. Besides fishing Bowen likes to experiment with new types of cameras and telescopes in his home workshop. The living room of his home has a huge window overlooking the mountains and after dinner he and Mrs. Bowen sometimes entertain their guests by turning on a floodlight and watching the opossum, raccoon, fox and deer which come to feed on scraps laid just outside the window.

Dr. John Anderson, who directed optical work on the 200-inch mirror, still enjoys an hour's solitary drive through the California countryside before a seven-o'clock breakfast. He also makes up ingenious and highly complicated mathematical riddles to spring on his friends. But as a billiard enthusiast, Dr. Anderson meets his equal in Dr. Frank E. Ross, designer of auxiliary lenses for use with the new telescope.

As relaxing as the astronomers find popular music, light fiction and bridge, they really enjoy nothing more than talking shop, telling guests and visitors what they hope to find and trying to help them grasp the unconceivable tremendousness of their field of study.

What is behind the scientist's interest in the stars? "Sheer curiosity," says Hubble. "It's the basis of all science." The astronomer wants to know more about the structure, content and behavior of the universe. All he has to work with are the faintest scraps of very old light.

The information he squeezes out of starlight affects our daily lives in many ways. A few hundred years ago, we thought the universe revolved around our little earth. It took us a long time to get used to the fact that we actually revolve around the sun—itself just one of countless trillions of stars in space. But the greatest change in our outlook came only 25 years ago. All the stars you can see with your naked eye, and countless others visible only through telescopes, are part of a giant pin wheel of stars called the Milky Way. Beyond this star-swarm, which we had thought of as *the* universe, Hubble established countless other similar "universes."

The man principally responsible for giving us this world-shaking vision of new universes was Edwin P. Hubble, a young astronomer from Marshfield, Missouri. After a brilliant record at the University of Chicago, Hubble went to Oxford University as a Rhodes scholar, studied law there and returned to practice law in Louisville, Kentucky. He quit almost immediately to volunteer in World War I and command a battalion in France. After the war he went back to his first love, astronomy, as a research fellow at Mount Wilson Observatory.

His teammate in the research that revealed new universes beyond our own was Milton L. Humason, a young man who started at the bottom—as janitor in the Mount Wilson Observatory. A California banker's son, he quit school at the age of fourteen, finally got a job driving pack mules which carried supplies up the steep mountain trail to the site of Mount Wilson's 100-inch telescope. That led to his first contact with astronomy, as night assistant. Later he became a staff astronomer and secretary of the Mount Wilson and Palomar observatories. "I decided that the only way to stay awake all night was to get interested in what was going on," says Humason. "So I did."

Through Mount Wilson's 100-inch telescope, the most distant of the newly discovered "island universes" appeared only as microscopic blurs. With only this to go on, Hubble and Humason tackled the seemingly impossible job of charting the newly revealed structure of the universe. What they found out was the most startling scientific news of our generation. Instead of floating serenely in space, these island universes appeared to be moving away from one another at tremendous speeds. The farther they receded from one another, the faster they seemed to move. Was the universe actually blowing up?

Hubble and his colleagues pushed Mount Wilson's big 100-inch telescope to the limit of its light-gathering power—the distance light travels in 500 million years. It wasn't enough. Here was the real inspiration of the movement for a larger instrument. The 200-inch at Mount Palomar will reach one billion light-years into space. Will it reveal the answer? Hubble, clenching his pipe between his teeth, will say only, "Maybe—maybe not."

"That's all very well," says the tough-minded layman, "but of what use is all this study of something so far away that you can't even see it?" Part of the answer came during the war when we discovered that the astronomers were, in the words of one general, "handy guys to have around."

A Valuable War Effort

Hubble, as chief of ballistics at the Aberdeen Proving Ground and director of supersonic wind tunnel research, guided the development of scores of new weapons, and was awarded the Medal for Credit. At Caltech, the astronomers concentrated on rocket research and conceived, designed and manufactured over a million rockets.

Zwicky, active both at Caltech and at the Aerojet Engineering Corporation in near-by Azusa, developed some of the first and the latest of our jet engines. Dr. Max Mason spearheaded the anti-submarine detection research which helped us win the Battle of the Atlantic. Bowen not only took part in rocket research, but vastly increased the efficiency of our aerial reconnaissance and the accuracy of our bombing by developing new types of cameras.

Specializing in aerial photography, Mount Wilson's and Caltech's scientific and engineering staffs turned out most of the new designs and manufactured most of the instruments. Even now, many of the astronomers at both Cal-

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tech and Mount Wilson are working on highly classified research for the Army, Navy and Air force.

After Palomar, what next? You hear some talk of developing new telescopes on electronic principles. But the thing most astronomers want is to carry on their stargazing outside the earth's atmosphere, which now filters out most of the radiations from the universe. Already they are carrying out limited observations in rockets, one of which recently approached the limit of atmosphere at 250 miles.

Zwicky is working on rockets to reach a height of 1,000 kilometers or 621.3 miles. "This shouldn't involve too many difficulties," he tells you. Later, test bodies could be ejected from such rockets at the height of their climb and soar out into space while the parent rocket dropped back to earth. The 250-mile record was set by just such a team of rockets, a V-2 and a Wac Corporal. "I hope," says Zwicky, "that the collisions of the test bodies can be observed and a method of direct experimentation with these bodies can be established."

The next step, which scientists here think we may take within the next 25 years, is to send up rocket satellites to revolve around the earth on a regular orbit and carry test instruments which will relay their findings back to earth by radio. Scientists here see no reason why, within 50 years, we should not be able to establish "observation platforms" out in space or on the moon or the planets.

"Would you like to go to the moon," I asked one of the scientists.

"Why not?" he said. "The seeing would be marvelous."

Out in interstellar space, the astronomer has found a great experimental laboratory which can't be duplicated on earth. Back in the last century, the discovery of helium on the sun led to its extraction in Texas. Helium was the first noninflammable gas for airships.

Atomic fusion was first broached by astronomers to explain how the sun and other stars could produce far more energy than could be accounted for by chemical combustion.

Large-scale atomic fusion is now observable in supernovae, the stars that suddenly and unpredictably flare up to 100 million times the sun's brilliance, then gradually fade to their normal brilliance or die out altogether.

Till Zwicky, using the new Schmidt telescopes at Palomar, carried out a special program to spot such stars and watch them explode, only a dozen or so had ever been witnessed by mankind. One of these probably inspired the story of the star of Bethlehem. Two thousand years later, Zwicky's second supernova inspired a different story. "It meant," says Zwicky, "that we could prove in a simple way with certainty that nuclear chain reactions existed in the universe and that we could set them off here."

That was on August 26, 1937—seven years before the first atomic bomb was exploded in the New Mexico desert. Atomic research has come far since then.

"Today no fundamental principle stands in the way of realizing nuclear fusion on a large scale," says Zwicky. "The danger exists that the whole earth might be exploded by experiments not carefully handled." As a safeguard, he proposes that scientists begin to think of "how to stabilize the earth against this eventuality." This, he admits, will be difficult—"but not nearly so difficult as changing human nature."

Would Make Planets Livable

Once large-scale nuclear fusion has been realized—and the earth stabilized—then what? "There will no doubt follow plans for making the planetary bodies habitable by changing them intrinsically and by changing their positions relative to the sun," says Zwicky. Sound fantastic? "These thoughts," Zwicky tells you, "are today perhaps nearer to scientific analysis and mastery than were Jules Verne's dreams in his time."

How does Zwicky feel about the danger of the world's blowing up? "I would say it represented very sloppy experimental procedure," he tells you.

That's how he feels as a scientist. As a human being, you discover he feels no different than you do. At home he's a doting father who spends hours playing with his six-month-old daughter Margrit. At feeding time, he likes to take over from his pretty Swiss wife and talk baby talk to little "Margritli" as he holds the bottle. Just as important to Zwicky as any scientific issue is the question of bubbling. Zwicky maintains that babies might be just as well off without it. His wife does not share this view. The baby is always bubbled.

At Mount Wilson one night the stillness of the dome was shattered by a bloodcurdling scream and a great commotion somewhere below. The observer quickly covered his plates and turned on the lights. The cook's cat had fallen asleep on the ledge and the celestial motion of a galaxy several million light-years in space had sent the dome wheel grinding over the tip of his tail.

Coming down from the serenity of Palomar into a world living in dread of atomic war, you're apt to feel a good deal like the cook's cat.

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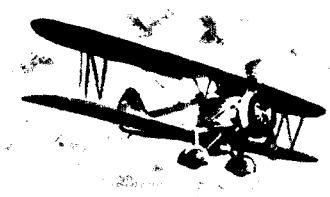

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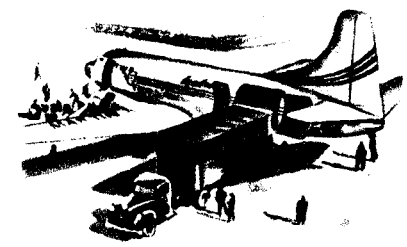

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SWELL LOOKIN' BROAD, MR. KEELEY.
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SO I GOT A JOB ON THE OLD CHICAGO HERALD.
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*(CAN'T ADVERTISE THE OPPOSITION)
WHEN CAPT. J.M. PATTERSON GOT ONE OF HIS BEST IDEAS (AS FAR AS I WAS CONCERNED) AND GAVE ME MOON MULLINS AND THIS GANG.
AND IF 35 YEARS OF THIS DON'T GIVE A GUY "D.T.S" (THAT'S DEADLINE TROUBLES) NOTHING WILL!
INK

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.; COPYRIGHT 1949, BY NEWS SYNDICATE CO., INC.

By FRANK WILLARD

IF YOU are sufficiently advanced in years to remember the slang in the first two pictures at the left, you'll be able to guess my age within a year or two. That's the only hint I'm going to give you.

There's one thing, though, I'm willing to admit: I'm the world's greatest procrastinator. You might say I'm just naturally lazy. I don't think there's a man in the world who can spend as much time as I can getting a haircut, walking the dog or meandering around in a five-and-dime store. Even in my studio there are a great many trivialities which must be attended to before I actually get down to work. You'd be amazed, for instance, how long it can take me to point up a batch of pencils on an electric sharpener, a gadget of which I never tire.

But once I sit back of the drawing board I get the six daily strips, the Sunday page, a great many cigars and a good deal of coffee out of the way in an average of 42 hours. After that I hit the sack and do some real long-distance sleeping.

Some people have accused me of being hard to get along with. On the other hand, Ferd Johnson, the best assistant any cartoonist ever had, has been with me for 25 years; and Albert Gabriel, who takes care of the studio and drives the car, has been around only one less year than Ferd. My wife Marie is wonderful about the whole thing, too, and I have no squawks. My son is a senior at Northwestern University and my daughter is raising my grandson in Sarasota, Florida.

Maybe you'd like to know how Moon Mullins got his name (as depicted succinctly in picture No. 9). Well, in 1919, Captain Joseph M. Patterson started the New York Daily News and I went to see him, being convinced that my career was comic-stripping. Patterson wanted a roughneck cartoon and seemed to think I could do the job. This was during prohibition, and moonshine was an American byword, so Patterson shortened that to Moon and we had the first name. For the last he picked up a classified telephone directory and turned to the plumbing section. The first name he saw was Mullins. Moon finally came over the mountain in 1923.

People often ask me if I use gag men. I don't but sometimes I wish I did. I could do with a vacation, away from the worry of deadlines.

I might mention that my father was not the Reverend Samuel Willard (a bachelor, I understand), who is the central figure in The Spirit of '76, that famous painting originally exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876 and painted by Archibald M. Willard. My father was not an artist. Actually, he was attending medical school when I was born; and my mother at that time was studying at the Chicago Art Institute. It was from her I received about all of my art education, which later was supplemented by the usual odd jobs any cartoonist takes strictly from hunger.

To wind this up on a note that describes my comfortable Los Angeles penthouse existence, my wife, who was once asked if I ever dressed for dinner, replied, "Well, sometimes he puts on a clean sweat shirt."

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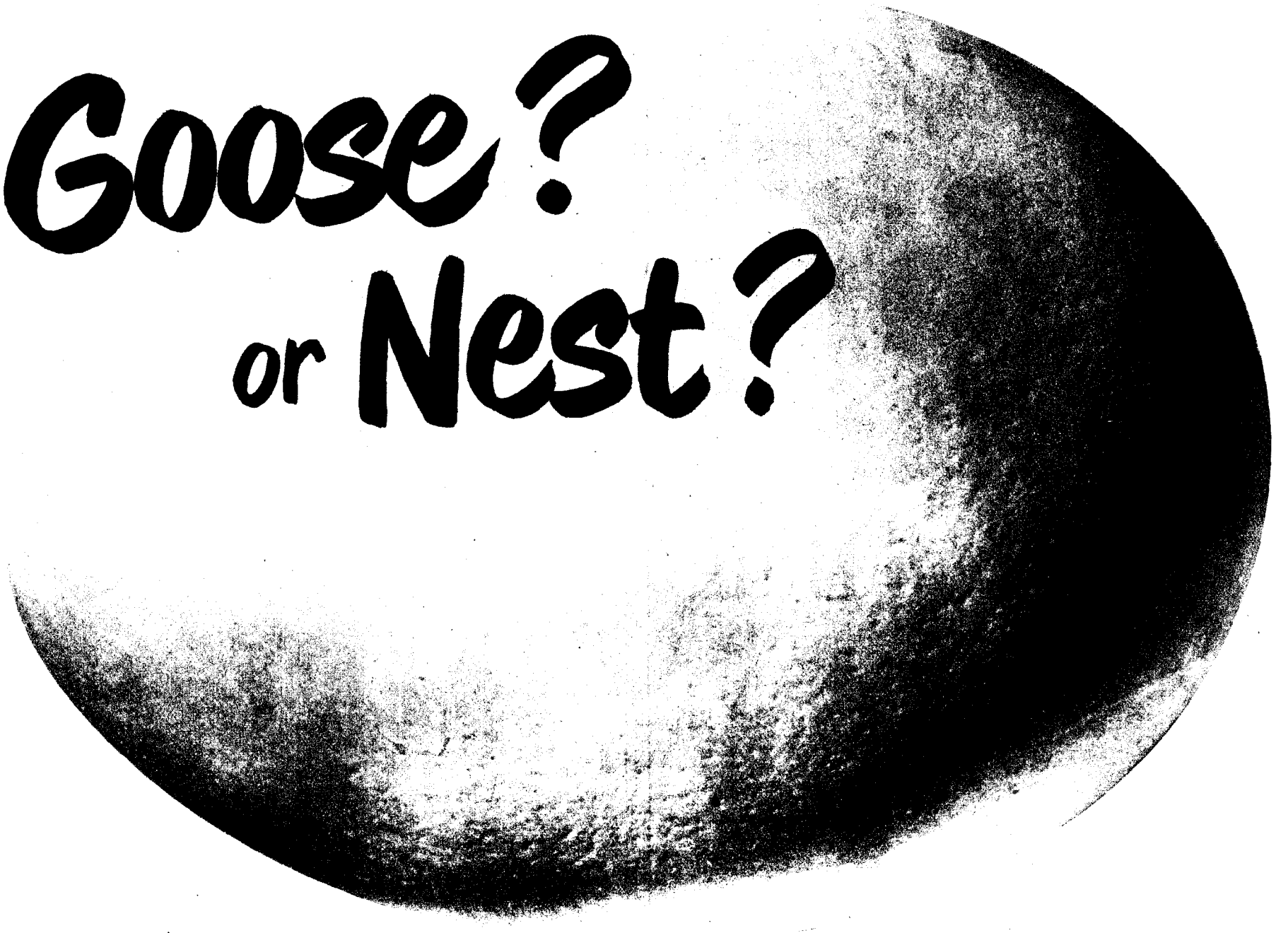

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For some reason, the goose egg stands for zero . . . exactly nothing.

The nest egg, however, stands for a tidy sum of money, set aside for your own or your children's future.

It's hardly necessary to ask you which you'd prefer.

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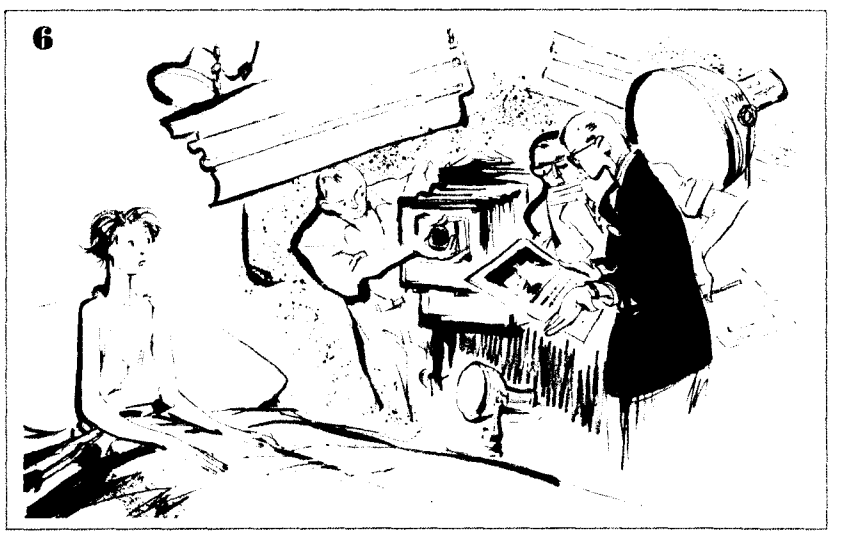

DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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INSIDE SPORTS

Continued from page 50

Anybody who molests El Colonel Winn, or any of the property of the Juárez race track, will be shot.

Villa.

Colonel Winn hasn't bet on a horse since he became general manager of the Downs, but one of his best stories deals with his early love of long shots. On May 25, 1897, he collected on two, Penitence 40-1 and Filibuster 100-1, which may be a world record for one afternoon's long-shotting. He had $5 on each horse.

But the story everyone wants to hear is the one Colonel Winn tells when somebody asks, "Which was the greatest Derby winner of them all?"

This is the way the Colonel tells it:

"In 1918, W. S. Kilmer brought two horses to the Derby—a highly regarded English colt named Sun Briar, and a workhorse named Exterminator.

"Kilmer had no intention of starting Exterminator, he was there as a sort of sparring partner for Sun Briar.

"But Sun Briar trained poorly. In his last Derby workout, on a muddy track, the colt was obviously below form. Exterminator almost beat him—would have, if his jockey hadn't checked him down to save Sun Briar's feelings.

"Kilmer was the most disappointed man in Kentucky. He scratched Sun Briar and when I suggested that he start Exterminator—I was impressed by him—Kilmer scoffed.

"But a couple of hours later, Kilmer phoned me—did I still think Exterminator was a Derby horse? I said I did, and Kilmer said, 'All right, I'll start him.'

"You know the rest—Exterminator won, paying something like $62. But that was only the beginning of his brilliant career. When Old Bones stopped running he'd earned a quarter of a million dollars. Right up until last year, when Citation ran away from everybody, Exterminator was the greatest all-round American thoroughbred I ever saw.

"Now? Well, Citation might be the greatest."

And that is what keeps the Colonel and the Derby young together. Every year there's something new to see, if a young fellow of eighty-eight keeps his eyes open.

THE PARAGON

Continued from page 14

New York assignment. Got to watch my step, he thought.

Thursday afternoon, a few hours after he'd finished a story on agricultural exports, Letitia Blair telephoned again.

"Mr. Belman," she said, "could you possibly drop into my office? I'm awfully sorry to have to bother you like this. Room 416."

Frank was instantly on guard. "What have I done now?"

"These agricultural statistics—oh, I think you'd better come over."

Being in the midst of other work which someone wanted in a hurry, he said, "Couldn't you tell me, Miss Blair?"

She laughed in a peculiar way. "Well, to be frank about it, the little girls behind me here have heard you're six feet two and have sandy hair and look sort of like Jimmy Stewart, and they're all insisting I make you come in."

"Now wait a minute," Frank said. "Let's skip over the Jimmy Stewart malarkey. I *couldn't* be wrong in this story. Got all my information direct from Agricultural Statistics. It's official!"

"Let's talk about it here, shall we?"

"Okay, lady, I'm coming. But put up your dukes!"

TWO minutes later he swung into her office in a fighting mood. He knew when his stuff was right. He was ready to defend it to the death.

Six girls of assorted attractions—brunettes, blondes and a redhead—looked up from six desks, and Frank Belman abruptly froze. Standing in front of them made him feel like the class dunce. When the girls grinned at one another, adding nods of approval, his impulse to fight began to ooze away. He wished to Heaven he hadn't come.

Then he looked down at the nearest desk. It bore a small panel with the name, *Miss Letitia Blair*. She held out her hand, smiling in a friendly way. "Hello, Mr. Belman," she said. "So nice to meet you."

Staring at her, he couldn't believe he'd been on the Chronicle four days without having noticed Letitia Blair. "Hello," he said weakly.

The impact was jolting. She must have been about twenty-three, and if there was a better-looking researcher anywhere in the world, he had never heard of her. She had bright chestnut hair, very thick and wavy, that hung to her shoulders. She had eyes that were wide and warm and incredibly blue, full of good humor now; and the way her lips were parted in a smile revealed wonderful teeth.

"I hate to bother you about a thing like this," she said. "But we've got to earn our wages *somehow* in this office. And we've always got that awful sign hanging over us."

She nodded toward the wall. Frank glanced that way. In 1868, when Hiram Wakefield had founded the Chronicle, he had uttered the motto which now hung framed in the Research office: *"Be right. Be thorough. Be exact."*

"Tell me the worst," Frank said. "What did I get wrong?"

"I'll be glad to show you," Letty said, "if you'll let me use my hand."

So he released the hand he'd been holding; and some of the girls giggled, which didn't help matters.

"You say here," Letty Blair pointed out, "that in 1945 the Department of Agriculture bought almost sixteen million pounds of wheat meal."

"And that's gospel! Look it up."

Letty Blair referred to a copy of Agricultural Statistics, open on her desk. She put a scarlet-tipped finger under a line of figures. "Please don't hate me for this, Mr. Belman. It says here the exact number of pounds bought was 15,883,513."

"Isn't that almost sixteen million, as I reported?"

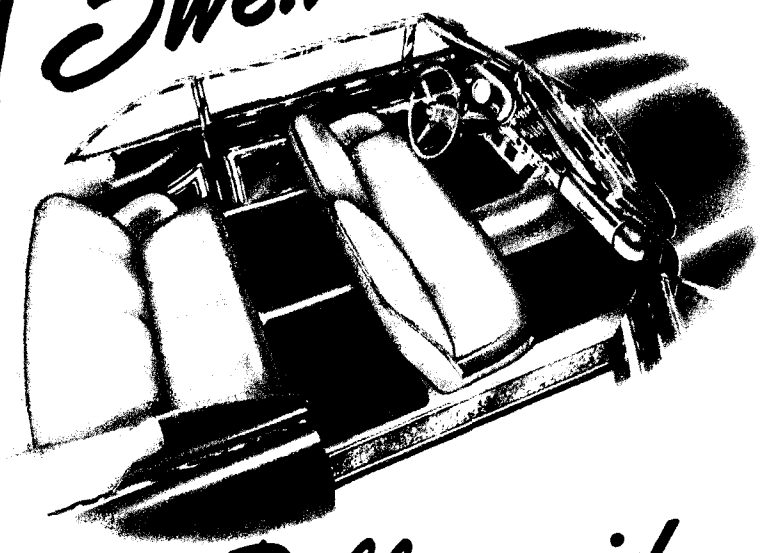
"Ye-es, but—golly, I know how you must feel." Letty Blair glanced regretfully toward the wall where old Hiram Wakefield kept saying, *"Be right. Be thorough. Be exact."* She went on, "But what *can* we do about those copy desk people who always demand precision? They'll insist we say 15,883,513 instead of 'almost sixteen million.' "

Frank struggled against a sense of rebellion. "All right," he said. "Make the changes."

He didn't intend to sound curt. On the other hand, he felt irritated by a policy that seemed so inelastic. And Letty Blair symbolized that policy. For all her sweetness, he could sense the steel underneath.

"I wish I didn't have to trouble you about such trivial things," she said. "After all, I know you've written a great

A Swell Idea!



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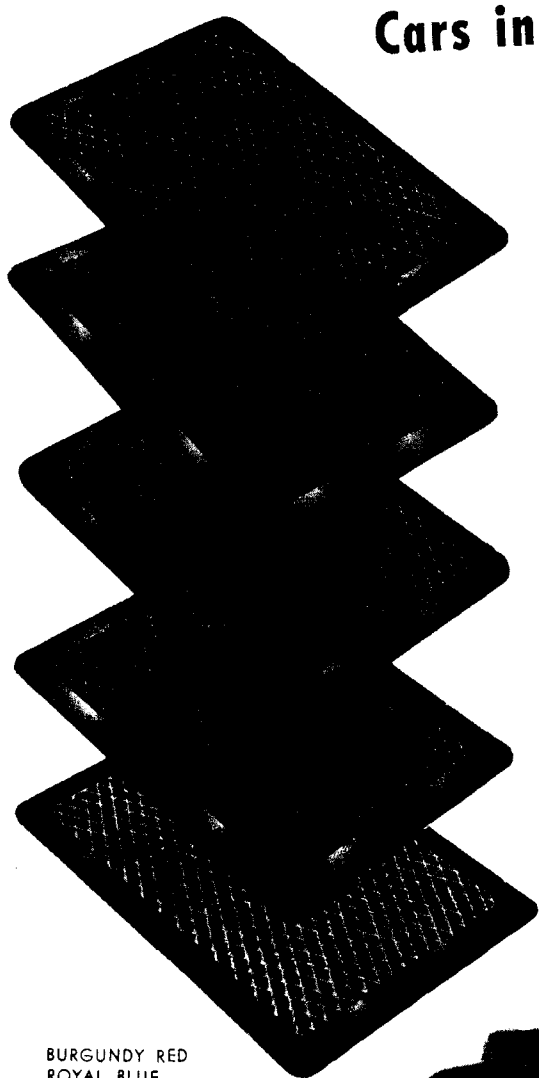

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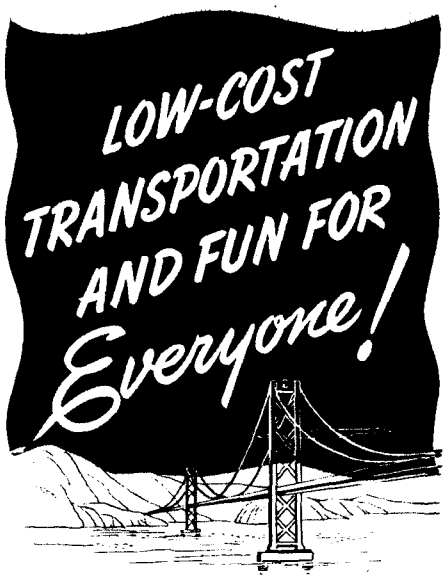

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deal. You've done some magazine pieces, too, haven't you?"

"A few."

"Well—" Her smile brightened. "I hope you won't hold this against me."

Frank went back to sit at his own desk, where he scowled at the typewriter. If there was one thing of which he'd always been proud, it was his accuracy. He promised himself Letty Blair would have no reason to correct him again. He could be as careful as the Research Department.

Red Whalen came in after a while, his tie open, his pipe fouling the air with its smoke. Big, lumbering, his hair forever mussed, Red was a mainstay of the Chronicle sports staff. He and Frank had shivered out the war together in the Aleutians; they could talk like pals.

"What's the matter?" Red asked. "You look like you got a kick in the teeth."

Frank lighted a cigarette. Then he told of the hairsplitting he had to contend with in Research.

"Oh, that," Red said, settling his bulk on the desk. "Pay no attention. Everybody gets the same treatment from The Paragon."

"The who?"

"Our paragon of correctness, the lady who's always right. Don't hold it against her, Frankie. She keeps many a dope from making a bigger dope of himself in print."

"But it gets under the skin," Frank said with a touch of bitterness, "to know she's always right and I'm always wrong."

"That," Red said, "is life on the Chronicle."

Nor did it change. By the time Frank Belman had been on the paper three weeks he came to regard the girl as his personal nemesis—a beautiful nemesis, he had to concede, with lovely legs, shining eyes, and a smile that could stop your breath—but nevertheless a nemesis who kept him in a state of repressed fury.

One morning, as he uncovered his typewriter, she telephoned to say he was in error in attributing to Lincoln the phrase, "of the people, by the people, for the people."

"Now wait a minute, Letty," he protested, ready to do violent battle on that one. "What the devil are you talking about? Everybody knows that comes from the Gettysburg Address! '. . . that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from—' "

"Frank, *please* don't shout. I hate to be such a nuisance. But it wasn't original with Lincoln. He was quoting."

"If he were quoting he'd have said so!" Frank argued.

"It comes from the foreword of the Wycliffe version of the Bible. It was written quite a few centuries before Lincoln. I'll show you."

A FEW minutes later, she came to his desk with a book of quotations, and there it was—Wycliffe had beaten Lincoln to it. Frank was crushed. His long, lean figure drooped in the chair. He shook his head, finding no appropriate words.

Letty put a sympathetic hand on his shoulder. When he looked up, her eyes were warm and friendly; you might almost have said they were affectionate.

"Don't let it get you down, Frank," she said. "It was really a honey of a story. You did a fine job. I loved every word of it."

He looked at her in a brooding way. "Tell me, Letty," he said. "Are you ever wrong about anything?"

She laughed. Her tone became amused and teasing. "I try *not* to be," she said. "Why?"

He waved a tired hand. "Forget it," he said. "I was just wondering.". . .

Late in the afternoon he went out for a badly needed beer with Red Whalen. They leaned on Luigi's bar, and Frank was morose.

"I wonder," he said, talking vaguely out of his gloom, "how it would feel to be married to a girl like that."

"Like what?" Red asked.

"Letty. Can you imagine being married to a woman who's always right, always showing where you're wrong?"

Red looked at him in surprise.

"Why," Frank said, "over the years it could easily wear a man down."

Red Whalen kept a startled, searching stare on him. Then he grunted and turned back to his beer. "Maybe she's only like that in the office," he said.

"Maybe. But correcting people can become a terrible habit. A state of mind— It—it scares me."

They drank in silence for some time. Then Red looked at his watch and suggested they have dinner together and see a movie. "It'll do you good."

"Can't," Frank said, bringing himself back from distant thoughts with a sigh. "Got a magazine assignment to work on. Got to do some digging."

"What now?"

"A piece on old-time sports that have practically died out—like bowling on the green, the hammer throw, the javelin and so on. I'll have to dig deep."

Red said thoughtfully, "I'll bet if you asked Letty she could get you everything you want in twenty minutes."

"Thanks," Frank said with unexpected harshness. "I'll do my own research!"

IN THE morning he was hammering his typewriter when he caught a whiff of familiar perfume. He glanced up, and there was Letty, smiling, waiting for him to finish a sentence. Her hair was done up on the top of her head, and she looked so different, so enchanting, that his breath caught. He leaned back, took the cigarette from his lips and got his legs out of their corkscrew writing position.

"Can't be that I've done anything wrong," he said. "You've got no script of mine."

Letty tilted back her head and laughed. "Nothing like that," she said. "I'm just visiting. I hear you're doing a magazine piece on defunct sports."

"Red's been talking, has he?"

She let that go and asked, "How would the practically forgotten hop, skip and jump fit into your story?"

Frank straightened. "It would fit fine," he said. "What do you know about it?"

"I know a man who held American records. He's about seventy now. I'm sure he could tell you a great deal. He once filled my ears for hours."

This, Frank realized, might be the kind of source material he needed.

"His name is Murdock," Letty said. "Josh Murdock. Lives up near Wellsville, Connecticut, where I spent my vacation last year. If you can get a car, it's only a three-hour drive."

Here, heaven-sent, was a chance to discover what Letty was like away from her library of statistics. The sense of opportunity filled Frank with sudden excitement. He knew where he could rent a car, all right. He got up, hoping.

"How about driving up there with me Sunday?" he said. "We could make a day of it."

"Frankly," Letty answered, smiling again, "I didn't intend to step out of here till you asked me."

DURING the drive to Connecticut, Frank found it hard to watch the road. Letty wore a blue skirt and a white blouse that revealed her shoulders, and they were the smoothest, loveliest shoulders he had ever seen. People no longer spoke of a peaches-and-cream complexion, but that was the only way to describe the color of those shoulders.

Her chestnut hair was bound with a narrow coral ribbon. She had brought sunglasses but she kept them on the seat beside her. Again and again he glanced at her. She was disturbing. She was beautiful. If only she weren't such a persistent know-it-all—

He'd discover soon enough what sort of person she was away from her desk.

When they reached the Sawmill River Parkway he said gaily but with deliberate intent, "As Kipling put it, 'On journeys through the States we start.' " He waited, with a kind of anxiety, expecting her to correct him. She'd say, "No, Frank, not Kipling. That was Whitman."

Letty didn't say a word. She was humming as she glanced over the country around them. She didn't seem aware of the error at all. "We picked a beautiful day," she said at last.

A little later he tried again. He had switched on the radio, and a murmuring baritone was singing Jerome Kern's Lovely to Look At. Frank said with an appreciative sigh, "I love Gershwin, don't you? Gets me."

Letty nodded, humming the melody together with the baritone.

Frank gave her a startled look. Well, of course you couldn't expect her to know everything. Yet he was sure she wouldn't have allowed such a slip to pass in a script. She'd have checked—

Viewpoint

By DAVE GERARD

"Oh, Paul, please! I'm a sight! And I take such ghastly pictures!"

"She spent almost two full hours primping before you folks arrived"

COLLIER'S

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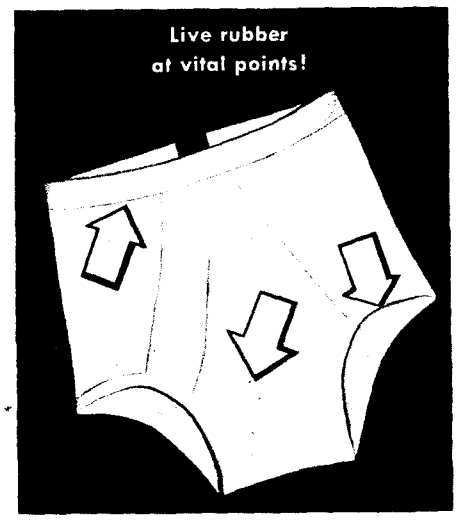

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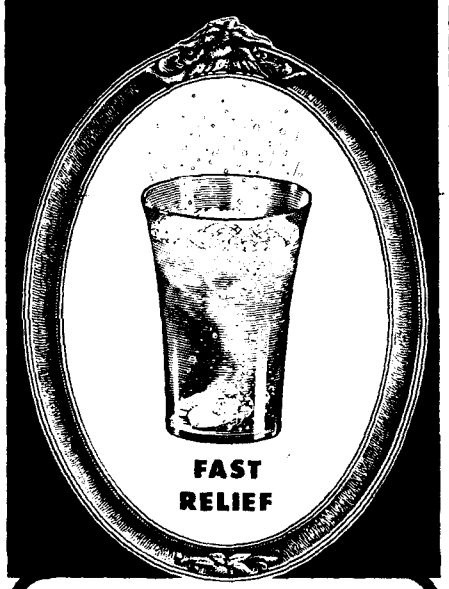

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COLLIERS — DAN KOERNER

Maybe that was it. Maybe she corrected you only when she had recourse to her books and statistics. Frank suddenly began to feel better. He even grinned as he looked ahead. From time to time he made other attempts to bait her. And though she spoke cheerfully about anything under the sun he mentioned, she seemed to find no errors of fact in anything he said. His spirits improved with every mile of the drive, and it occurred to him that he'd never before been so gay and at ease with Letty. He was, in truth, beginning to have the time of his life.

Two miles beyond the village of Wellsville she directed him to a side road which led to Josh Murdock's home. They followed it for a few minutes—a pleasant dirt road canopied by trees—and then Letty pointed to a ramshackle place in a valley. "That's it," she said.

When they stopped the car, with dust billowing around them, a farmer in overalls looked up from a truck garden. He was a young man. He wiped his hands on his thighs as he came to the fence.

Letty called, "Josh Murdock around?"

The farmer looked surprised. "Why, no, lady," he said. "Murdock don't live here any more."

"Doesn't *live* here! Since when?"

"Not since last October, when I bought the place from him."

Letty's mouth opened, but she didn't utter a sound. She was aghast.

Frank asked dryly, "Know where we could find him?"

"Couldn't say," the farmer said. "Last I heard, he'd gone to the Coast or somewhere."

"Oh. Well, that's fine. Thanks."

He glanced at Letty, then turned the car around and headed back for the main road. From the corners of his eyes he could see her consternation.

"Gosh, Frank!" she said. "I'm terribly sorry, I feel like such a fool—"

"It's a beautiful day," Frank interrupted, "and we're having a pleasant drive—and anybody can make a mistake. Anybody. So why weep?"

ACTUALLY, he was absurdly happy about the way things had turned out. He had an impulse to laugh—or maybe to sing for joy. His fears, he felt convinced, had all been exaggerated: In her private life Letty would never be a load on a man's neck. Away from her office duties, away from her books and statistics, she would cease being a paragon of infallibility. She'd be as delightful, as human, as prone to err as anybody else—he was sure of that.

The knowledge put a sparkle in his eyes. His heart banged, and he decided he'd better do something about it.

Where the dirt road dipped into a hollow shaded by ancient elms, he pulled to a side and stopped. He turned to look at Letty. The coral ribbon on her hair had loosened, and her hands were behind her head, remaking the bow. He grinned.

"Honey," he said, "I'm going to ask you something personal."

"If—if you're going to make fun of me, Frank—"

"Not at all. Why should I make fun of you? I love you."

She stared. "You what?"

"Love you. I think I've been crazy about you since the first day I walked into your office."

"Frank—"

"Nevertheless I'd like to get something cleared up." His grin broadened. "This mistake-making, dull-witted business today has all been an act, hasn't it?"

She seemed to skip a breath. After a while he could see the color begin to rise in her face—a warm and guilty glow. It was beautiful to see. He leaned forward and kissed her cheek.

"Honey," he said with a chuckle, "you're not fooling anybody. You're far too bright, far too intelligent to pull so many boners. The only *real* mistake you made today was thinking I might believe in such a performance."

HER color grew deeper. After a silence she said in a low voice, "Was it that obvious? I—I feel like a heel."

"Nonsense."

"I think I'd have told you in the end. I *know* I would."

"Sure." He took her hand. "I'll bet you telephoned to check about Murdock days ago."

She nodded, biting her lip. A crow cawed, and she turned her head to follow its flight. After a pause she said, "And as long as I'm cleaning my soul, I—I may as well tell you I know Kipling from Whitman and Gershwin from Kern."

"I wondered about that." Frank admired the hand he held, its fingertips as coral-red as her ribbon. "For a while I even felt superior. By the way, what brought all this on?"

"Red, I guess."

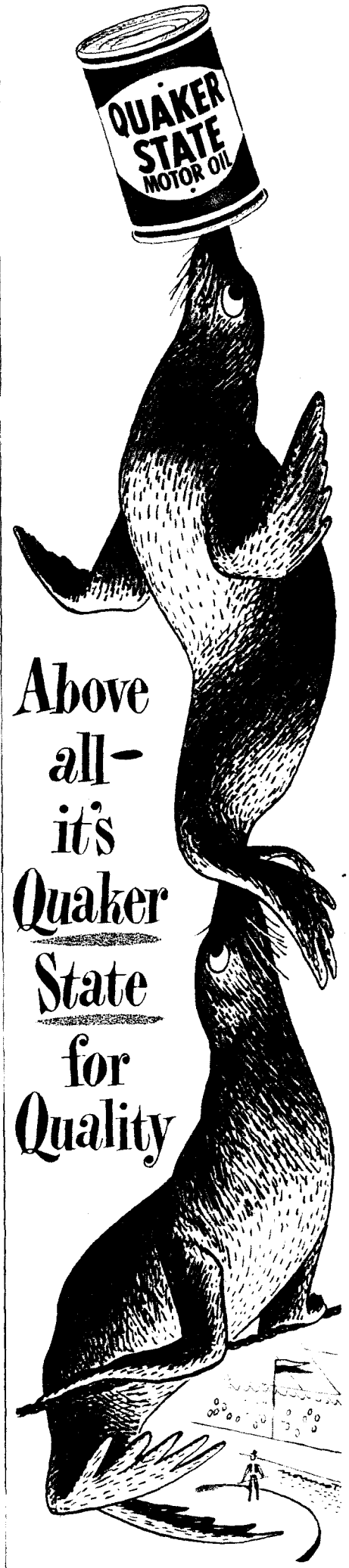
"Red?" he was startled.

"The other day," she said slowly, "he told me how you felt, and—it kept me awake nights. I didn't want you to be afraid of me. After all, Frank, I think I have enough sense not to agonize a man for life by being a chronic know-it-all. I—I thought I'd better show you that, in spite of my job, I know the difference between a woman and an encyclopedia."

He looked at her a while, and then he put an arm around her. "There's no comparison," he said. "None whatever. Honey, please raise your face."

She did, and presently, while he kissed her, a wonderful mistiness came into her eyes. She smiled as her head sank against his shoulder. Her eyelids closed. When at last Frank stopped, a little dazed, he looked at her flushed face and said, "I—I wonder what ever made Red *tell* you how I felt."

"Maybe," Letty said in a whisper, "it was because I'd already let him know how I felt about *you*."



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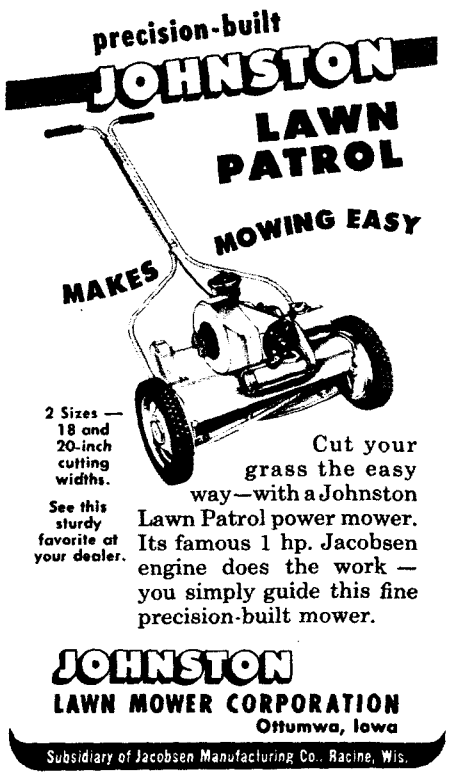
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THE MAESTRO FROM PENN STATE

Continued from page 15

his head. They'd rather listen to Waring's Pennsylvanians than to any other orchestra—especially since Fred has produced a glee club that adds extra color to his music by changes in tempo, long melodious hums, and startling bursts of sound.

Waring's music has been compared to many things, including a strawberry soda. It features two almost-forgotten musical ingredients: full tone and melody—"stimulating tone images," the results have been called.

Slipping from something like Holy, Holy, Holy to such popular numbers as Hooray for Love, the Pennsylvanians give to both the same sort of high musicianship and zest. Sometimes a Waring arrangement includes a tricky bit of showmanship, such as the singing of a piping-voiced girl trio. But in a musical sense it's always simple. Musicians and singers render the music exactly as it's written. It's the Waring emphasis and blend that make it unique.

One who appreciated this was the late Jerome Kern. He would drop anything, go anywhere to hear the Pennsylvanians do one of his songs. "Fred never sacrifices a song of mine because a basso can do a good solo," he explained once. "He plays it exactly as I wrote it."

Rodgers and Hammerstein, authors of Oklahoma! and more Broadway hits than you can shake a banjo at, give their songs to Fred ahead of time. They like the first public impression to be made in the straightforward Waring manner.

Though he is forty-eight and gray-haired, Fred's friends swear that he has never been known to relax. Even so, he is as fresh today as when he stepped off the Penn State campus, back in 1921.

Last year he determined to find out at firsthand how, after 15 years of broadcasting, he rated as a maker of music. Warned that business on the road was reaching new lows, he nonetheless organized a concert tour for himself and his Pennsylvanians—his orchestra of 30 and a glee club of 20 men and five girls.

A Triumphant Road Tour

What happened on that tour still has the music world talking. One city's symphony had previously failed to fill its auditorium. Fred packed it to overflowing, twice. In Kansas City music-hungry hordes almost swept aside ticket takers and ushers. In Omaha 3,000 jammed into the hall while another 3,000 listened outside. In another city chartered busses brought so many admirers from outlying districts that the worst traffic snarl in local history resulted.

"It was not a concert, it was an event," the local music critic wrote, and opined that his report really belonged on the front page.

Fred was pleased by the crowds and the money grossed, but, being what he is, he liked other sorts of response more. In Kansas City he was delighted when the audience surged to its feet and sang along with the Pennsylvanians as they did The Battle Hymn of the Republic. Said a beaming Fred, "Until we used our arrangement, this fine song had been played like a Sousa march and sung so badly people had lost all respect for it."

Ever since he switched the emphasis of his music from orchestra to singers Waring has attached great importance to words as well as music. "In a successful song," he said to himself at that time, "words and music must combine to tell the story." He then worked out his chief contribution to choral singing. It's a method—called tone syllables—of reducing each word to its simplest, pleasantest sounds. As tone syllables the first line of the Battle Hymn goes like this: *Mah-een nah-eez hav-seen thuh glo-oo-ri ov thuh kum ming ov thul Lord.*

Nowadays, even before humming the melody of a new song, the Waring Glee Club reduces lyrics to tone syllables. On the word *love,* which occurs more frequently than any other, Fred labored long. Finally he developed a syllable-stressing trick. It can't be duplicated on paper, but when the Pennsylvanians sing love, they sing all of it.

In a profession where publicity is all-important, Fred never mentions his private life. Once his press agent permitted a magazine photographer to take pictures of the mechanical workshop in the cellar of Waring's home in Shawnee, Pennsylvania. Fred was infuriated by this breach of privacy, and almost fired his publicity expert. Today few know that he has been married twice and is the father of two growing sons and a daughter.

On the other hand, he will lend himself to anything publicizing Waring the professional. Once he was persuaded to lead a bull into a Fifth Avenue china shop. The stunt collapsed when the bull refused to move around. "Too darn' tame," Fred explains.

Fred is known far and wide as a friendly fellow who loves to read sentimental poetry over the air. Yet at times when he is rehearsing the Pennsylvanians, many of whom have been with him 20 years, he employs a very waspish tongue.

On one notable occasion, when he caught a musician looking at him as though in deep thought, he signaled a stop. "What's on your mind?" he demanded.

"Nothing," the musician said, gulping.

"At least, you're consistent," Fred snapped.

When the Pennsylvanians don't please him, during a rehearsal, he says sarcastically, "Let's not guess—let's play the notes." And at the end of the session he warns, "Be on your toes tonight or I'll be on yours tomorrow." Singers and musicians know this is no empty threat.

Often Waring needles so sharply that mutters of revolt are heard, but when rehearsals end he has succeeded in getting the sort of music he wants, a fact the Pennsylvanians understand. "He's temperamental and we're philosophical," one girl singer explains. "And we know it's our music he's criticizing, not us."

At actual performances Waring, having accomplished all he can by needling, becomes a good fellow. To achieve the freshness and spontaneity he treasures, he distracts his tense group by mugging and clowning as he leads. For sad music he twists his face into burlesque, sorrowful expressions. For gay music, he's happy. When the lyrics say ride a horse, he rides one. For rumba music, he rumbas.

At the same time, however, he conducts expertly. No matter how much he cavorts, each member of the group feels the pull of his intensity. Drawing music out, pushing it back, signaling for emphasis, shaping tone syllables, he blends his intricate arrangements into stimulating panoramas of sound.

Every Instrument Effective

Eight microphones relay the Pennsylvanians' music to radio audiences—six for instrumental sections, two for glee club and soloists. The Philharmonic and other symphonies, be it known, use only one mike, but Fred wants his listeners to get the full effect of every instrument.

Such insistence on perfection has been one Waring trait that never changes. Even as a boy he insisted. Born in Tyrone, Pennsylvania, on June 9, 1900, he studied violin until one day his mother said, "Fred, you always play the violin alone. You should be in the school orchestra."

"I won't play with them," Fred answered, "they stink"—or contemporary words to that effect.

That made Mother Waring mad. "They sound all right to me," she said sharply. "Either you play in the orchestra or stop your lessons."

Fred's jaw set, as it has set many times since. "All right," he said. "I'll stop the lessons."

Fred was a sophomore at Penn State, anticipating a bright career as an architectural engineer, when his brother Tom asked him to go to Ann Arbor with the four-piece Banjazzatra Tom and Poley McClintock had organized. Vacations and holidays Fred played a hot banjo in the Banjazzatra, with Freddie Buck playing another. Poley and Tom Waring played piano and drums. Now the Banjazzatra had its first big date—to play at the University of Michigan junior hop.

At Ann Arbor, Fred and the boys got a

"He doesn't seem to be promoting anything for himself; and he certinny ain't trying to make a touch, as he's got all the money he can use . . . I guess he's just a nice guy, although he ain't objectionable about it"

COLLIER'S — JOHN RUGE

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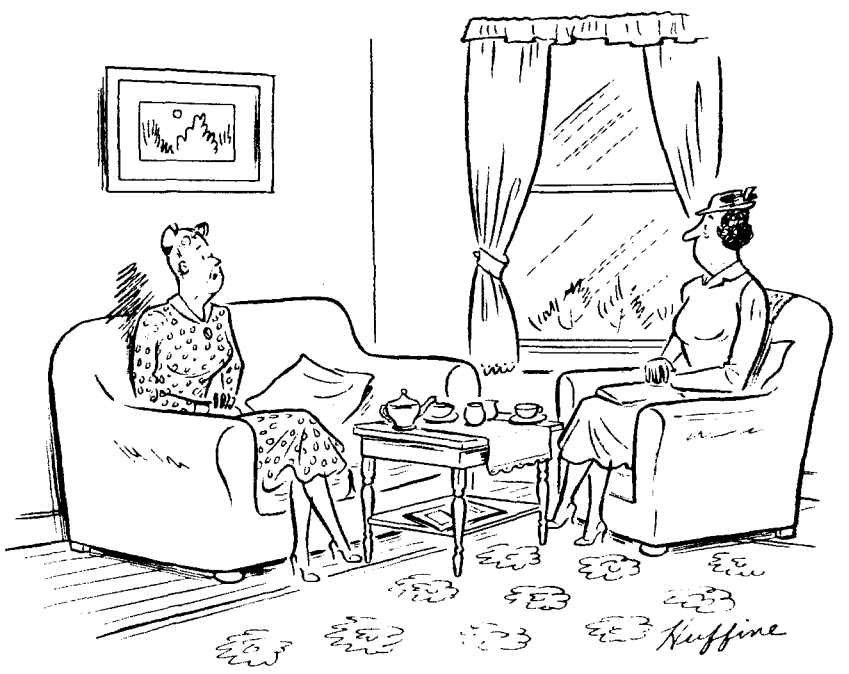

COLLIER'S

"Then between 1920 and 1945, I just seemed to turn gray overnight"

DAVE HUFFINE

jolt. The Banjazzatra had been hired for the small ballroom. Only if the crowd in the main room grew too large would the Banjazzatra play—for the overflow.

A driving urge to be top man is another Fred Waring characteristic. "A tremendous competitor," one friend calls him. Fred decided the Banjazzatra would be second to no other band. That night he and the others played Somebody Stole My Gal, Stumbling and other songs of the day with such enthusiasm that the overflow room rapidly filled up, leaving the main one empty.

Next morning Fred had a new feeling when he awoke. Music seemed more important than architecture. On the way home he suggested a stop-off in Detroit so that he and his friends could have a look at the theaters and the city's lone radio station. By the end of the day the boys had played on the radio and had a contract to open at the Madison Theatre in vaudeville. Over dinner, there in Detroit, they decided to rename themselves the Pennsylvanians. Fred was made leader and manager, and he never returned to college.

For the next 15 years Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians increased in both size and popularity. Coming from a family that loved to gather around a piano and sing, Fred stressed singing choruses and harmony. The perennial college boy, he featured college songs, making them famous in the process.

Becoming dissatisfied with the range of the music he was playing, he began to hire musicians who could play several instruments. Then, in endless rehearsals, he experimented with varied arrangements of popular songs. Part of every rehearsal he used to rehearse his musicians in singing choruses. Those who remember the Pennsylvanians in the early twenties say that the orchestra members, when Fred took them on, were neither very good musicians nor good singers, but that Fred's unceasing drive made them good.

In 1932, Waring's Pennsylvanians started a six-month engagement at the Roxy Theatre in New York. Their act was a gilded affair in which showmanship ran riot. Illuminated notes twinkled over an orchestra attired in uniforms. Fred, still looking like a boy straight off the campus, was on the crest of the wave and making $10,000 a week.

On the same program was the famous Hall Johnson Choir of Negro voices. Before one performance Hall Johnson fell ill. A frantic theater manager ran backstage and located Fred. "Lead the Johnson singers," he pleaded.

Fred did—and received the thrill of a crowded lifetime. For the first time he drew from a musical group the exact sounds he heard when scanning a musical score. Walking from the stage he was a changed man. Never again would he expect instruments to produce his kind of music—only trained voices could do it—and never again would he expect musicians to be trained singers. From now on he would have his own trained singers.

That's when the idea for combining an orchestra with singers first came to him.

As soon as he could find the time—in the following year—he auditioned 1,000 men and women, hiring 25—twenty men and five women—to form the first Waring Glee Club. At first he rehearsed the club himself. Then he hired Robert Shaw, now director of the famed Collegiate Chorale.

Finishing Touches by Waring

Shaw soon learned what Waring musicians already knew: that a Waring interpretation of music is unique, and that only Fred can produce it. Shaw—and his successor, Don Craig—would train the glee club in tone syllables and melody. Then Waring would take over a combined orchestra and chorus rehearsal and shape the music to his taste.

Waring's Pennsylvanians, now 55 strong (almost half singers) are remarkable for more than music. In a stormy world they actually seem one big happy family. Visitors look in vain for temperament—aside from Fred's—professional jealousy or backbiting. They aren't there.

Financially the Pennsylvanians are the best-off group in music. Waring pays 52 weeks a year, and pays well. The lowest he pays any of his singers or musicians is $10,000 and high salaries are more than twice that. (Tip to politicians: it has worked out fine!)

The Pennsylvanians not only work together. They play, as well. Summers are spent at Waring's personal Shangri-La in Shawnee, where broadcasts are made from pleasantly rural surroundings.

Several Pennsylvanians are doting grandfathers and 15 have been with Waring, who seldom fires anyone, for more than 20 years. Of the original Banjazzatra only Poley McClintock, he of the drums, remains. Freddie Buck is

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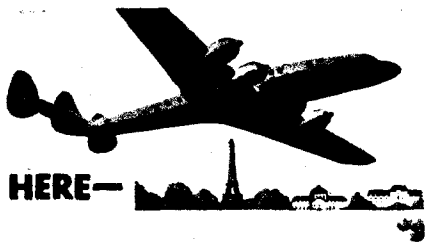

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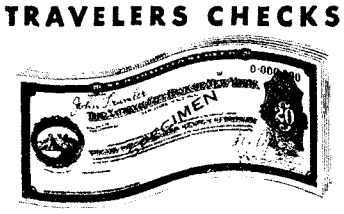

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dead. Tom Waring has retired. Waring musicians still play more than one instrument, thus increasing the potentialities of a now-large orchestra. Even singers sometimes double in instruments. Stuart Churchill, tenor soloist, frequently plays drums, bassoon, sax or guitar.

To function as benevolent dictator of his contented group Waring needs a pretty penny. He needs an intake of $1,000,000 a year to break even, and to ensure a profit he supplements his musical earnings with other interests that make up 20 per cent of his annual receipts totaling $2,000,000. He has a publishing house called the Shawnee Press that publishes choral arrangements, and he is also the proprietor of the 95-room Shawnee Inn, owner of several Pennsylvania golf courses, is a scientific turkey breeder, and an investor in numerous projects.

Before the war, an inventor approached him with a gadget on which much futile labor had been wasted. Waring bought it and, in his spare time, spent two years developing the Waring Blendor, now used in many kitchens, bars and hospitals.

Fred later sold the Blendor, together with a steam iron which he also perfected, for $1,000,000. Since then his engineering abilities have been devoted to a rotary valve.

To Improve America's Singing

Three years ago Waring, the orchestra tycoon, suddenly became Waring, the man with a purpose. To spread his consuming love of choral singing, and his innovations in the field, he undertook to stimulate singing in America.

First he concentrated on music teachers. They were fine people, he reasoned, with the thankless job of teaching music to kids who thought only of the rhythms of Goodman, Dorsey and Gillespie. True, some schools had glee clubs, but usually they attracted only a few pupils.

And what, Fred wondered, of the assembly singing that afforded a pleasant break in school days at Tyrone? If it existed at all, in most schools it was sloppy and perfunctory. Fred decided to help music teachers and through them interest school children in singing.

At first his efforts were regarded with mistrust. Educators thought he was seeking publicity. But when Fred showed them his valuable library of Waring orchestra and glee club arrangements they decided he was serious.

Now, at the drop of a tone syllable. Fred will send out a choral director, arranger or musician to groups needing one. While traveling he visits as many schools as possible, listening to glee clubs and delivering pep talks.

On such occasions he wears his emotions on his sleeve. In Dallas, on his last tour, he listened to a choir of Negro orphans give a sensitive and expert performance. Stumbling to his feet, with tears pouring from his eyes, he said, "It is moments like this that make my life worth living."

At his summer Music Workshop in Shawnee, Fred does his most practical work in musical stimulation. Not children, Workshop students are directors of school, church, college and industrial choral groups, who pay $85 for a week of Waring.

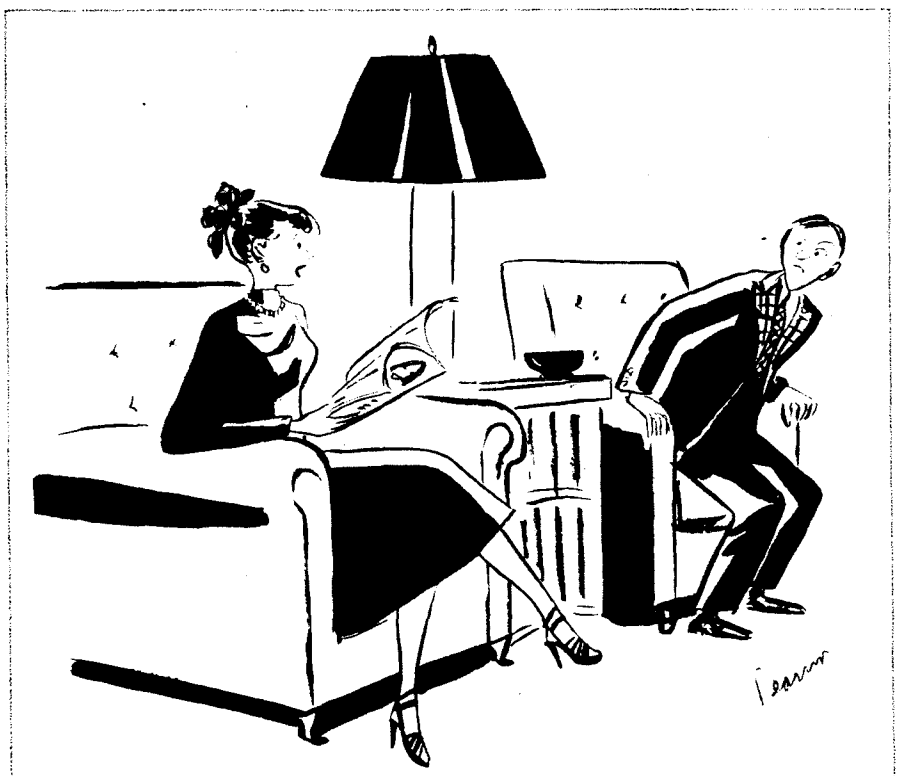
To date over 1,000 students have attended the Workshop, among them nuns, priests, a lady of eighty-one, another who bicycled halfway across the continent, and a psychologist who, unable to carry a tune, took notes on the effects of total immersion in music. From early morning to midnight students are put through every variety of musical pace. Daily, after watching the Pennsylvanians' morning broadcast, they are rehearsed thoroughly by the maestro himself.

If Waring, who works with great intensity, should ever give indications of weakening, his associates have a precedent for snapping him back to the high Waring pitch.

Once, just once, in Washington years ago at the end of a long tour, he showed fatigue. Leading the Pennsylvanians through a rehearsal, he was lamentably lacking in his usual fire. Observing him, his business manager realized that action was needed—and quickly!

Seeking out the janitor, he bribed him to carry an armful of folding chairs to the balcony and hurl them to the floor below. The janitor carried out his instructions, and at the sound of the crash the drooping Waring jumped as if struck by lightning. With a cry of rage, he started abusing everything in sight, including the musicians who, he stated, had been playing the world's worst music.

The business manager chuckled. Fred was Fred again. He's been Fred ever since.



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THANK GOD FOR MY HEART ATTACK!

Continued from page 13

buzzing started in my ears, the vertigo increased and the lights in the room seemed unusually and frighteningly bright. It was then that the unmistakable symptoms of coronary thrombosis became terrifyingly apparent.

First, there was a slight ache along my left arm moving slowly back and forth from my shoulder to my finger tips. Then it seemed as though the entire region around my chest became constricted as if it were held by a powerful vise that was being slowly tightened. And now the pain along the arm was unendurable. I knew it was not merely what is mistakenly called angina pectoris. It was much worse. It was a coronary thrombosis.

My knowledge that it was a coronary thrombosis came not through intuition nor some sixth sense, but out of specific knowledge. I had learned something about the symptoms of heart diseases about ten years before, at the time I was

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TONY VENTI

Pasticha from Pierre's Restaurant, San Marino, California

SHUT your eyes. You're at Pierre's Restaurant in San Marino, California. The lights have gone out. Strains of Ave Maria fill the darkened room. Pierre is pouring flaming liqueurs from his special ladle. His never-ending chatter streams on—when, presto, a portion of crepes Suzette is born!

I found this production alone worth the price of admission. But Pierre, a tongue-in-cheek former professor of philosophy from Greece, has other gastronomical tricks up his sleeve. His large, attractively decorated restaurant specializes in good steaks, chops, chicken and sea food. Dinners range in price from $2.25 to $3.50. Luncheon is from $1.50 to $3. (Crepes Suzette are 75 cents a portion extra.) He told me about additional specialties, not listed on the menu, that can be had upon request. Here is the recipe for one of these, a Turkish dish, which I pass on to you.

PASTICHA

1 lb. elbow macaroni
1½ teaspoons onion salt
¼ lb. butter
1 cup grated Parmesan cheese
¼ cup olive oil
Large onion
6 cloves garlic
1 lb. ground beef
1 teaspoon *orégano*
4 eggs
1 tablespoon flour
½ cup milk

Boil macaroni until just cooked (about 12 minutes). Add 1 teaspoon onion salt. Drain well. Brown half of the butter and add to macaroni with Parmesan. Mix well. Melt other half of butter in frying pan and add olive oil; chop onion and garlic fine; fry until well browned. Add beef. Cook until well done. Salt after cooking. Add *orégano*. Combine with macaroni mixture. Place in greased baking dish. Beat eggs until thick. Add flour, ½ teaspoon onion salt and milk. Beat until well blended. Pour over mixture in baking dish and bake in medium oven for ¾ hour. Serves 6.

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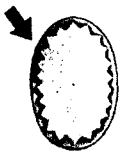

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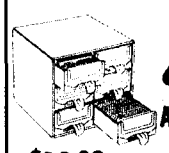

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writing a story in which the central character died of a heart attack in his sleep. Before I wrote the death scene I had spent several days in the New York Public Library doing research on the symptoms of a coronary occlusion. I knew them all. And now I had them.

I was alone—my wife was visiting her mother—and the important thing was to get help quickly. The lights in the room seemed brighter than ever, the buzzing continued in my head, and there is no word in any language to describe the pain.

Several plans of action suggested themselves. I could stagger or crawl—but not walk—to the telephone and call our family physician. I started to put this momentous plan into operation. And suddenly I remembered through the haze that he was out of town attending a convention of some kind. It occurred to me then that I could call for emergency help from a neighboring doctor whose apartment was about fifteen paces down the hall.

Start of a Long Journey

But this involved a long and perilous journey out of the living room, through the foyer, out of the door and then those interminable fifteen paces to the doctor's door.

The vertigo had ceased, but the pain increased in intensity and all strength seemed to have deserted me.

Each succeeding moment seemed to threaten loss of consciousness; the most important thing now was not to pass out. With enormous difficulty I staggered, half walked, out of the living room, through the foyer, down the hallway leading to the bathroom, steadying myself against the sides of the walls as I went.

In the bathroom I found a bottle of smelling salts. I uncorked it, put it to my nose; but it was odorless, without effect. The stuff had apparently evaporated. A month later, when I came out of the hospital, I tested the salts and they were full strength, bringing tears to my eyes.

But at that moment my body, out of a wisdom of its own, was conserving all its strength, diminishing all but the vital functions, rushing all its reserves to my stricken heart; the olfactory sense wasn't important at that moment.

I was now farther away from the doctor's office than ever. One thought obsessed my reeling brain—not to lose consciousness before I could get help. The sensation that I was slipping away continued, but, steadying myself against the walls, I made for the door of the apartment. As I left it I had a desperate kind of presence of mind that enabled me to slip the catch on the door so I'd be able to get back again without a key.

Half stumbling, hanging on to the wall, slipping to my knees at one point, I slowly made the fifteen paces down the deserted corridor and pressed the doctor's doorbell.

His wife answered. She looked at me in alarm, helped me back to my apartment and onto one of the couches in the living room, and then telephoned her husband who was out on a call.

I don't remember how long I lay there; time had ceased to exist. Finally the doctor arrived. He looked at me, saw and heard the desperate breathing, saw the face covered with perspiration, the blue lips, the terrified expression that characterize victims of coronary thrombosis.

"You're a very sick man," he said, reaching for my pulse.

"Yes, I know. It's a coronary thrombosis, isn't it?"

My research on the death scene in my story was paying off. It was a poor kind of payment, but there it was.

"Look, doctor," I said, "I know it's a coronary thrombosis and—"

Even these few halting words required a lot of effort, effort that I could ill afford.

"—I'm in terrible pain," I went on, nevertheless. "Give me a shot of morphine in the vein so that it'll act at once, and another subcutaneous one so that it'll come in when the first shot wears off." It was outlandishly presumptuous, I know, but I said it anyhow.

He looked at me with an expression that combined surprise and displeasure. Then the stern look in his eyes softened and he smiled.

"Don't talk, Mr. Harrison," he said. "You're not to talk. Take it easy."

Then he moved into the kitchen where I heard him going through the motions of sterilizing a hypodermic needle. He returned in a short while and gave me the injection. And in a few minutes the pain in my chest and arm eased somewhat, the buzzing in my head diminished, the blinding glare of the lights dimmed back to normal and I began to breathe with greater ease.

"Where can I get in touch with your wife?" the doctor asked.

I gave him the number at which Eva, my wife, could be reached. The telephone was not more than ten feet from the couch on which I was lying, and although he spoke quietly into the mouthpiece, I clearly overheard the entire conversation. He spoke with a blunt, almost heartless candor which only a very young doctor or a cynical, hardened veteran would employ:

"Mrs. Harrison? This is Dr. Roban. Your husband is seriously ill. He's just had a heart attack—coronary thrombosis."

Poor Eva. I could see her up at her mother's home called away from the dinner table to receive this staggering news, this communication of catastrophe. It required no special gift of imagination to see the blood drained from her face, to observe her, *in absentia,* as she braced herself against the telephone table, to see the effort of will that prevented the receiver from slipping from her hand. The doctor went on:

"His condition is dangerous. I think the best place for him is in the hospital. He needs oxygen and other treatment that can't be administered at home. Shall I get him a private room? I can get him one at the Peter Cooper General Hospital. If it's all right with you, I'll phone for the ambulance service at once. You'd better get down here as soon as you can."

The injection was doing its merciful job. The pain was nearly gone. The doctor finished talking to my wife and called an ambulance service:

"See if you can get them down here as soon as possible . . . Peter Cooper General Hospital . . . it's a cardiac case."

The First Pulse Reading

Then he came to sit by my side, closely scrutinizing my face and taking my pulse. Before I left the hospital a month later I had a chance to look at my chart, and the first entry read: *"Pulse almost nonexistent."*

I had done fairly well so far. But now I was overcome by a desire to give up the struggle; I had had enough. Everything seemed hopeless. My entire nervous system, my body, my mind, clamored for surrender. It was as though this craving for release from the fear of impending death were actually being articulated. Somewhere from behind the couch it was as if the words were being spoken in a hoarse whisper:

"Stop struggling. Do as the doctor tells you. Take it easy, you've had enough. Take it easy. Relax, relax—"

The voice seemed ingratiating and comforting. And I imagined two strong sustaining arms, inviting me to sink back and relinquish the struggle. It was an engaging invitation. In fantasy, I conceived of these arms as being covered

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with a soft dark fur or with black velvet. As I write now, I wonder why these hallucinatory, symbolic arms of death should have been imagined as those of a woman.

Anyway, there were the arms, there was the seductive invitation—

Then, like a person suddenly recoiling from obvious danger, I made an attempt to sit up on the couch. The doctor gently placed a restraining hand on my shoulder.

"Take it easy. I want you to lie perfectly still. All this effort is bad for your heart."

But the voice and the invitation were still there, and it was necessary for me to find an incantation in answer to the deadly invitation.

I thought of the nearly ended fourth draft of my novel lying on the desk. I thought of the years of painful work which had gone into the writing of it, and I thought of Eva and all our unfulfilled plans, and then I found the answer: "Not yet . . ."

It became a rhythmic refrain, uttered in my mind with a steady pumping four-four beat of good solid jazz. "Not yet, not yet—"

I granted the fact that I was not immortal, that one day I, too, would have to die since there is no herb or crystallized antibody that would ever cure death, but I was not ready for it, *Not yet!*

The doctor left me for a few minutes, went into the kitchen, prepared another hypodermic and returned, needle in hand, and rubbed my arm with alcohol. He jabbed the needle into my arm and then sat down and held my wrist anxiously, feeling for the pulse.

The voice behind me began to fade as the medicine took effect. The pain was now completely gone, every vestige of it. Things faded out, impressions were blurred and indistinct, the perspiration on my face was now dried.

Time had lost all its meaning. It had become telescoped, so to speak, and then, sooner than I had expected, two men from the ambulance service, carrying a stretcher, stood at my side. They handled me with extraordinary care, with a kind of consideration and gentleness that so many have long ceased to expect in this world. I was lifted onto the stretcher, into the elevator, down to the lobby and out into the ambulance.

After a coronary thrombosis you lie on a hospital bed from three to ten interminable weeks. Time is as slow-gaited as it surely must be in prison. After the first few days of shots of one kind or another to keep you quiet and to keep your blood vessels dilated, treatment boils down to bed rest. Virtually immobile, you lie there waiting for the wound in your heart to heal.

Finally the day came when my doctor granted me permission to resume my normal activities. The first time I ventured out of the house, apart from an occasional walk around the block, was on an early spring day. Unless you've been close to death, you'll never know how inspiring a day in spring can really be. The poets have never done the subject full justice.

A Lesson in Life Valuation

I was on my way to meet a friend for cocktails. As I walked up Madison Avenue it occurred to me that perhaps the most gratifying thing about having survived a heart attack is the renewed sense of wonder of life that follows. You've been given a second chance in a world where millions are given not even a first chance. You feel like a condemned man who has been saved by a last-minute reprieve. Life, henceforth, will never be something to be taken for granted or spent with prodigality.

Everything seems to be touched with the unspoiled quality of new life. You wake up each morning as if this simple act in itself is an enormous achievement. Every lick of work gives you unusual satisfaction. The routine visit of a friend seems warm with new meaning. All your physical and intellectual senses are heightened and sharpened.

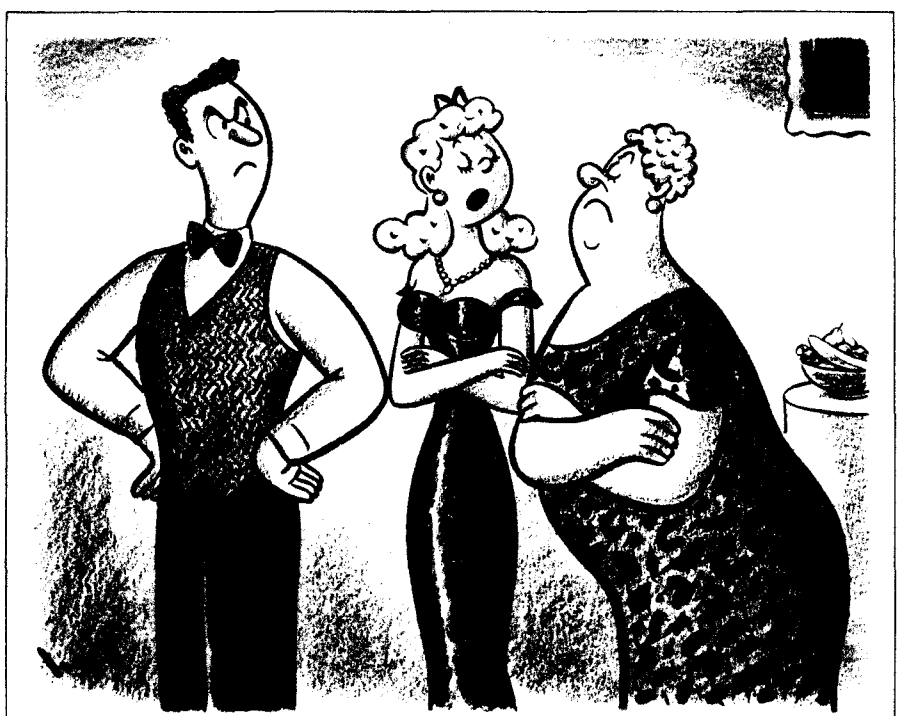
My heart attack made it possible for me to lie back for nearly two months and think through the dilemma of our times and to come to the conclusion—not very original nor very startling, but true nevertheless—that we all must die and none of us has the right to hasten a single human being along the road to inevitable death.

In an age drenched with pessimism, it finally gave me the serenity out of which to search for and find a personal basis for optimism.

It helped me to realize that life must not be lived in a state of constant tension, and that, heart attack or not, life should be lived with completeness and grace.

It gave me a renewed sense of the freshness of things, a special feeling for even the most mundane aspects of life.

It gave me a sense of tolerance toward all people, and nearly all ideas and movements. Because after a heart attack you face life with greater benevolence;



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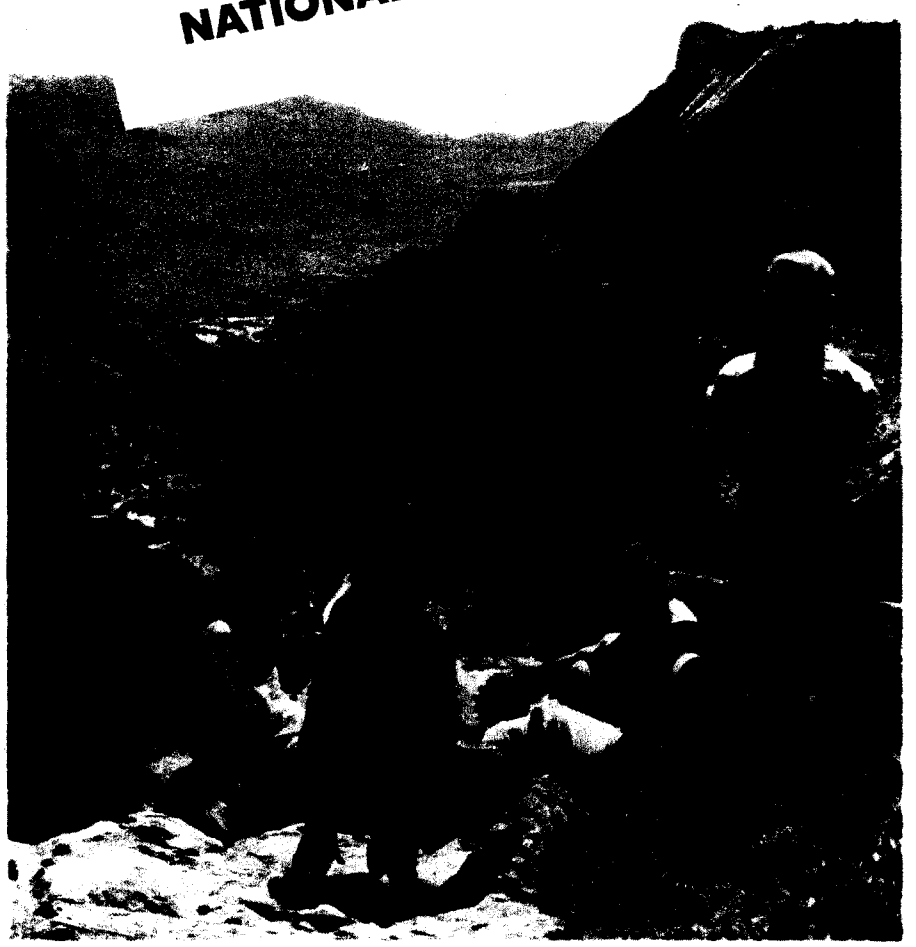

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you come to realize what the author of Ecclesiastes so well knew when he said that all is vanity and that we should each go our way and "eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart . . . Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."

Since that memorable evening, I have learned not only how to live with a heart attack, but how to extract the maximum out of life to a degree I never believed possible.

I now fully understand what Father Latour, in Willa Cather's Death Comes for the Archbishop, meant when he smiled slowly and said, "I shall not die of a cold, my son, I shall die of having lived."

And so, without irreverence or out of a desire to tempt the Fates, I can now say, "Thank God for my heart attack."

The first New Year's Eve after my illness was an important time for me. I had survived the heart attack; I had lived out the year. Eva and I had some friends in to help us celebrate the double event, and along about midnight our guests overflowed from the living room into the foyer. There was music, a variety of liquors, good food, which included a baked ham; and lots of lively conversation. Dr. Constant, who had seen me through my ordeal, was our dearest and most valued friend and guest that night. The dual nature of the occasion, aided and abetted by two or three drinks, elated me enormously.

In my presence, Eva, who was somewhat fearful that the gaiety might prove too much for me, asked Dr. Constant, "Do you think he's overdoing it?"

"Hell, no," Bill said. "This is a wonderful time for him. He's made the grade, he knows it, and a little celebration won't do him any harm. Besides, alcohol is a stimulant and a vasodilator. Not only is he permitted to take it, I'll give him a demerit if he doesn't."

Wife Worried by His Gaiety

As midnight approached, the party became more convivial, and with a group of friends around me, I launched into the narration of an amusing anecdote. I was more animated than at any time since the attack, and at one point during the telling of the story I saw Eva look apprehensively at Dr. Constant, and I saw the reassuring gesture of his hand, as if to say, "Let him alone, he's doing fine."

After midnight the party was still going strong, and shortly afterward I asked Dr. Constant about the standing rule for cardiacs' getting to bed before midnight.

"That's the general rule, but this is the one exception," he said.

I awoke the next morning feeling fine, and there have been scores of mornings like it since. I had made the grade. I was moving forward . . .

At the hospital, and later—I read everything I could find on the subject of heart ailments, and talked with many specialists—I learned a great many facts which may be of interest, and perhaps of some value to others who are troubled with "weak hearts."

It's important to remember that coronary thrombosis is not a disease in the sense that tuberculosis, cancer, diabetes and polio are diseases. It is not bacteriological in origin; there is no thrombotic virus. It's a disease caused by living.

People who live intensively, who take their work seriously, who live each moment completely, who experience things more intensely than others, appear to be more prone to coronary occlusion than others.

It may well be that there will never be a "cure" for coronary thrombosis. Because if medical science ever achieves its most fantastic goals—absolute and complete cures for cancer, nephritis, tuberculosis, diabetes, polio, not to mention the common cold—even then, all human beings must ultimately die of the failure of one or more vital organs, since death, like birth, is inherent in nature's scheme of continuity.

If you were told that you are not immortal, that one day, like all of us, you must die, you would not be overcome by fear. And so, since we must all die, and since coronary thrombosis occurs as a warning that the most vital of our organs is running down, there should also be no occasion for terror. A heart attack is a dramatic signal that you must begin to live at another tempo. It's an indication that the extravagant days of your youth are over. You've been given that heaven-sent second chance, you must learn to live within your physical income. Work, pleasure, achievement, love—all of these things are possible provided they are taken in moderation. Which is a good rule even for noncardiacs past forty.

Work and play must be properly balanced and overexertion of any kind—physical, mental or emotional—must be avoided at all costs. Excessively hearty eating, particularly at dinnertime, cannot cause cardiac disease, but can bring on an attack in a heart which is already weakened. Most physicians recommend several light meals rather than one or two heavy ones.

Moreover, overeating always should be avoided because obesity places an added strain on an overtaxed heart.

The secret of how to survive a heart attack is the secret of all good living—to live well yet rationally, fully yet without overexertion, interested in all things yet maintaining a serene outlook. In short, to be so in love with life that nothing could ever induce you to squander it.

Being a cardiac, I feel a sense of kinship with all my fellows who are similarly affected. After my attack, I wanted to know everything I could, not only about coronary thrombosis, but about other forms of heart disease. So, as I have said, I read the literature on the subject, both technical and popular. I made a nuisance of myself asking questions of cardiologists, specialists in internal medicine, and other physicians.

This is what I learned:

Does coronary thrombosis rank highest among the fatal heart diseases, and what is its rate of mortality in the initial attack?

Yes. Approximately 15 per cent of all initial attacks are fatal.

This article has dealt largely with coronary thrombosis. What are the other principal kinds of heart disease?

It's well to bear in mind that heart disease takes on many forms, and more than one symptom may be present at the same time. The outstanding kinds of heart ailments are arteriosclerotic heart disease, hypertensive heart disease, rheumatic heart disease, congenital heart disease and cardiovascular syphilis. In some cases diseases are combined. This is particularly true of rheumatic heart disease and subacute bacterial endocarditis, or hypertensive and arteriosclerotic heart disease.

Sometimes It's Hereditary

Can heart disease be inherited?

In some cases infants are born with heart disease, and the medical profession is still in doubt as to the cause in most cases. Recent research discloses that tendencies toward some forms of heart disease *may* be inherited. These include inherent tendencies to hypertension, rheumatic fever and coronary artery disease at an early age.

Which heart ailment is most common among children?

Rheumatic heart disease comprises about one third of all heart disease at all ages. It is childhood's greatest enemy, killing five times as many children as infantile paralysis, whooping cough, diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles and polio *combined.* Rheumatic fever is the cause of rheumatic heart disease.

What is rheumatic fever?

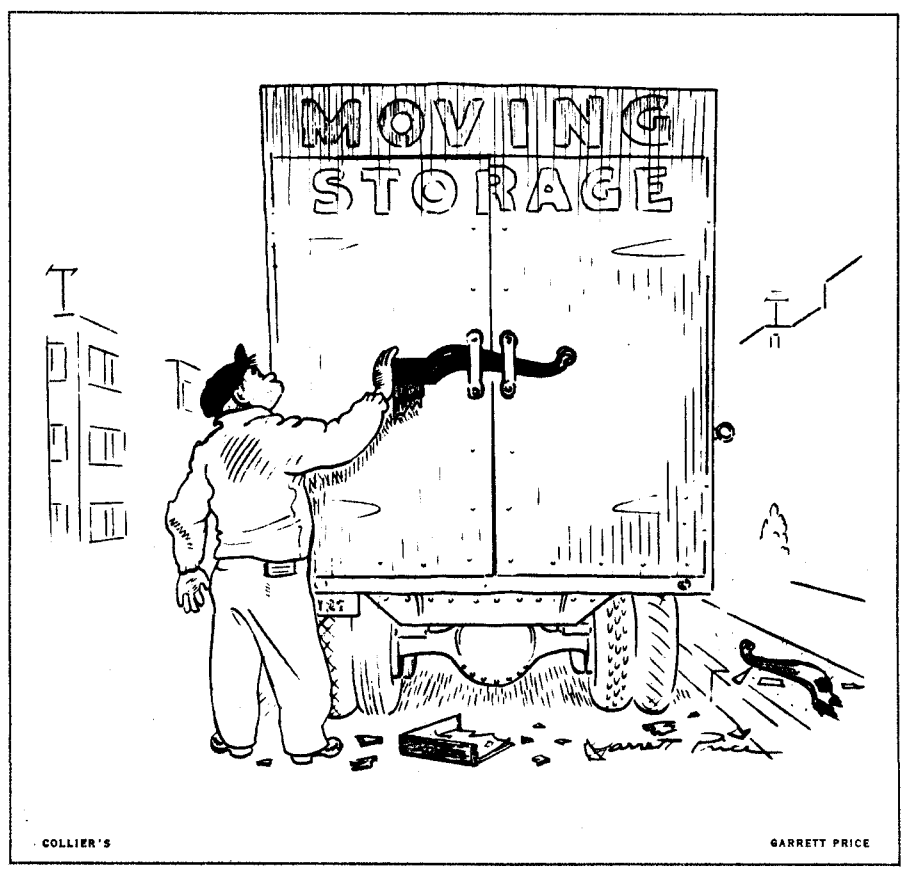
The exact cause of this widespread disease is unknown, but there is some connection between it and infection by hemolytic streptococci. Rheumatic fever attacks the inner lining and valves of the heart in many cases.

While no accurate figures are available, it is believed that there are nearly 600,000 people in the U.S. whose hearts are damaged by rheumatic fever.

What is angina pectoris?

There is no such disease as angina pectoris. Translated, the words mean, "pain in the chest." It is often a symptom of coronary sclerosis and syphilitic heart disease. It can occur in other types of heart disease and even in persons without heart disease.

Which heart ailment is most common among the middle-aged and elderly?



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As we have seen, rheumatic heart disease usually starts in early childhood, somewhere around the age of five and hits its maximum before the age of fifteen. High blood pressure and coronary artery disease are most common in middle age.

Can drinking and smoking adversely affect a healthy heart?

No, says Dr. Paul D. White of the Harvard University Medical School. It is possible, he says, that smoking may slightly affect the stomach and lungs. But tobacco, if the heart is healthy, he says, can do no appreciable harm. The same holds true of drinking unless it is indulged in to excess.

Can the taking of certain drugs, such as aspirin, benzedrine and barbiturates, affect a normal heart?

No, if taken according to your doctor's prescription.

Can overweight be the cause of a heart attack?

Contrary to a popular notion, this is not so. However, in persons suffering from high blood pressure or having heart disease, overweight may have dangerous consequences.

Is an uneven heartbeat a warning of approaching cardiac disease?

This, too, is a popular and mistaken notion. Some persons in good health have hearts which skip or are irregular.

Are there any symptoms preliminary to the onset of heart disease?

Very often. There are two symptoms which *may* signal the existence of heart disease: shortness of breath and chest pain. However, shortness of breath may be due to general physical unfitness, nervous fatigue or overweight. Pain in the region of the heart is commonly found in neurotics with perfectly normal hearts or after undue physical effort.

Are men more susceptible to heart disease than women?

Yes, in cases of coronary artery disease. No, for other types.

Is a "heart murmur" a sign of heart disease?

Not necessarily. In some cases a so-called heart murmur is of no practical significance. Active people, including sportsmen and athletes, have had such murmurs and have lived to a ripe old age. In cases where a heart murmur exists, however, it is wise to consult a doctor.

Can physical exertion cause heart disease?

Definitely no. There is no evidence that the physical exertion required by any ordinary type of occupation can, in itself, produce heart disease.

Aspects of the Work Problem

Is work possible after a coronary heart attack?

Yes. But heavy physical labor is not advisable.

Do cardiacs make good workers?

Yes. In a survey conducted by the Department of Labor Statistics of the Department of Labor for the Veterans Administration, 1,800 workers with cardiac impairments were compared with 3,000 unimpaired fellow workers in the same job. Although cardiacs were slightly higher in absenteeism, they were slightly lower in disabling work injuries. Psychologically, the cardiac makes a better worker because life, work and achievement hold greater significance for him.

Can the use of salt and spices cause heart disease?

The use of salt, spices and any herbs used in cooking cannot adversely affect the heart. However, in cases of cardiac failure and high blood pressure, low-salt diets are suggested by all physicians.

Is it possible to have cardiac symptoms without actually having an organic heart disease?

Any cardiologist will tell you that it's not uncommon for persons in normal health to have some cardiac symptoms occasionally. These include palpitation, shortness of breath, and a sense of constriction in the heart area. In the past, and even at present, in some cases, these have been diagnosed as soldier's heart, effort syndrome, nervous heart and neurocirculatory asthenia. Actually, according to the latest psychoanalytical clinical observation, these are various manifestations of an anxiety neurosis.

Cardiac symptoms are unpleasant but they are not physically dangerous and never the cause of death. A neurosis by itself, no matter how severe, cannot plug a coronary artery, nor kill a normal heart.

Can conscious worry damage the heart?

No.

How long can you live after a heart attack?

The statistics on this question are remarkably meager. I know men who had coronary attacks five, ten and twenty years ago, and who are still going strong.

Studying Debits and Credits

Having answered these questions, how do the books balance on the question of cardiac disease?

On the debit side we have the following: One out of every three deaths in the United States is due to cardiovascular disease. One person dies every minute of heart disease. Since 1900 the number of deaths from heart diseases has more than doubled. Nearly one out of every two deaths after the age of forty-five is caused by heart disease. It is no respecter of ages. Cardiovascular disease is the leading cause of death among children from five to fifteen years old.

On the credit side, however, we have the prevention, by the use of sulfa drugs, of recurrences of attacks of acute rheumatic fever. Surgical cure or relief can now be obtained in the case of certain congenital cardiovascular defects. Subacute bacterial endocarditis may be prevented, and, in many cases, cured through the use of penicillin or streptomycin and in rare cases, surgery.

Advances have been made in the medical and surgical treatment of the diseases of the peripheral vascular system, i.e., in the blood vessels of the arms and legs. Prevention of syphilitic heart disease is now possible by effective and proper treatment of syphilis in its early stages. The cure of thyroid heart disease by prompt surgical or medical treatment of toxic goiter is becoming increasingly successful.

So there you have the questions and the answers, the debit and the credit pages of the cardiac ledger.

The greatest question of all—what causes arteriosclerosis and coronary thrombosis?—still cannot be answered by medical science. Someday, and perhaps soon, an answer may be made available. Someday, methods and drugs may be discovered to delay the process by means of which the arteries are hardened.

There's no use denying it, after a heart attack a sword of Damocles hangs over your head. But you may live on for an indefinite period of time, depending upon your physical vitality, your will to live, your mental health and your intelligence. . . .

A few months ago, Eva and I were dining out, celebrating the success of my novel. The room was warm, and forgetting Dr. Constant's admonition, I put my hand to my pulse. Yes, there it was ticking away steadily, evenly, and with good tone. I looked up to see Eva smiling at me.

"Don't worry," she said, "you're very much alive. Your eyes are clear, you look bronzed and well, better than at any time since I've known you—"

I grinned and I've never taken my pulse since.

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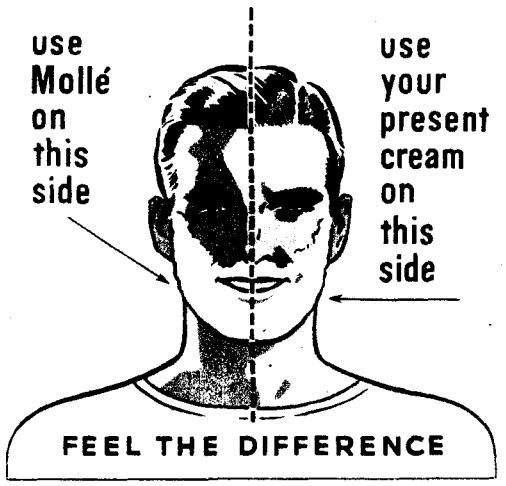

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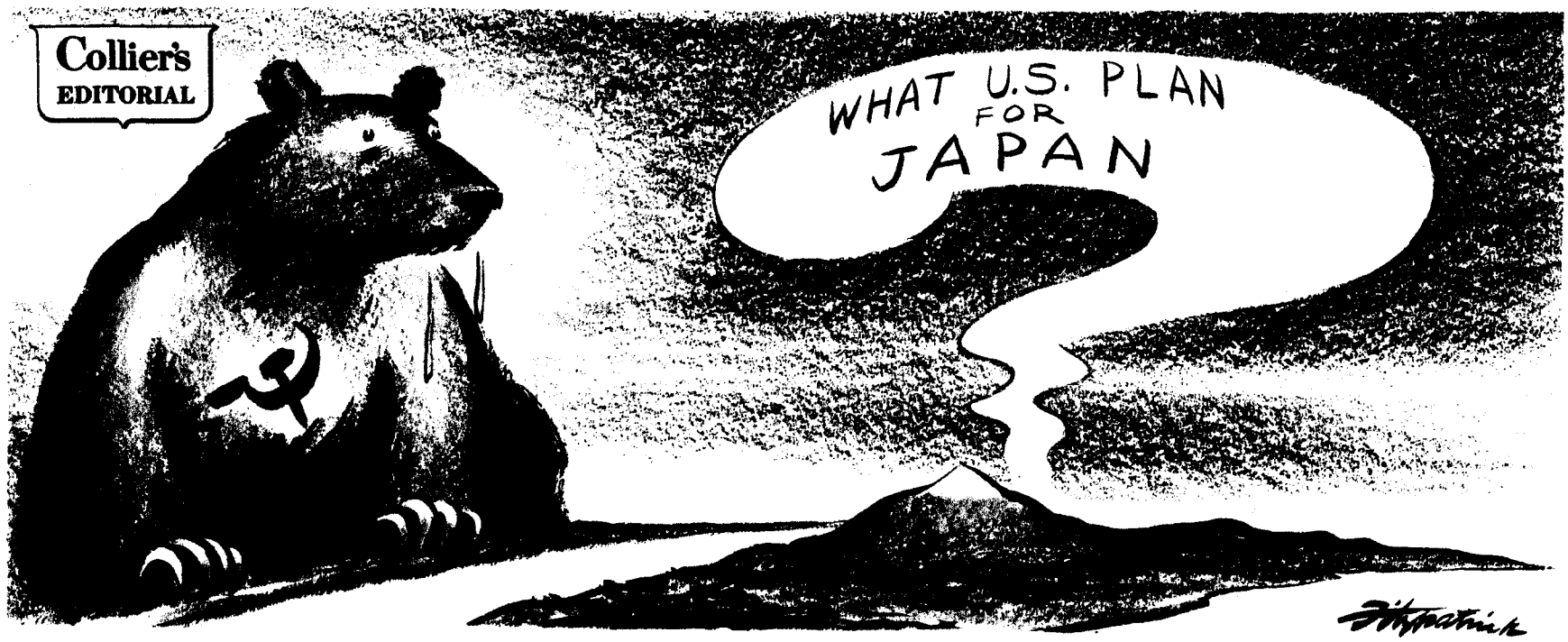

Japan, Reborn, Can Be Our Ally

COLLIER'S thinks Communist successes in China will compel us to change our policies, our opinions and our feelings about Japan. We think the sooner the better. Americans did not always consider the Japanese enemies who must be held down. Nor did the Japanese always hate Americans. Perhaps they do not now.

Such, at least, was the opinion not long ago expressed by Admiral Nomura, who was Japanese ambassador to Washington at the time of Pearl Harbor. Admiral Nomura was one of the Japanese who did not want war with China and especially not war with the United States.

To an American visitor who asked how the Japanese felt about General MacArthur's occupation, Admiral Nomura said: "We favor it. We have to favor it. Japan was so thoroughly conquered by General MacArthur that any predatory power could now take us over."

Admiral Nomura thought that Japan would be dependent on the United States for protection for a long time to come if Japan were not to be taken over by some aggressive power.

Obviously Russia, or Russia operating through Communist China, is the only aggressive power now able to undertake such a venture. Our guess is that it would be bad for Japan, bad for the U.S., bad for the world, perhaps bad for Russia, if Japan were to be made a dependency of Russia. Few, however, doubt that Russia and the Communists are trying to bring this about.

This puts a tough problem up to us Americans who really prefer to mind our own business and to trust the decent instincts of other peoples.

Maybe we can get some hint of a solution by rereading a letter that Theodore Roosevelt wrote before the first World War.

William Howard Taft, then President, asked the former President to give his ideas of what ought to be the Far Eastern policy of the United States. Taft and Roosevelt were still friends on December 22, 1910, when Theodore Roosevelt dated his letter. Among other things Mr. Roosevelt said:

"Our vital interest is to keep the Japanese out of our country and at the same time to preserve the good will of Japan. The vital interest of the Japanese, on the other hand, is in Manchuria and Korea. It is therefore peculiarly our interest not to take any steps as regards Manchuria that will cause the Japanese to feel, with or without reason, that we are hostile to them. . . .

"Alliance with China, in view of China's absolute military helplessness, means not an additional strength to us but an additional obligation we assume. . . .

"The Open Door policy in China was an excellent thing, and I hope it will be a good thing in the future, so far as it can be maintained by general diplomatic agreement; but, as has been proved by the whole history of Manchuria, alike under Russia and under Japan, the Open Door policy, as a matter of fact, completely disappears as soon as a powerful nation determines to disregard it, and is willing to run the risk of war rather than forgo its intention. . . .

"However friendly the superficial relations of Russia and Japan may at any given time become, both nations are accustomed to measure their foreign policy in sections of centuries. . . ."

Those comments, with minor changes, might have been written yesterday. China is still militarily feeble. Russia has replaced Japan in Manchuria. Russia, not Japan, now seeks to dominate Korea.

The long-time view continues to be the only safe perspective, if any perspective can be safe at this moment, by which to measure Far Eastern policies.

Because General MacArthur conquered Japan so thoroughly, and because up to now we have been both unable and unwilling to let the Japanese recover enough even to feed themselves, much less to defend themselves, we still have to give about a million dollars a day to prevent starvation in Japan.

How long do we want to continue that?

If we stopped, Russia might take over. Russia would not feed the Japanese, but Russia could take over Japan and organize the Japanese in a way to threaten our interests and even our safety and freedom.

What then are the alternatives?

Would it not be wise first to let the world know in perfectly temperate, good-natured fashion, and not as a threat to anybody, that the United States will defend Japan against attack until Japan is permitted to defend itself?

Would it not also be wise to press as rapidly as possible for changes in the occupation rules so that the Japanese might be economically self-supporting? Many people, some in the United States, have now a vested interest in keeping the Japanese out of world trade. We can't and we ought not to prolong Japanese economic dependence indefinitely. These changes in treaties and policies cannot be brought about instantly. The consent of other nations has to be somehow won. Agreements must be renegotiated. Hates must be forgotten. But we cannot even make a start until we know what we want.

Is there any better assurance of peace and good will in the Far East than that which may be found when Japan is allowed once again to be self-supporting, self-respecting and responsible? . . .

W. L. C.

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how she looked when you met her at the altar?

Remember how she smiled at you . . . and made you forget your nervousness?

Remember her expression the first time you introduced her as your wife . . . and when she served you that first dinner at home?

Remember how she looked when you made up after that first argument . . . and those evenings when you planned the house you'd own some day?

Remember her eyes when you'd come home on leave . . . and the day you told her you were home for good?

Remember her face the morning the baby was born . . . and the first time she watched you push the baby carriage?

Strange how quickly the days melt into years! Soon another anniversary, another birthday will roll by.

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When she sees it, you'll never forget the look on her face!

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